LIBRARY
Brigham Young University
RARE BOOK COLLECTION
Vault
Mss355
#1 112
#745

Virginia M.

Mary St. Leger Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley

under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet"

(1901)

Mrs. Lorimer

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Brigham Young University

http://www.archive.org/details/mrslorimer188200male

T 3509
Chapter I.

Part. I

2

"Treasons wi harsura. Turn Thun thort.
E dunigwis thavour punishatis mu tiz —
Thu onion ii 'uniskitmup: Thsaius
To 'natuis thunder, wanscunt Tu per
Thuch sages banish from Thuhid' —

•

The hands of the brother was agitated. Not by any public event of world-wide interest. War and the rumours of them affected the apathetic life of their midland village very slightly. All Europe might have been given over to fire and sword, and the brotherhood meanwhile would have remained indifferent, so long as bread did not 'go up', and beasts fetched a fair price at Shaw's market on Thursdays. Local interests were the only real interests of its inhabitants — The year 1815., for example, was unimportant, save as being the year following the great onion, when six of Mr. Robins's sheep were buried for a matter of eight days, with a drink dozen against the hedge by the turnpike path. Again the year 1854. was rendered more memorable by the fact that old Mr. Stanley of Highbutton, was killed by a fall from his horse on a Tuesday in the third week in January, just by the corner of the Fox-covert on the Lowcote road. Even the bombardment of Sevastopol, or the battle of Inkermann, the brotherhood rigidly applied that mind it minded, to its own affairs. The christian charity or dull dislike of its

its inhabitants, seemed alike incapable of extending beyond a radius of some eight or ten miles. Outside this sacred circle of neighbourhood nothing appeared very interesting or important. That existence should be possible in other and more distant regions seemed strange. That life should really be worth living, to people who had never been to Slowby market; had never hunted with the Hounds; had never dined seriously, and with an agreeable sense of dignity and importance, at the tables of the neighbouring county magnates; had never been to a clerical meeting at the Archdeacon's; or seen Mr. Gerald Mainwaring, in grey breeches and gaiters, representing all the majesty of the English law, in apple-stealing youths, on the bench of magistrates at Slowby,—that life, I say should be in any way important or desirable to persons unacquainted with these things, and debarred from these high privileges, seemed almost incredible to the Claybrookes mind.

But if the sympathies of Claybrookes were not wide, they were certainly deep. There not being many events in this quiet neighbourhood to observe, the few events that did occur were very thoroughly talked over and thought over. The joys of gossip were by no means unknown. The satisfaction arising from the discovery of an acquaintance's mistakes and short-comings, was a form of satisfaction freely indulged in. A delicate movement of self-complacency, in face of the sins and misfortunes of friends and relations, is at least as common in the quiet country, as in the busy town; and the judgments of were not one whit more just or merciful, than human judgments are usually:

usually won't be. Yet men and women struggled to be pure, and unselfish they nursed the sick, and fed the hungry, their loved and forgave, they lived in godly fear and died fortified in eternal hope, in this unimportant little midland parish, as elsewhere, in this contrasting world.

*The time of which I write, a cloud had hung over Ivybrook Rectory for many long weeks. Far away among the olive-grounds and orange-gardens by the shores of the distant Mediterranean, a man was fighting gallantly but hopelessly against the great enemy Death; and a beautiful woman sat watching, in dread and strange amazement the tragedy of the bitter struggle. It came in the stately old Rectory house, kind hearts waited and hoped against hope. The year was bad enough in the autumn, it grew worse & worse through the winter months and by mid the fair late days of February, there (the) frost had given place to mist and fog over the heavy clay lands, and the first snow-drops pushed their way up through the black garden mould, Mr. & Mrs. Mannington learned that Robert Skinner was dead, and that Elizabeth — their niece — who had left them as a bride only six not two years ago, was coming back to them, a widow.

Every one, I suppose, has wanted to sail on rivers at some period during the course of their childhood, in dropping pebbles into a still pond or pool, and watching the graceful rings which after the first little splash spread themselves in ever widening circles over the face of the water. A good sized pebble - to speak — had splashed into the social

social nook at Claybrooke Rectory, on that foggy February day, in consequence of which a series of gentle undulations of surprise and interest and pity spread themselves over the quiet surface of ~~the~~ société, for some ten or fifteen miles round. Kind-hearted country squires in after-dinner talk over their claret, pitied the handsome young creature, left alone in the world with no husband to care for, or child to cheer her. They deplored, too, the trouble that had fallen on Mr. Maniwaring's parishioners: for every body knew Mr. Maniwaring was not the sort of man to be a good fellow, or a better man among country - gentlemen: and they knew it. Standing his wife and odd years - would not be found: and they knew it. They knew that in exchange for a man who was content to be nothing but a man his wife had probably sacrificed the man she married, it was known that certain very decorous hopes depended on this marriage, which Mr. Maniwaring would find it hard to relinquish.

The clergy, too, were full of solicitude concerning both the wife and the vicar, for the Rector of Claybrooke was held in high esteem by the majority of his neighbours. Perhaps his estimation was greater from the social than from the clerical point of view. Mr. Maniwaring was the last representative of a very old family, and had married, all in a hurry, a lady whose connections held a high position among the local aristocracy. Her brother Sir Selwyn Selford of Selford was a man of considerable standing in the county. The baronetcy, indeed, dated from the time when "the King's Parliament sat at Oxford," — a fact which the Selfords never ignored when a distance of ~~years~~ years

ness & the arose in ordinary conversation. Mr. Mann:
: Warren Hastings was regarded as exhibiting
that secret link between the law and clerical
worlds which is the stem missing (And where) Mr.
Becher the newly inducted vicar of Doncaster also
had come into the neighbourhood but how true
work - hills & rain and & as decree that the
verge should 'round shoulder to shoulder' and
die in different and untoward generation
of faith, — there, he, I am, warmly seconded
in some rather sharp observations of Mr. Mann:
: Warrington at a ruri-decanal meeting, ventured
to describe that reverent gentleman as as 'fox-
-hunting ecclesiastic', and to compare him to the
d'Ec-questrid Sallis, he discovered very shortly that
the word made terrible mischief. Even Mr. Hart:
: large & hospitable a mild, fair and rather
stout person - was in the interests of your marriage-
-able daughters made always abreast of very
anxious to conciliate Mr. Becher, reminded him
that the Bishop stained quite as often at Lay-
-brothers Rectory as he did, at the Archdeacon's,
and that it was hardly becoming in a new
comer to criticise the conduct of a member of one of the
elder families in the county.
: Mann also has ideas that are beautiful in itself in
drawing interesting. Marriage demands time to
develope in the nature of woodbine or myrtle — the
public career the letter — before this affords very
much subject for conversation. Birth and the common
to experience create very much excitement, as a
rule. But as death immediately supplies matter
for meditation which appears to be 'fairly agreeable'
to all except the weak the very young: the details

5r

& Lucy and remained over & dined at Hotel
She seems suffered from the same malady, was always
worse & in the evening & seemed to have a bad time; the
delusion & the nervous; the amount & the intake
& the decreased. — So now two minds & one
with both under the particular subject & the matter
different. Remember, & the matter with the
Remember in the telegram concerning the after-
noon: and in "obstinate" answer in ordinary
mysterious and in unbreakable sentences, which the
words & exactly & deliberately mean the and
the & our home, and
their & our lives" — where both and habits where
conversation; where very better are among the
most familiar & our daily unreserve.
With understanding the concrete and the finite present
Remember made me ready to meet Lucy,
from the abstract and the invisible. In the
morning evening, with both with around the room
Lucy as we make both "Hannah out" in key:
"A mysterious in the atmosphere; and "nothing
out" — that Lucy is terrible in them to come
and ordinary minds — in in the to very strength
powerful, combatible with the minds quite natural:
help and recognition, in the objects &
care, with living to a good old age. Mrs &
the neighbourhood clergy, who as their portion
here from the university. Had married and
age and settled in their pleasant parsonage
house, (near) now well on in middle
life. But though the had grown both in
figure with the mind with living color remain! Though
some had as slight thinning to rheumatic pains
when the visited who in; and though all

Arrived

reveals more wrinkles and age than years alone might account for. Time has passed since I saw her last, — no one's fault, but the inevitable tribute of heavier responsibilities, or hard work that is life as it is for many years to come. Therefore that is rumor as many as Robert Conmee should die, seemed, it must be confessed, some what strange and alarming. Several gentlemen had been a great many times, but it was rare to receive one of Mary's words, let alone that of such incredible cold, than it never had been to succeed. Mr. Dier, the [illegible] was [illegible] to appear in a new woolen comforter and pair of India-rubber overshoes, made to the district of a young clerical neighbour of Spurting [illegible], who had volunteered to drive him over to the meeting of the Board of Guardians at Slowby; and who left him near dog-cart and high-stepping cob were most painfully commented on by his companions' personal appearance. People who never what is what do not wear comforter or galoshes in this!. In the winter, one should straddle a little wide your hands under your coat tails in front of a roaring fire, convinced that your shortness both and gaiters deep are amount of wet and mud; and talk in short and decided tones of the unreasonable weather, however & intolerable the cold or penetrating the damp may be outside. Many thoughts on: : evening the prevalence of disease, or the shortness of human life as all one, it is wonderful how an extra glass of sherry after him:

: Then

heavy with restless but naturally hopeful tones of your mind, and enables you to feel a comfort: able assurance that you are good for many years yet.

The whole men's ~~minister~~ ministry are more simple and kindly than the life of women. Their minds, so to speak, are like ordinary houses, with one front & one back staircase, — you know they must go up & down the stairs, to get to the upper rooms. Whilst women's minds may be fitly compared to those queer old country mansions which are full of little unnecessary flights of stairs. & you can never be sure whether you are walking on the levels ~~monotonously~~ or not; whilst the owner suddenly darts out ~~at~~ when & you know some shady unexpected door. In any or landing parties get there you know not how. Mrs were simple sons for Mr. Forrimer; and (were extremely glad) then any acquaintance whom they happened to meet told them that they were looking remarkable well. But mixed and confused sensations — interesting to note, and which become insensible to the bulk of the male population — reigned in the female breasts in and around Clan Brookes. As regards with, there was something altogether phenomenal about so young a widow. — For the mistress of evening son and daughter naturally regarded trouble and help as disgraceful. They made a certain satisfaction in remembering that they stood towards Elizabeth Forrimer (as a little toddling ~~[illegible]~~, who could hardly speak plain) and ~~[illegible]~~ (and) read adored Mr. Mavis warmth concerning the length & sex & sense and the heir's way of ~~[illegible]~~ their ~~[illegible]~~ suffered from various childish maladies. In the

Jane

some time a delicate observer of manners tempered their sympathetic interest, was much as their young creatures appeared to them somewhat as the lights of a prodigal, who at her stile tender age had managed to run through the whole stock of experiences, which last must worsen their whole lives. She seemed to some way to have quite an unfair start of them; to have assumed brevet rank; to have the advantages, ~~unreasonable~~ and to demand the consideration generally accorded to matters like, without the accumulation of years, the grey hairs, and faded complexion, the furrows of battles and sense of weariness, the anxious thoughts regarding the welfare of sons and the marriages of daughters. Some ten years went over further. They had as further feeling that there was a touch of ~~absolution~~ miscalculation or retributive justice in poor Robert Lorimer's early death. They would, ~~undoubtedly~~, have been horrified if any one had taxed them with this feeling; — the most of us permit ourselves certain latitudes in thought, which appear subversive of all morals, and our duty only of the most abandoned character when honestly put into words. We are all, at times, remarkably tolerant of our own unspoken mean response to hardness of heart. But it is only fair to admit that there certainly are few things more irritating to the members of a small society, — than unmarried men over forty and unmarried women particularly — than the sudden discovery that some young girl, for whom the general conscience of public opinion has selected the Turk and, ~~(should advise)~~ ~~has~~ meanwhile selected ~~none~~ quite

quite another subject and herself. Especially in this vicinity, where her duties was fallen upon (a) some such affectionate were reckoned her: Little did engaged, did she had been regarded, but by the Mistress and maidens, as Bradley's 'future good' in their matrimonial calculations.

Elizabeth Marriner had been guilty of ~~seven~~ eighteen months here this of which was not known; and this silent indulgence which certainly was her unexpected marriage had, ~~been~~ hardly died out. Public opinion was unanimous in condemning that Elizabeth would marry a certain (Mr) Edward Bradley, who, in was of ~~a~~ managing his aunt Miss Maria Bradley's estate for her, went two years steward with at Bainbrooke. He was a person of good, decent, ~~family~~ of a gentleman, ~~in~~ possessing better qualities of than usual of this ~~class~~. ~~He was~~ He hunted three days a week; and managed to attend nearly all the Meetings at this Election, so that it was generally thought that Miss Maria Bradley's estates ~~would~~ would very sensibly from the ~~withdrawal~~ withdrawal of his aid, or contributing power of his hand.

Elizabeth Marriner had developed very much, with hardly, during this time, a year. From a dark overgrown girl, silent and shy - above with - like length of limb and unquiet of movement were a distinct trial to her aunt, Miss Marriner was delicate perception of graces and

propriety

spirits — she blossomed into an unusually handsome young woman. Tall, with a fine easy carriage and figure, so well proportioned that her height did not strike you as unpleasing, — a clear brown skin, and the curly mouse-coloured hair, which so often goes with straight well-cut features, and eyes of the dark grey that under excitement seem to deepen into actual violet. Such women, I think, do not develope very early either spiritually or mentally. The ever-stage is as long one with them; they are often grand-women at thirty than at twenty. They are almost invariably honest, loyal and generous: but a little dangerous. You may have with one of these women for years, fancying that you know all about her; and some fine day your poor, reasonable, short-morning, masculine mind will be greatly distracted and confused by finding that she has taken an entirely new departure. That some dormant emotion, or early impression has awakened within her; that she has made a discovery, and is reconstructed her plan of life on new principles. She is neither a fanatic or a propagandist; she does not ask you to change: but she does ask you to permit her to become something quite other than that which she has been hitherto to you. You may suffer a good deal under these circumstances. If divorces are about, she would prefer that other men's wives should make them and not his —

but with Fanny's standing Elizabeth's increasing results, Edward Casaubon disappeared rather suddenly from the Town-brooke stage. His aunt never said,

that,

that family business demanded his prompt return to his father's affairs in the north. One morning his brother, arrayed in much clothing, went out in charge of the light-hearted to shoot pheasants; three were killed — with stones kicking and stamping on their part, a good deal of waxing and some brigandage on the part of the grooms, and not a little nervousness on that of the assistant keeper — with as string of horse-boxes and steamed away northwards, while their owner, in a hired dog carriage, meditated over an excellent cigar, that even the best of fathers might prove as nuisances at times; and that filial obedience was undoubtedly a great virtue, it may sometimes as singularly disagreeable one to practise.

About two months after Edward Dadley's departure, Elizabeth Mainwaring met Robert Scrimser for the first time. He had come down from London to spend a few days with an old college friend, the rector of Pheloris Keeping — the same gentleman whose feelings were subsequently so much outraged by Mr. Jones's computer and galoshes. Robert Scrimser met Elizabeth several times at different houses in the neighbourhood and fell very much in love with the tall handsome young girl. He found a number of excellent reasons for staying a month instead of a few days, with his old college friend. He became back to Pheloris Keeping again in June; and early in September he married Elizabeth Mainwaring. Anyone living within ten miles of Clay knows is not likely to forget the amount of talk which their event gave rise to. I grow in spirit still.

When

even I recall it. But, the history of the young couple's married-life, alas! was as (short) as it was (sad). About a year later Robert Scrimser became ill. Undeniable signs of consumption showed themselves. He was ordered abroad for the winter: but, the disease developed itself with terrible rapidity, and only too soon there was (could be) no reasonable doubt as to the final result. Even at the time of the wedding, a keen observer, ~~[illegible]~~ looking at Robert Scrimser might have doubted whether he would be a long-lived man. There was something a trifle too refined and delicate in the cutting of his face, a suspicious clearness in the nostril, and a certain languor of manner and bearing at times, - which many people thought a little affected and violent, — but, which really betokened a distinct want of vitality. Fortunately, however, for the comfort and peace of the world in general, keen observers are rare. Most people are very willing to take for granted that a man of wit and ability, who is an excellent cricketer, and has the reputation of having been rather a celebrated oar at College, has, as a matter of course, many years before him. It was simply from the social point of view that Clay Brooke world held up its hands in a flutter of surprise at the marriage. Robert Scrimser was only a young barrister, giving no particular promise of a great career in his profession. Mr. Mainwaring could not be much pleased, it was said, at his niece's choice, with his feeling about the landed interest. Mr. Mainwaring — in virtue of having been a Selford of Selford — was known to have

a

thing appreciative of what is generally known as "family". Robert Swinner was undeniably a gentleman, some people considered. Strictly he was disposed to be rather too free as a gentleman considering his position: but, he had no local standing. He had some money; but, Elizabeth would have plenty of money of her own in time. It was hinted that he was too fond of books, and pictures, and music, to be wholly satisfactory. Literature and the arts regarded from any other, than a purely amateurish point of view, are reckoned a little dangerous in this. The marriage, in short, appeared very incomprehensible, and somewhat of the nature of a mistake. It was improbable that the Mainwaring's wished at all keenly to annex Robert Swinner: and oh! what would not some other people have given to propose him!. Mrs. Hanbage, for instance, during a few short weeks had cherished the fond illusion that her eldest daughter Emily (whose youth was passing all too quickly) might naturally some day be persuaded to see things of this kind. But all her efforts upon the young barrister. Poor Mrs. Hanbage's hands! but an easy life of it — she rose early and to bed late, working in her home and in her husband's parish; devising even on her bed at night — when certain sounds beside her testified to the ponderous slumbers of her spouse, — means to make a small income cover ever increasing expenses. Thinking how to clothe and educate growing boys and girls, who, because their father was a clergyman of the church of England and consequently a gentleman, must be as well dressed and well informed, must go

to

the same ~~schools~~ public schools and colleges; must be encouraged to have the same expensive tastes, and the same gentlemanlike indifference to the squandering of small ~~sums~~ cash as Sir Frederic Thelwall's or Squire Abbott's sons and daughters. Mr. Harbage's income was about £620. all told, with deductions for parish expenses and a heavy life-insurance premium. Sir Frederic Thelwall's might be set down at nearly twice as many thousands: but, all gentlemen are equal — as blessed Truth, the mother of most bad debts and many broken hearts!" If Robert Sumner had married Emily, Mrs. Harbage felt that her faith in the goodness of Providence would have been sensibly increased. Alas! in this ~~case~~ event, she only learnt that "to those that have shall be given," — a hard saying, and one which had always appeared to her in needs of the attention of the Revisers of the New Testament.

~~Here~~ More briefly, the facts of Elizabeth Sumner life up to the present time, and the effect which the news of her husband's early death had upon the minute world of Clay-Cross and its ~~surrounding~~ neighbourhood.

"A land where all things always seem'd the same!"

~~Courage, poor heart of grief!~~
~~Bridle well thy will, right thy wrong~~
~~Thou canst not vote this mad decree~~
~~Nor break the sacred bond with me~~
~~Courage, poor stricken heart of grief!~~

Meanwhile Elizabeth Lorimer, the subject of all this thought and conversation was travelling through the clear winter night and the ~~bright~~ (bright) winter day, for days and ~~for~~ nights from the vines and olives ~~of Southern France~~ (the south of France) and nearer and nearer to our damp and misty midlands.

Her life she had lived for the last two years, with all its interests and hopes, its pains pleasures and its doubts and difficulties, with all its unfulfilled promises and its urgent wishes, lay buried for: ever by the tide left ~~seas~~ northern seas; while the hurrying train seemed to be bearing her swiftly forwards towards another state of existence.

As she lay huddled up among rugs and cushions on the seat of the coupé, Elizabeth felt too tired to think, or to sleep, or to sorrow. She was only conscious of the muffled roar of the rushing train as it sped northward; conscious that when they reached Paris, she must drag herself up from the comfortable

cushions

instructions which her brother-in-law Frank Sumner, had arranged for her, and help to claim her luggage; conscious that there would be another spaces of weary quiet in the train, followed by a weary struggle to get on board the boat at Calais; that London would appear as a misty misty vision; and then that, at last, she would reach the final stage of her journey. Four hours later, the great green pastures would stretch out on either side of the railway-track, divided by trim hawthorne hedges; long rows of elm-trees would rise towards the low grey sky; carts would jolt along muddy bye-roads; anxious, yet, stolid people, laden with innumerable baskets and parcels, would struggle in and out of third class carriages, dragging alarmed, big-cheeked little boys and girls after them, — Elizabeth seemed to see it all. The journey, with all its varying scenes sketched out before her like a great picture; and she almost fancied, that, when the train stopped at Shorley, and her travelling was over — some six or thirty hours hence — she would find herself a little brown-faced maid again, whom tall Uncle Gerald would take up tenderly in his arms & kiss; and Aunt Susan would gently reprove for her inability to sit still; whilst Mrs. Smart would alternately coax and scold while she undressed her by the nursery fire, in the evening. While we are young it is so difficult to believe in sorrow and disaster. So much easier to think that, somehow, we

Walk

walk wake up, and find the dear olds days again, with kind people who will pet us and take care of us, and tell us what to do and what to leave undone. Elizabeth was young, and she was too tired just now to realize that in future she would have to be her own guide and conscience-keeper. Lying there, as the train ran on mile after mile northwards, it seemed to her that trouble and painful experiences, and the awful mysterious shadow of death were being left far behind on the shores of the misquiet Mediterranean, and that at Clay Brooke she would find the sweet monotony of spelling-books and primroses once more.

But the train disturbed the peaceful hours,— the presence of her fellow-traveller Frank Lorimer. He sat in the corner of the coupé, enveloped in a heavy ulster; while the light of the lamp fell with imitating clearness on the lip of his travelling-cap, the end of his nose, and the point of his light-brown beard. No amount of dreaming would dream away that solid English figure; and he sat there as the sign and seal of the truth of all those painful and mysterious facts, which poor Elizabeth would so willingly have disbelieved in.

Frank Lorimer, sitting in the corner of the railway carriage, pondered quietly over many things. Life and death presented themselves to him very clearly and distinctly. His hands were himself, strong and able, and capable of much enjoyment in many different ways. His heart was enormous capacity for friendship - or comradeship as he preferred to have

ance it called Brut, he was his healthy both
in mind and body to be entirely satisfied with
a spiritual as form of relationship, as the existence
of Mr. Francis Scrimser and this discovery headed
before clearly proved. Underneath certain theories
and affectations his nature rested upon as firm
basis of common-sense, which unfitted you with
considerable faith in his judgement and comfort
in his presence. His elder brother's death was the
first real break in his life, the first real trouble
that he had experienced: but his naturally
sensible mind accepted death as one of the
necessary conditions of existence; and his sorrow
was therefore mingled with
there bitter feeling of injury and — must I add — of
anger, which alone makes grief intolerable.
Such bereavements were common to the lot of
all men, therefore his individual lot
was merely subject to the general law. He took
comfort in the thought; and was genuinely glad
to find that he could take comfort in it.
He was a kind and sensible, rather than
an heroic soul. He quite appreciated heroes:
but for his own part he preferred the common
walks of life, and its average emotions, to
mountain tops in clouds and storm, and
palpable "hits" to "strokes". Francis Scrimser
did not meditate very deeply on his own feelings
under existing circumstances. He was thinking
— if the truth must be told — over the leading
points of an article on the present relations
of France and Italy, for the weekly paper
of which he was sub-editor; of the pleasure
of getting back to his own home and there en-

:gaging

arguing babies; and of the probable future of his handsome young sister-in-law, in whom he thought he detected a tendency towards fierce tempests of feeling, and strange exaggerations of conduct, which were so foreign to his own well balanced temperament.

The house was reached at last. It was dusk, and the west-wind rushed through the bare branches of the high-standing elm-trees, in the village street. Some round-eyed children loitered on the foot-paths; and the Shepherd Judge — dressed in a stout linen slop and corduroy trousers, which were stained with much handling of sheep and working in heavy clay fallows, the dirty yellow of his native soil, — loitered a moment to watch the carriage turn in at the Rectory gates. Then, fearing he had displayed more interest in passing events than was strictly dignified in a man who had the care of souls (pastoral and) his eyes on his hands — this fearing Lambton-reason — he turned sharply on the staring children, and reproved them for "standing there dawdling in the road and making their pinafores show they'd be as dead beltin a bed"; and, after whistling to his two bare, half-bred collie-dogs, walked off with a self-righteous back. To splendid & chiefly right in ministering to the needs of his flock.

Isabella dazed and weary stepped out of the carriage, and was aware of the comfortable muddy light of a glowing fire, in the well-remembered panelled hall. Aware of a flummel of white cap-tapes, and of the delicate rose-scent of

Mrs. Mainwaring's garments, as that gentle woman, with murmurings of welcome and pity, folded her in her arms. Aware that Mr. Mainwaring stood and kissed her, saying "How d'ye do, my dear Lizzie, I'm glad", and then that uncle's voice broke, and she addressed a husky "God bless you", and turned away. Aware of the presence of Bunton, the old butler, who took her wraps with a shaky hand, gazing at her meanwhile with an appropriate and funereal expression of countenance. She was aware, too, — for she was in that excited and highly nervous condition of mind and body, in which one is vividly sensible of everything that happens around one, though it may convey no connected meaning to the mind, — that Mr. Mainwaring had regarded all his wonted clearness of utterance and statistic help of manner, when he turned to Frank Swinner and thanked him courteously for having brought Elizabeth safely home; and that Frank replied with the usual good-humoured indifference of a man who is aware that he is being complimented for doing as chivalry mandates duty.

"You will come upstairs, at once, dear child. You must be terribly tired", said Mrs. Mainwaring, drawing Elizabeth away.

Mrs. Mainwaring cultivated the old-fashioned notion, that people should sit a great deal in their bed-rooms, when they were in sorrow. Her own greatest trouble in life, perhaps, was that she had never had, what genuine people

as she would reckon it has any real troubles at all. She had never had one of these comfortable and extensible troubles, which give (yes) privileges. The right of remaining upstairs and pulling the blinds down. She had a feeling that it was almost indecent for Elizabeth to have travelled all that long way back to England so early in her widow-hood. — Mr Brant, now, she should have her full privileges of silences and seclusion, and that privilege should begin at once. Quite right.

"I'm afraid I must say good-bye to you, Elizabeth, then," said Frank Lawrence coming forward. "I must go up to town by the first train to-morrow, — if Mrs Mannering will kindly let me, — and I dare say you won't be down".

Elizabeth turned to him quickly. She suddenly perceived that in parting with Frank Lawrence she was severing one of the last visible links that bound her to her husband, and to the larger and freer life that her marriage had so brought her. Already she was sensible of the gently repressive influences that her aunt always exercised over her. She knew, intuitively that the Clay Woods atmosphere was exactly the same as ever, — monotonous, unanimaginative, well-regulated, insular. She knew, also, that she herself was greatly changed; and trembled in realizing that she must bid farewell to the liberty of thought and action that she had enjoyed during the last two years. These few words of Mrs. Mannering's had quite roused her from the state of exhausted acquiescence in which she had arrived.

She

she felt that she was being appropriated; that a part was being given her to play; and she rebelled already, and turned with longing and regret to her mother-in-law.

"can't you stay with me this afternoon?" she said. "I don't want you to go, Frank; you have been very good to me".

she laid her hands upon his arm. The light of the lamp hanging above them, fell full on her face, which looked unusually pale framed by her black bonnet. Her mouth was drawn down with fatigue and as disposition to tears. Frank Sinnett standing there, strong comfortable and successful felt a great compassion for this woman, with her black garments and sweet tired eyes. — It was difficult for him, however, to express his sentiments. It would have taken time to put them into appropriate words. He wanted his dinner; and was conscious, too, that the Manisamings might slightly resent — and not without reason — his taking upon himself the office of Elizabeth's consolation, just at the first moment of her coming home. So he stooped towards her, and kissed the pale upturned face, saying, —

"you had much better go and rest quietly now. I'm afraid I must leave early tomorrow: but, you see it is, it will always be easy for me to run down here for a night if you want me".

suppose it is never wholly pleasant to a man getting on in years, to see a younger man "wax unduly kind" — however unintentionally — a

pretty

ality woman. It suggests contrasts, not always favourable to age. Any way this little episode jarred somewhat upon the Rector; and he ordered Burton, rather sharply, to show Mr. Scrimser his rooms, as dinner would be very shortly ready.

While poor Elizabeth rests from the fatigues of her journey in the descent [illegible] that Mr. Marinwaring holds so dear, it may be well to give some more detailed account of Mr. Marinwaring's surroundings and views concerning the world about him.

Ray Moore Rectory was one of those delightful old houses, that are so common in the south of this shire. It was built of round-stone, that soft dull brown and greens and yellows of which remind one of the rich subdued colours of the fading elm-leaves in autumn. It had many gables; and steep-pitched roofs, with ridge-tiles of well quarried stone surmounting the old red tiling; and many casemented windows with heavy stone mullions. Inside, deep window-seats; — lovely places in which to sit, when the low western sun throws long shadows from the great round-topped elm-trees, across the wide sheltering pastures, where sturdy black Welsh cattle, and herds of "red Herefords" with stupid white faces, move slowly through the rich damp grass. The house was full of low rooms opening one out of the other; long passages, with quaint little stair-cases up and down

:m; unexpected nooks and corners; cupboards innumerable, and a system of attics quite:
:phenomenal. It also but the very oldest inhabi:
:tant. It (is) a dark house perhaps. Low ceilings
and ~~was~~ black oak ~~floors~~ floors and stair:
:ways. Some as habit, likes many eminently
respectable people and ~~things~~ things of having
a little gloomy: but (at the time of which we speak)
every thing, carpets, curtains
and furniture had all grown old and ~~as~~
faded to getties. Every thing looked harmoni:
:ous, if not gay. Every thing (looked)
and middle-aged. If you found it dull and
did not like it, well, you could go elsewhere.
Clay Hoothe Rectory was for the secure of its
social position it cares very much about
pleasing chance visitors.
The Gerald Mannisarring had brought his bride,
(nearly) ~~Susan Sanford~~, nearly forty years ago.
Here they had lived, ever since, in comfort
and prosperity. But one thing had been
denied. Item — There had been no sounds of
children's footsteps ~~pa~~ running up and down
the long passages, or playing on wet half
:holidays, in the great mysterious attics.
No handsome boy had come home to his
mother, from his first day's hunting, flushed
with pride, and full of stories of his own
remarkable prowess and marvellous adven:
:tures. Only the little brown-faced niece,
who had come to them almost as a baby,
grew up in the quiet stately old house.
Mr. Mannisarring loved the child tenderly; she
was the daughter of an only brother. Mr.
Mannisarring did her duty by Elizabeth: but

There

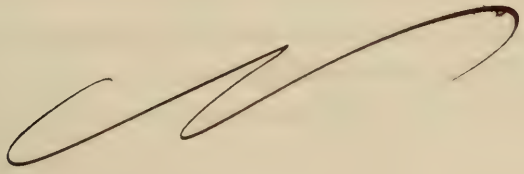
the was always the want of the tie of common blood between them: they could not entirely understand or sympathize with each other.

The living of Claybrooke with its rambling cottages and farm-yards belonged to the Harrison family, for a length of time which the hardiest local misquotation scarcely ventured to measure. For a good many generations, now, the eldest son of each successive rector had, as a matter of course, chosen the church for his profession, and reigned in the village as squire and clergyman of Claybrooke. To some minds, in these critical and enlightened days, a fact such as this presents food, not only for thought, but for lamentation. Mr. Keeper vicar of Lowcote - for instance - waxed wrathful in the face of such an appalling example of indifference to the higher conceptions of the clerical calling. If Claybrooke had been sunk in ignorance, and a bye-word for drunkenness and open sin, Mr. Keeper would not have been surprised. Nay, he would merely have traced the natural and proper order of cause and effect. It was irritating to him to remark that the people were at least as orderly and respectable as their neighbours; that the cottages were in excellent condition; and to hear, as he did with as serene a bewildered distress, that the churches were generally well filled, both at the morning and afternoon services. Mr. Keeper's views, in fairness be, were admirable:

Mr

it, unfortunately he had never studied the laws of "receptivity", and consequently often suffered from the sense of confusion and annoyance, which overtakes us, when we find the facts of life telling decads against some one of our most cherished theories. How you talked! The notes of the ninhabitants of Claybrooke and Lowcote, regarding the unpopularity of their respective clergymen, I dare afraid you would have found — as I think it ordinarily human nature to treat such aspects of great church questions, — that an unpolished, old fashioned, fox hunting Mr. Maniwaring would have gained an immense majority over energetic Mr. Keeper, — notwithstanding the latter's excellent views on the temperance question, the iniquity of outdoor relief, and the (the) urgent necessity for diocesan conferences. Mr. Keeper was furnished with a complete system for the entire regulation of his parish: but, alas! did not seem to recognise the advantages of his system and refused to be reformed. Mr. Maniwaring, on the other hand, had no particular views. He based all his parochial work on plain common sense, supplemented with port wine and puddings. He did not interfere very much with his parishioners; supposing, as he said, that a man earning thirteen shillings a week had the same capacity for doing right, but possessed the same privilege of doing wrong if he chose to, which he claimed for himself. This was not a very high ideal, possibly, of the priestly office: but it

some distinct advantage over Mr. Leeper's — namely that of being easily and successfully reduced to practice.



"I write of melancholy, by being busie
to avoid melancholy."

[illegible]

It would be very pleasant to paint Elizabeth Sonnei's portrait, at this stage of her career, in all the soft pathetic shades of colour, which are generally supposed to be appropriate to a fast and a deep grief. It would be pleasant to draw down our mental blinds, — as Mrs. Marriwarring proposed to draw down her material ones, — and contemplate the figure of the young widow in a gracefully subdued light. Unfortunately the graceful point of view, is no seldom the truest one. In the world within us just as in the world of sitting-rooms and squalid quarters, nasty bugs, [illegible] foul [illegible] lazy waters [illegible] ruined ground with [illegible] rank weeds and coarse nettles [illegible] such an amount of unpleasant objects, that the ultimate perfectibility of human nature, can often gather hideous from our ever.

Elizabeth was but half awake as yet. The hand, [illegible], grasped the deeper meanings of life. In the bloom of her youthful beauty and perfect physical health, she desired passionately and therefore all things to be happy. Her with-

-drawal

in the Edward Rankin household developed, in him a longing for homage and admiration. She had for the first time realized her power as a woman. When he left her so suddenly she not only regretted him; but she was hungry for more of the pleasant sensations, and strange excitements, which his admiration of her had produced. She was sore, proud, angry, — just in the state of mind to seize on any change or on any new excitement which might present itself. Consequently she was pleased and flattered by Robert Lorrier's attentions. He lived in a different world to that which she had been accustomed to. She longed after all that was beautiful, and artistic, and poetic in life; it seemed to her that this man was in a position to give her what she longed for. He fascinated her intelligences, and the possibilities of life with him seemed very great and pleasant to her. Many of the noblest qualities of her nature found already responses and sympathy in him. It needs a long and varied experience, sometimes, to enable one to distinguish accurately between emotions which come from the heart, and those which come from the head. Poor Elizabeth did not realize, — like too many noble and pure minded young girls, — that the heart is an all important factor in marriage.

Until Robert Lorrier had lived, Elizabeth would have given him the name of love, but this was a latent

within

[illegible], within her. As it was. Before she had got accustomed to her new life, and settled down with new eyes to live it, her husband's illness came. Elizabeth had never been brought nearly in contact with suffering and death before, and they were appalling, almost repulsive to her. They recalled strange, unnatural, hideous - [illegible]. In shrinking from the sight of suffering, she shrank a little from the sufferer too. She had moments of passionate tenderness towards her husband; moments of wild despair, when she realised that he (must) really leave her. But, generally she was (unconscious) merely of a confused sense of fear, and dumb rebellion, against her lot.

For a while after her arrival at Clay Brooke Rectory, she was too tired, both in mind and body, to make much use of her own. The moments (the) any flash of feeling, which she had experienced when she parted with her brother, died down again (queerly) enough. Her chief desire was for rest; and she submitted gratefully to her aunt. Mrs Mannering's small cares and arrangements for her good, with considerable docility. Clay Brooke was very soothing to her. It was associated (quietly) in her quiet girlhood; there was little enough to remind her of the heartbreaks and disappointments of the last [illegible] years. Now and again some chance word or trivial incident, would arouse all the storm of feeling that was sleeping within her; and she would ache fiercely. But all these

Turn

things would happiness to her? Why life, which ought to be so sweet, and which she was so capable of enjoying, was so early marred and spoilt for her? She had but raised the cup to her lips, when fate had dashed it from her hand, and now it lay shattered and broken at her feet, while all her promised joy was spilt upon the ground. At times she felt almost angry with her dead husband, as though he had wantonly gone and left her to battle her way through this difficult world alone. sometimes, on the other hand, she would suffer a paroxysm of regret and remorse. In the night, when there was no sound to break the stillness, but that of the wind moaning about the gables of the old house, or the distant bark of a watch-dog, at some lone farm house down in the quiet meadows, Elizabeth would start from her sleep, oppressed by a sudden sense of loneliness and terror. She would seem to see, once more, the lofty room, shaded with closed shutters from the glare of the fierce southern sunlight; the visits of charity, in her dark dress, her smooth peaceful face framed by her great white cap, moving softly about; and the sick man, who through long, weary, sunny days, and restless nights, had lain with a fine and steadfast courage facing the awful angel of death, and schooling himself to bid farewell, — not without bitter pain and sorrow, but without a murmur of repining — to this kindly and familiar world, and to the beautiful young wife, whom he loved so well. Remembering these things, Elizabeth would

shudder

stretch out longing arms into the stillness and the darkness; and then, remembering too, that at here, that deep debt of love could never be repaid, would sink nearly heart down upon the pillows again, and so in lonely misery till the windows of her room began to glimmer faintly through the thick curtains, & while the still grey dawn broke over the damp and misty pastures, — and the birds began to twitter about the eaves, — and comfortable reassuring domestic sounds told that the old Rectory house was awake once more, and getting ready for the work of another quiet, uneventful day.

Elizabeth was, perhaps, a little unfortunately unconventional. She could not pray at feeling, because it was the piety arising under the circumstances. When these storms of emotion came down upon her, she sprang free out of them as soon as she could. She still wanted supremely to be happy: and though she felt hurried and wounded, her life was still whole in her. She would pause awhile, and take breath; and then try conclusions with the world again.

The days lengthened, the rooks became noisy over domestic matters, in the big elm-trees by the church; the starlings, breaking up the flocks in which they had danced and circled together during the winter, began to haunt water-spouts and hollow trees; the earth smelt fresh and sweet under the soft westerly winds; and spring flowers began to cheer the bare borders & the garden beds. It was pleasant then, to Elizabeth to

wander out with the Rector over his glebe lands and pastures; while Billy and Boxer, the two fox-terriers rushed frantically about, discovering imaginary rats and rabbits in every hedge, and Rufus, the brown retriever, full of years and dignity, trotted slowly at his master's heels. Mr. Mannisming had a feeling of delicacy in talking to his niece of her own troubles; — church matters, with Ritualists splitting up the poor old Establishment inside, and Rationalists battering it from without, seemed to him sure of a subject for bitter indignation and invective, than for ordinary conversation; — Politics Mr. Mannisming had never reckoned as a very well suited to the comprehension of the female mind. It happened, therefore, that the Rector's talks was generally of an unexciting character, dealing chiefly with the land and the crops; interspersed with kindly bits of gossip about neighbours and parishioners, and with reminiscences of historic runs with the [illegible] hounds, — the memorable taking of Woolo, or scrambling through impenetrable "hillfinches". Elizabeth listened gladly to this simple talk. It demanded no distinct exertion on her part, and (yet) kept her from more intimate, and from sad, (and) painful thoughts and speculations. The Rector was satisfied with her quiet attention. It was pleasant to him to say familiar things, which he had often said before. He believed that Elizabeth was quite sufficiently amused; and, meanwhile, he was glad to do a proper amount of talking, without touching on subjects

of /

a serious or controversial character. Mr. Manni-
-waring had given up most of the problems of
life as insoluble; and he was inclined to
be a little vexed when any thing was said,
which seemed to suggest that they might not
be so, and that it was the duty of reasonable
human beings to struggle to find a solution of
them.

Often strikes one as unfortunate, that women
are not more capable of letting each other
alone. Mrs. Manniaring, for instance, was quite
incapable of dealing with Elizabeth in the
same simple, tolerant fashion as the Rector.
She was not willing to take her nieces for
granted. She wanted agreement of sentiment,
and assurances of feeling, which it was not
in the nature of the younger woman, to give.
Mrs. Manniaring had, as a girl, unquestioningly
accepted certain social traditions and formulas.
She had clung to them tenaciously through the course
of her life; and now they failed her completely.
If you deprived her of them, she would have
felt like a lost child, uncertain what to do
and where to turn. The foundations being shaken,
the righteous — as represented by Mrs. Manni-
-waring — would have need of most dutiful care. She
was gentle, tender-hearted, and truly devout:
but, her acquisitions were small, and her
sympathies were narrow. She was loveable; but
it was impossible to deny that she was rather
limited, and Elizabeth alarmed, distressed
and surprised her, at times. Elizabeth's faults were

and

and temptations were incomprehensible to her.
She was always sensible that Elizabeth did
not repeat her experiences; or fulfil her ideal
of under ~~ordinary~~ given circumstances. There had
always been a want of common-grounds on which
she and her niece could safely meet; and
the little spaces which had formerly existed,
seemed to have dwindled considerably in
extent since Elizabeth's marriage.
Since the first strangeness and pattion of (her)
return, began to wear off, Mrs. Manisaring grew
a little dissatisfied. She was ~~unconsciously~~
unconsciously on the watch for her niece's foibles
and short comings, Unfortunately Elizabeth was
not a great diplomatist, and had a
tendency to watch a certain direction of thought
and speech, which often caused her to pluck
rather rudely at the conventional wrapping
with which her aunt decently covered
her own convictions and desires.
One afternoon, about six weeks after Elizabeth had
come back to Clay Brooke, she and
Mrs. Manisaring were sitting to gether, in the
pretty little panelled sitting-room upstairs,
in which the latter lady generally spent her
mornings. There Mrs. Manisaring made up tidy
accounts, ordered her household, and kept her husband's
papers with dignified kindness, and unruffled
calm.
Elizabeth was sitting in one of the deep
window seats, her hands resting idly in her
lap. Out of doors everything seemed to be feeling
the pleasant influences of the spring, and
awakening ~~from~~ in hope and promise to

a

a new leases of life. The elm woods soft and bloomy with swelling buds, the pastures were green with the springing grass; the quaint old Elizabethan Manor House lay sleeping in the pleasant sunshine. Away among the trees in the distance, on the other side of the brook, Elizabeth could see the quaint, old, red-brick chimneys of the Manor House. Her mind was full of gentle regret, and yet of hope. At one and twenty one can easily begin life's world with experience, to restore the balances of old.

Mrs. Manisaring, with her pretty faded face, sitting knitting by the fire so serenely & Mrs. Manisaring who had never known a tangible trouble in all her life, — was perhaps really more deserving of pity and sympathy, than the beautiful young woman with her various sorrow, and her weary widow's gown.

"Sarah told me the other day, Aunt Susan" said Elizabeth, still looking out over the sunny country, "that Miss Dudley died last year! I hadn't heard it. What has been done with the Manor House?"

"It is an unpleasant subject" answered Mrs. Manisaring, slowly. "Mr. Dudley behaved very strangely, considering the length of time the place had been in the family. He sold everything".

"I wonder why." said Elizabeth.

"Oh! nobody knows," said Mrs. Manisaring. "Sir Frederic Melvin bought it all, with the exception of one or two fields adjoining Farmer Jones' farm which your uncle took. But everything was sold

Bold. She very clever and talker we had known for the last thirty years — every thing went. There was a want of consideration and proper feeling about it," added Mrs. Mannsaring, severely. "Your Uncle was very much annoyed". Elizabeth turned and gazed out of window again.

"Have you heard any thing of Edward Bradley, Lately, Aunt Susan", she said.

Mrs. Mannsaring glanced up quickly from her knitting: Ah, she would ask Elizabeth's profile as a silhouette, against of back-ground of window-panes, and in that position it was impossible to gain any idea of her expression.

"No, nothing at all", she answered quickly.

"Ah!" responded Elizabeth. It would have been difficult to her to say, at that moment, whether she felt relieved or a little disappointed. She sat quite still for a minute or two, without turning her head; then getting up, she walked across to where her aunt sat knitting by the fire, and knelt down before her on the rug.

"Dear Aunt Susy" she said, "I want you to be very kind, and do me a great kindness favour".

Mrs. Mannsaring only smiled; she had an vague fore-casting that Elizabeth was going to ask her to do something, which she would not like to do. She, also, wished that Elizabeth would sit down on a chair like an ordinary person, when she asked favours.

Mrs. Mannsaring objected to seeing people kneel except in church or at prayers. The position seemed to her a little exaggerated.

"Will you ask Frank Lorimer and his wife to

come

...mes down here for a week at Easter?." Elizabeth went on — "They could get away then, I think, from London, and I should be so glad to see them".

Mrs. Marriwaring's smile died away; she did not like to learn with to accede to her niece's request; yet it was decidedly awkward to refuse point blank.

"I know you don't care to have strangers staying in the house", Elizabeth continued, "but, I am very fond of them — I mean of the Skinners, — and Frank was wonderfully good to me, you know, during that sad time abroad".

Mrs. Marriwaring waited a moment, while she twisted her knitting pins a little nervously. "I don't know", Elizabeth somewhat repeated what to say, she answered at last, "but I am afraid your uncle would not quite like it".

Mrs. Marriwaring found it extremely difficult to say what she wanted to, with Elizabeth kneeling there, and looking up at her so sweetly. "Oh dear me," they cried Elizabeth. "Your uncle and Mr. Skinner did not get on very well together. The night you came home - They differed about politics, I believe", answered Mrs. Marriwaring evasively.

"Oh dear me", said Elizabeth again. She got up off the rug and stood opposite to her aunt. She felt hurt and annoyed at Mrs. Marriwaring's manner. "It must have been a very serious difference of opinion" she added, "if it would be sufficient to make Uncle Gerald really object to Frank's coming here".

"On point of fact," said Mrs. Marriwaring looking

down

ne at her writing, talking fairness com-
fortable and self-possessed now that her
niece no longer was kneeling close to
her. "In point of fact, Elizabeth, Mr. Skinner is
not quite the sort of person we have been
accustomed to have here".

Kennedy

"Possibly not" said Elizabeth, wilfully mistaking
her meaning. "This neighbourhood is not very
brilliant. Clever people are not very com-
mon about here".

"I was not speaking merely of this neighbour-
hood, Elizabeth" said Mr. Mainwaring with
some dignity, looking up at her. She
would not condescend to define more particular-
ly the society in which she had always
moved: but the memory of many generations of
Selfords crowded into her mind. Every body knew
who the Selfords were, and knew — or ought
to know — the sort of society they had always
moved in.

Elizabeth's face flushed painfully. Her pride was
touched; and her loyalty towards her husband
demanded that she should speak. She waited
a moment for she found it a little difficult
to control her utterance

"You forget, Aunt Susan, that Robert was Frank
Skinner's brother" she said, at last.

Mr. Mainwaring winced. It was almost coarse,
she thought, to put the matter in that light:
but there was a large fund of obstinacy in
the fragile, gentle-looking little lady's
nature. She had not the smallest disposition
to "cut down her colours, because Elizabeth

had

had not the delicacy to perceive how much out of place her last observation was.

"Mr. Farmer was a barrister", said Mrs. Mannisaring and Frank is a newspaper editor" rejoined Elizabeth, speaking as quickly as she could. "But the two men were brothers, both Christians; and you can hardly mean to imply that — my husband's (the second) (a merchant) (claim)" = having admitted us to the society you have been accustomed to, be based upon his profession".

Mrs. Mannisaring stood up too; she was extremely pained and distressed.

"Our conversation has taken a most unfortunate turn," she said. "I think you must perceive yourself how unbecoming it is, Elizabeth, under present circumstances. I really cannot discuss this question further. I must entreat you to let it drop", and she slowly and severely rolled up her long strip of knitting.

Elizabeth had generally repented after one of these brief rebukes of her aunt's. She had generally been convicted of sin, — more from habit, perhaps, than from any thing else — and had humbled herself: but, this time something more than her own personal pride was touched. To her better nature was roused to vindication of her husband's memory. Mrs. Mannisaring, by implication at least, had slighted him; and Elizabeth bitterly and fiercely resented the slight. She did not answer: but, remained standing near the fire, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. Mrs. Mannisaring finished rolling up her work in silence, and moved away;

just

ent as she reached the door, she turned, and said in her usual quiet, even tone —

"Aunt Jane is to drive over to Stanley this afternoon, Elizabeth. I have ordered the closed carriage so that there would be no objection to your coming, if you cared to do so".

"Thank you" answered Elizabeth, shortly; "I prefer remaining at home".

She was determined to make no step, this time, towards a reconciliation with her aunt Susan. She went hastily to her own room, and throwing on a hat and jacket, slipped out quickly by a side door into the garden, keeping careful to avoid a meeting with Mrs. Mannisaring, for whom the carriage was waiting in front of the house.

There was a broad gravel walk leading out of the Rectory garden towards the church. It was divided from the main road, which ran parallel to it, by a belt of trees and underwood; on the other side was a sunk fence, beyond which the ground sloped gently downwards towards the broad valley, about half a mile away. On the whole this walk was sheltered from the bitter east winds by the belt of wood, and in summer was pleasantly shaded by the overhanging trees; while to the westward, across the sunk fence, the view — such as it was — was wholly uninterrupted.

Elizabeth had dreamed many pretty dreams, during her quiet, uneventful girlhood, pacing up and down this walk; while her eyes wandered over the still green country, and her thoughts wandered

wandered far into the coming years, coloured by bright hopes and charming fancies. Her step turned instinctively towards the room, though her hopes were no longer very bright and thoughts realities, had arisen like Pharaoh's lean kine and devoured all her fair fancies one by one.

She was hurt and angry; full of tenderness towards her dead husband, and towards his family. She knew that Mrs. Marriwaring had not spoken without thought and intention. Her narrow grooves, always which like all clay brooks moved, already began to worry Elizabeth; she had already observed that many opinions which she professed were unpalatable to her aunt; that the latter feared she was breaking free, in a somewhat dangerous manner, from received doctrines; that she was too anxious to think for herself. She knew that Mrs. Marriwaring resented all eccentricity, all unusualness. Elizabeth suspected that her aunt accused the frank simplicity of encouraging her to take her own way, and that their influence was considered undesirable.

She stood still in the middle of the walk. The rooks were flying, in a long black line, home to their half made nests in the elms by the church; the children shouted at their play in the village street; and the thin spring sunshine lay softly on the face of the green meadows. Away across the brook Elizabeth could still see the twisted chimneys of the old Manor House above the trees. For a moment the thought came over her, of how different

different all her life would have been if she had married her first love. — The good-looking, fresh-faced young squire, and had settled down to the quiet life of the country, with its simple round of duties and pleasures. The quiet country life would have been pleasant enough to her two years ago: but, now she had had experiences of another and more exciting sort of living. Elizabeth was very young still. Though she had suffered, though she had been cruelly disappointed, she had not yet said her "vanitas vanitatum". She longed after all that was included in that magic word "culture" — after books, and music, and art; after fanciful furnishings and beautiful colours. She believed that the philosopher's stone was still to be found, and she longed, poor child, to set out in quest of it. She owed her aunt and uncle a debt for their love and care of her: but, her loyalty to her husband ranged itself along-side her her desire for beauty and knowledge, against her simple duty to those who had stood to her in the place of parents.

She could see that remaining at Claybrooke, in plain complete submission to Mrs. Main-waring's small moral and social code. When the time of her mourning should be over, there was no more exhilarating prospect before her than heavy dinners with local magnates; after solemn after-noon calls with Mrs. Main-waring; visits to the schools and to certain cottages; occasionally the holding of a stall at some bazaar for the restoration of a neighbouring church; or a necessary

garden

endless parties; — of conversation more worthless than the name — no challenge, no new interests, nothing but the ever recurring "common round" and the remorselessly "trivial task". Meanwhile Elizabeth seemed to see herself growing older and greyer, and duller as one quiet year slipped away after another. How she rebelled against the stagnation of Pleasantness; but for ten years hence she would be accustomed to it — nay, at last, she might even come to like it.

Elizabeth was capable of exciting herself very greatly with her own speculations. The picture she had called up of her own future in the still, sleepy, midland village was intolerable to her. She desired desperately to get away, and could see her but with the Francis Lorimers. She saw clearly that no middle course would be possible for long; — she would have to marry or break to make her choice between her own and her husband's relations.

She stood full of uncertainty and of conflicting feelings, in the spring sunshine, the Rector, riding home over the fields from visiting some outlying cottages — stopped his comfortable fat cob on the other side of the sunken fence, and looked at her.

"Lizzie" he said, smiling a little sadly, "It is very pleasant to see you moving about the old places again. I am growing quite an old man, my dear, and like a beautiful young face to look at".

"Sir — he said — I take stock in everything that concerns anybody."

Mr. Mainwaring meanwhile, rumbling along in the closed carriage towards Shenley, was an unhappy, as a person, supported by a strong sense of accomplished duty, can well be. The coach-man's livery fitted excellently, — it was quite a pleasant to behold his back; — the horses trotted cheerily along the broad high-road; the country looked pretty in the afternoon sunshine; the shop-keepers in Shenley, moreover, would hurry with unfeigned satisfaction to their doors, anxious to supply any quantity of any article that Mr. Mainwaring might desire, when they saw the carriage stopping in High Street. All these things were wont to yield her a gentle sense of gratification, for notwithstanding her traditions, Mrs. Mainwaring was, fundamentally, a very simple minded person. She enjoyed her own respectable and dignified position; and still more she enjoyed the recognition of her respectability and dignity by others. It is distinctly agreeable to be persuaded, that the world in general shares our own excellent opinion of ourselves. Today the lady might, surely, be

ance felt even more than usually serious and satisfied, for she had got her own way. She knew that after their late conversation, Elizabeth's pride would prevent her making any more inconvenient suggestions respecting a visit from the Frank Levinsons. Mrs. Manwaring had fought and won the little battle very successfully. She had got her desire: but, alas, having got her desire, she had got heaviness mitigated in her soul.

She believed, and rightly, that she loved Elizabeth more truly, than she loved any other human being, except her husband, Gerald Manwaring: but, Mrs. Manwaring was not a very acute thinker, and had never perceived that she loved, ~~Elizabeth~~ not Elizabeth as she really was, but Elizabeth as she might be, if that strong-natured young woman renounced her individuality, and submitted herself entirely to her aunt's guidance. She loved, in fact, a phantom Elizabeth of her own creating; and was perpetually disturbed and annoyed in the real Elizabeth, who bore but slight resemblance to her ideal. Mrs. Manwaring, just now, was feeling acutely pained at having had such a disturbing scene with her niece; and was confused and bewildered by the way in which Elizabeth had spoken, and by the view which she had taken of the matter. She could not comprehend how any right-minded person could see things from a totally different stand-point to her own.

Mrs. Manwaring had never been entirely satisfied with

Mr Elizabeth's marriage. She was respected as a want of great grand-father in the Scrimser family. She did not go so far as her maiden Smart, who, being steeped with aristocratic ideas, had suggested on hearing of Robert Scrimser's death, — "that she hoped now Miss Elizabeth would take her maiden name again" — She did not certainly go so far as Smartt that: but, she had cherished a silent hope that the connection would be quietly dropped, and that Elizabeth would come to regard her marriage merely as a slightly unfortunate episode, and adopt the Mainwaring and Selford view of things in general. Mrs. Mainwaring could not ignore the fact that Frank Scrimser edited a news-paper. We are shown she knew had ever married a news-paper editor, or had taken to that business as a profession. Some people can accept no fact without a precedent. Then, too, from hints that Elizabeth had dropped, Mrs Mainwaring feared that the Frank Scrimser knew all sorts of queer people — writers, artists, musicians, actors. — People who live by their brains and their talents, instead of on their means, are always a little doubtful. Mrs Mainwaring associated them with lodgings and tinned meat, and with an absence of horses, carriages and servants with good characters. Shrewsbury had long and admirable personal character. The good lady's ideas of art, did not carry her beyond portraits painted by Sawbridge and Sir Joshua; and, it is to be feared, that even they were interesting to her, more as testifying to the high respectability

pectability of the families, whose deceased members they so flatteringly represented, whose examples of the great masters' work. The master of music was vexed it the village choir sang, flagrantly out of tune or time, on Sunday in church; — (and) she likes to hear a ballad sung in the mild and wholly unmiasmic: true way, in which young ladies and gentle: men do sing ballads when (professionally) a profession they desire to relieve the tedium of the long evening, which usually follows a 7.0 o'clock country dinner party, — although the objection or even of the pastor would have alarmed and confused her with a suggestion of slight impropriety. From the religious point of view, Mrs. Mannwaring had no objection to the stage: but she revolted at the idea of publicity, and could not conceive that a really pure woman or high-minded man, could be willing to earn their bread, by representing fictitious characters and illregulated emotions, before a large number of spectators. In all ages, I suppose, there have been a good many minds, to which the notion of a paid amuser of the public, was appeared contemptible and degrading. Mrs. Mannwaring failed to perceive any very distinct social difference between one of the great leaders of the dramatic profession, and the strolling acrobat, with his sticks in trade of a little carpet and pair of spangled tights, — she will go through a series of painful contortions on the dusty pavements, in the hope of gleaning a meagre harvest of peradventure

pennies

remarks from the passers by. Even during Mrs. Mainwaring's visit, it certainly was not very surprising that she should reckon it ~~was~~ almost her duty, to do her best to weave Elizabeth from whatever slender stand-point was not radically different to her own: ~~Mrs. Mainwaring~~ & Yet that afternoon, as she drove over to St Shirley, Mrs Mainwaring was oppressed with a lurking fear, that Elizabeth might be alienated from her in the process. Life is very difficult sometimes, and humans being very hard to manage, even when we are entirely sure that our intentions are excellent, and the end we propose to attain, eminently desirable.

It it was not merely upon her own relations that poor Elizabeth was fated to bring a confusing effect. The neighbours she had called when she first returned, with enquiries — ~~not~~ always met by Burton with the little honoured and enigmatical reply "that Mrs. Sumner was as well as could be expected"; — now began to come to Claybrooke Rectory with a distinct intention of seeing the young widow, and judging for themselves of her appearance and state of mind. Not only were her present circumstances decidedly romantic and interesting: but, she had, as it was said, during the last twelve months, wandered over half the countries of southern Europe — local magnates had considerably extended the area of Elizabeth's peregrinations. Most of the inhabitants of this part of Devonshire seek a little pleasure out their own county; and would appear

for

me occult reason, to have a considerable
suspicion of foreign travel. They regarded
Miss Jessons absence in it, as remarkably
adventurous, and slightly dangerous at the
same time. Paris is immoral, Italy priest-ridden,
Germany altheistical, Switzerland liable to
accidents, and undoubtedly a bad hunting
country, — was also known there
things in short, and consequently most of us stay
at home. At the same time, when any adven-
turous visit does return from foreign parts,
we are sensible of a certain flutter of
excitement, which we do our best to conceal
by a smiling and slightly contemptuous manner.
It follow therefore, that Elizabeth not only
claimed attention in virtue of her recent
bereavement: but, that she was regarded
as a sort of spiritual daughter of Christopher
Columbus and Captain Cook.

Lady Melvin, stout, dignified and kindly, drove
over in state from Melvin's Keeping; and in-
-dulged in many well-intentioned common-
-places, which she wished to be sympathe-
-tic and consolatory; but, which were, in
fact, extremely tedious. Mrs. Admiss, the wife
of the squire of Lowcote, came too, desiring
sincerely to say every thing that was be-
-coming and appropriate to the occasion:
but, out of the fullness of the heart the
mouth will speak, and she soon exhausted
her stock of sentiments regarding Elizabeth's
sad loss, and began pouring a catalogue of
the sins and offences of that much dis-
-tressed gentleman, Mr. Leeper, into Mrs.

Harrison's

an warning not unwilling ears. — Mr. Leeper actually wanted, what he called, "free and open sittings". Imagine her, - Mrs. Admith - and the squire getting rather late to church some Sunday morning. — The squire did, certainly, take some time over his breakfast, and liked, too, to go down to the stables and just "look round" before starting for church, so they were sometimes a little late. — Imagine, then, their arriving and finding Jones, the radical baker, who openly refused his vote to the Conservative candidate at the last general election, calmly established in their time honoured family pew!. Such a possibility was abhorrent and distressing in a high degree; and yet obviously such a thing might easily happen if the sittings were also free. Mr. Leeper, like many other prophets, had but a scant amount of honour in his own country.

The Harbages called another day. They drove over in a hired vehicle, (a part of it) — a hybrid kind of waggonette, with a distant suggestion of a carrier's cart about it, — clothed with a canary-coloured body and wheels. This machine was much patronised in the district around Highthorne, by those of the inhabitants, whose circumstances were not sufficiently affluent to admit of their keeping a horse and carriage of their own. Mr. Harbage always drove; that is to say he held the reins, and flicked gently at the horse's backs with his whip. His driving in no way resembled

That

at of John the son of Nimshi; and the waggonette proceeded very slowly over the face of the earth. But Mrs. Harbage made a great point of her husband's driving all the same; for she was professedly at a strong desire to mislead the passers-by with a sense of her entire owner-ship of the vehicle. This was a very innocent fraud, deceiving nobody, inasmuch as the yellow body and wheels were perfectly well known on that side of the county: but, it afforded Mrs. Harbage a little auxurious satisfaction, and caused an extra shilling for the driver; and as it merely caused other people some kindly amusement, perhaps it was, on the whole, as good an arrangement as most other arrangements in this piecemeal world.

Mrs. Harbage, leaving the two younger girls in the carriage, when the party at last reached Clay brooke Rectory, proceeded with the drawing-room with her eldest daughter and Emily, her husband mildly bringing up the rear. Mrs. Harbage had driven over from High-: Thorne that day cheered by a sense that the mighty had fallen, and that she was going to have the delicate ~~sadism~~ privilege of seeing them lie prostrate. She had, indeed, brought Emily on purpose that that dear girl might realize all the horror and disaster she had escaped by remaining in a state of single blessedness. But Elizabeth Bennet looked so serene and handsome, notwithstanding the melancholy suggestion of her deep mourning dress, the drawing-

room

on at the Rectory was so redolent of solid comfort; the tea was so excellent, the cream and cakes so rich; Burton so dignified and con: descending in helping the ladies to climb down from, and later to struggle up into the waggonette, that poor Mrs. Harbage began to be doubtful whether the mighty maid fathers after all, and whether Emily really had on the whole, so very much cause for thanksgiving. The thought of an unpaid wax-merchant's bills and butcher's books haunted her mind; and as source of the curiously unequal division of the goods of this world oppressed her spirit. It may be difficult for the rich to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: but, ~~poor Mrs. Harbage's~~ experience had taught ~~poor~~ Mrs. Harbage long ago, that it was difficult for the poor,— harrassed by cares and worry, and weary with work,— to find time to think about the Kingdom of Heaven at all.

Her friends and neighbours called on her; and mostly went away with the unpleasant Miss Elizabeth Skinner was, perhaps, as truly better than "could be expected"; and that she was quite unlikely to dwarf their ideas of amiable, surface sympathy. ~~at~~ dry * by making too great demands upon it. Perhaps they were just a little annoyed, as they had counted on the circumstances of their several visits to Clay Cross Rectory, for supplying them with a district christian, and a fit subject for much subsequent conversation. The ladies, indeed, permitted themselves a mild revenge * by writing at Elizabeth's apparent irresistibility

sensibility to her position; and the ruffled plumes were by no means smoothed down by the fact, that husbands, brothers and sons, — who somewhat against their wills had been induced into paying their visit of condolence, — invariably remarked, on the way home, that, "Mrs. Sinclair certainly was, taken all round, one of the handsomest women, that they — the speakers — had ever seen". It is distinctly trying, in a very quiet neighbourhood, to be disappointed of one emotion: but, how greatly is that disappointment embittered, when the very person who has caused it is pronounced, by three sharp pairs of female beauty are of peculiar importance to you, to be an unusually pretty woman!..

Isabella, though embarrassed and slightly irritated at being thus regarded ~~somewhat~~ in the light of a show, which all the country side thought it had a right to come and gaze at, was behaving on the whole with considerable self-control and moderation. Mr. Marrisarring's little speech to her, had touched her, and had laid the rebellious spirit within her, at least for a time. She studiously avoided any allusion to their late controversy, with her ~~Aunt~~ aunt; and though both women were sensible that ~~that~~ there was a certain want of cordiality in their relations, that they had taken a step apart and must look at each other in future through the separating medium of a distinct difference of opinion, things were going on very fairly well, on the whole.

Mrs.

a
no day, certainly, there were no danger of
a sharp criticism: but they were wanting
in the courage necessary for a real battle.
The warm weather came on, Elizabeth
began to have a strong distaste for her
heavy black stuff dresses, with their interminable crape trimmings. They seemed
so conventional and unimaginative, so hot and
dusty, altogether such a blot on the fair hopeful
spring-time, with its delicate scents and colours,
and promise of radiant blossoms. Elizabeth
had a very limited belief in "the right
thing". She was a little disposed to follow the
custom, as Don Quixote tilted at the proverbial
windmills; and with the same result. For
custom, like the windmills, would certainly
stand firm, while poor Elizabeth, like the
gallant - though fantastic - knight, would
only get an unpleasant roll in the dust
for her pains. In time, experience teacher must
of us that custom is, on the whole, wise in
her verdicts: but, all vigorous and generous
young souls have to pay their conviction
of her wisdom at the cost of a few humbles -
humbling & no doubt in the present, but very
salutary in the long run.

Elizabeth argued then, - not only did
necessary her: but surely her
husband, who delighted to see her enhance
her natural beauty by wearing graceful
and becoming garments, would have
been the first to entreat her to bury the
ugly conventional trappings of woe?. Surely
she did not need these common places, almost
vulgar, -

ligure — ~~signs and~~ outward signs of sorrow to keep memory green, and reminds her of that ~~pathetic~~ parting down by the turpid Mediterranean. There unrightly stuffy drapes made her think so whist more tenderly of the dead; while they seemed to her pain fully out of harmony with the awakening beauty of nature, which Robert Louis knew so well.

~~He~~ had pulled them offending ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

nd so moderating her desires ~~and behaviour~~ with as rapidity, which, she had to admit, was both humiliating and annoying.

Names were looking through the fashion plates with Smart, hunt Susan", she said. "They are so dreadfully hot and heavy that I must make something done to them".

Her pink tint deepened as little as Mrs. Manwaring's cheeks; she had as painful sense that she was on the edge of one of those struggles in which her loves of her nieces and her loves of tradition must meet in battle array.

"You cannot, of course, think of making any change in your mourning so soon, my dear", she ~~observed~~ said with gentle decision.

"These gowns are fearfully hot, now that the weather is getting so warm", Elizabeth observed, avoiding any direct reply.

Mrs. Manwaring turned over one or two of the dress ~~materials~~ slowly. She wished to appear open to conviction. She knew by experience that such assertions carried very little weight with Elizabeth: but, it was so utterly obvious to her mind, that within six months of her husband's death no amount of crapes & combs was too great to testify to a widow's decent grief, that she found it impossible to sympathize in her niece's evident desire for some modification of her costume. Mrs. Manwaring

~~protested~~ was

as far from questioning the dictates of
our betters, as she was from questioning the
existence of the sun or the fact of living sky
outside.

"Last she said, looking rather at Smart
than at Elizabeth.

"Before this description are always
worn for at least one year under such
circumstances, ain't they?".

Smart having a strong desire to remain
neutral, and no risk of offending
either of the contending parties, shuffled
the papers about a little, with a critical
and slightly disapproving air; but
wisely said nothing.

"My word" said Elizabeth, with a touch of
impatience; "I must get something thinner
for the summer. I should really die of heat
if I wore three things all through the hot
weather".

"The stuffs are very thick, ma'am", remarked
Smart, putting in a timid word.

Mrs. Mainwaring stood quite still and silent,
feeling most unnecessarily unhappy. To
people of her rather narrow nature trivial
matters are of almost dreadful importance;—
a question of a little more or less crape
may vex quite painfully agitating to such
a woman, that all the falls of an Empire is to
a philosopher. She felt acutely that Smart
was deserting her meanly and going over
to the enemy, that she stood alone in
the defence of sacred custom and
propriety. To some people it is infinitely
depressing

her in the meantime.

"I think" said Elizabeth, suddenly, struck by a happy idea, "I'll write to Fanny, and ask her to get me some summer things — thin, you know, and yet suitable".

"Fanny"? enquired Mrs. Marriwaring, looking up.

"Yes, Fanny Skinner — my sister-in-law" answered Elizabeth, a little defiantly. "She dresses admirably, Aunt Susan. She would guide me exactly the right thing".

"I should have thought it would have been wiser to trust to your own tastes in this matter, — or mine!" said Mrs. Marriwaring with ~~some~~ mild disquiet.

"But in any case, the gowns must have been made up in London", answered Elizabeth, "so it is really simpler to get some one to choose them. She is on the spot".

"There is an excellent dressmaker in Sloxby, Elizabeth", said Mrs. Marriwaring, with a certain ~~firm~~ friability in her tone. Smart was pursuant, and she would not let this discussion degenerate into any thing approaching to ~~an altercation~~ wrangling. She had stated her own opinion; she had indicated the right mode to Elizabeth. Mrs. Marriwaring felt that as circumstances were against her having been alone with Elizabeth, she ~~ought~~ might it would have ~~kept~~ kept her duty to say more. In it was, she determined, at least, to save her own dignity. She had protested; now she washed her hands of the matter, and

7

ed returned in good order from the scene of the battle fray, escorting Elizabeth, along with her rather doubtful victory – a source of discomfort and indecision, which resulted ~~in~~ in her not writing to Fanny Sinner; but, ~~but~~ putting on the reading glass again, and scanning them with what patience she might to the end of the sum: Sinner.

A little episode did not increase the limited cordiality existing between the aunt and niece. Elizabeth might submit outwardly: but her spirit remained free and unin~~flu~~enced. Facts of these differences of opinion helped to clear away the mists of habit from her eyes. She ceased to take Mrs. Marriwaring for granted, she stood outside her, and looked at her and judged her. The judgments of the young are cruelly just. They have not learnt by experiences of life, and by experiences of their own failing and short-coming to temper justice with mercy. They cause the unhappy culprit to stand in the full ~~the~~ glare of the unhampered sunlight, ~~and~~ and notices every spot and blemish, and rent with terrible accuracy. The young are charming and beautiful, and poetic, and the sight of them stirs our more languid pulses with the memory of past joys and hopes: but, when it comes to judgment and criticisms of conduct, in pity, give us the tried, hard worked man or woman, who has fainted and wrestled, and through

mercy

under tribulation, was gained as to the
of the divine compassion "which" is not extreme
to mark what is done amiss"? It is piteous
to think that matter of cravats and black
stuff, trifles of etiquette ~~and~~ or of social
slandering, may loosen the cords of lives, and
embitter daily for more than great
sorrows. But, truly the nets and corners of
every day, differences of temperament, little
misunderstandings which almost inevitably
arise between persons of two different generations
are enough to cloud the sunshine and
turn the milk of human kindness very
sour. There whitehead trifles — hardly deserving
of a moment's serious consideration — have
the power, in course of time, of changing
human relationships from the deepest
source of joy, into a perfect flood of
discomfort. It is not without a certain
truth that Cupid was been always figured
with a broad bandage over his pretty eyes.
When he takes off that bandage, and the bright
object of his devotion fairly in the face,
he is apt to become more of a critic than
a lover; and the critic was always a
saviour of contempt in his composition.
The last two years of Mrs Lee's life, during
which she was kept apart with as many heart
aches as her sister Mrs. Manisty, was
concerned, and she regarded that
lady's conduct and actions with rather
unfortunate

herself. She had ceased to believe in Mrs. Marriwaring's moral social code. She knew that there was a great section of the world, to which Mrs. Marriwaring would appear very provincial and unimportant. She had learnt that all social judgments are relative rather than absolute; and her own belief in the infallibility of her own "set", was very impaired by Elizabeth. With the logical intolerance of youth and inexperience she went further still; — having discovered that Mrs. Marriwaring was narrow-minded in some matters, she concluded that she was narrow-minded in all. She did not admit this to herself in so many words it is true: but, she got into a habit of expecting her own aunt's views to be inadequate and unimaginative till almost every words she heard. The future lady said carried an implication to opposition within her.

Edward: Her own uncle, Elizabeth's feeling was quite different., Cupid still wore his eyes bandaged; and had not exchanged bows for criticism. In Rosings with, there was the tie of common blood, between the uncle and niece; the sympathy which comes of hereditary instincts, and which often exists between persons whose characters may, on the surface, seem to be very different. For Mr. Marriwaring's wishes and desires Elizabeth had an instinctive regard. She

was

was almost contented to live dull at Clay:
: brooke, if by remaining there she made
him happier and gave him pleasure. It
was not only his true fatherly affection for
her, which made Mr. Morris daring so dear
to Elizabeth; she was (a) person singularly
influenced by her early emotions and
impressions. To most people, I suppose, the
Rector would not have appeared as
very romantic figure: but, to Elizabeth's
childish imagination, one of his
great raking hunters, and dotted with
the dignity of hunting-boots and spurs, he
had seemed to embody all the gallant
spirit of chivalry. The little girl fancied
that the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's delight-
:ful stories must have ridden just such
horses, and had the same air of perfect
physical strength and pleasant courtesy
about them. Elizabeth, as a child, had
never been fired with the ideas of military
glory; had never seen glittering uniforms,
or been moved with the as sense of
pulsating exhilaration at the sounds of
martial music; had never been overcome
with the wonderful pathos of ode that
brave show with its implied possibilities
of horror, and agony, and death. So it
happened that fox-hunting country-
gentlemen, common places easy-going people,
engaged merely in the pursuit of their
own pleasure, had represented to her the
fine disregard of danger, and indifference
to bodily discomfort and hurt, that is so
entirely

truly captivating to most ~~women~~ women's minds. It is this fastidious non as days to depreciate the poetry of broken lower an un: :cultivated and archaic: but "higher education", board-schools and certificates not withstanding, most people are still ruled more by their instincts and feelings, than by sound reason or as delicate perception of artistic causes and effect. A man's volun: :tary disregard of danger, generally claims a woman's sincere admiration. This member of the softer sex have a latent element of savagery in them, which makes many of them admire, even in this nineteenth century, to rate brute courage above the cardinal virtues. Elizabeth ~~was~~ was strongly influenced, from this very different point of view, by Mr. Manisvaring's nature. Notwithstanding her admiration for this broader and more cultivated life which she knew her brothers in law and all his ~~friends~~ friends lived, ~~was~~ from early habit and association ~~Elizabeth~~ Elizabeth was aware that she had a strange tenderness for men of her uncle's type, and was never quite certain to which of these two very different orders of beings she really belonged.

My way she did not criticise Mr. Manisvaring much; she asked scarcely no questions about him; but, loved him simply, and as a natural result desired to please him.

6/Lish
1st Summer

" Whilst thou art blue and bright
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep".

In the beginning of July, the Rector left home for a week. He went to receive rents from, and to listen to the complaints of his tenants on a small property, which he owned in another county. This expedition was of yearly occurrence, and was regarded as a grand event in the household. Mr. Morris warning stayed at the house of his bailiff, taking Burton with him, and thereby securing not only his own comfort, but many interesting subjects of conversation for the delectation of the servants hall at Clay Cooke, as the worthy butler returned home with a budget of gossip and stories, not unworthy of Scheherazade herself!.

Mrs. Morris warning, to whom the notion of a railway journey was always a little alarming, and whose devotion to her husband made her, — after nearly forty years of married life — quite as unwilling to part with him for a week, as she had been within

It was six months of her wedding-day, and was as usual, her intention of driving over with the Rector to Shorby, and seeing him safely off by the 3.0 o'Clock up train. There was a great sense of movement in the usually quiet, well-regulated household. "The fine old English gentleman" is always remarkably full of himself and importance, on the day of even a short journey. He gave orders in a loud voice in the halls or passages; walked about with step that resounded through the house; was undecided about the number of pairs of boots he will require to take with him; and had a general air of severe preoccupation, as though (urgent) affairs of State weighed heavy on his spirit. Burton, like all good servants, thought it right to adopt a tone of his master's manner and attitude of mind. He was as dignified and seriously solicitous over the packing of a couple of portmanteaus, as though he was on the eve of starting with Mr. Mainwaring on an exploring expedition into the heart of Africa. He intimated to the maids, several times, during the course of the morning, that, though no doubt they might be said to have some place — as indeed ours is — in the general economy of things; yet they were but trivial creatures at best, and wholly unequal to great and solemn undertakings, such as that which he now had

ads before hers. I fancy there is no body of men, who take themselves and their occupations and engagements so entirely for granted, as the old-fashioned English country-gentleman, and the said gentleman's old-fashioned, faithful man-servant. They do every thing with a seriousness and an amount of conviction, which is at once comic and unspeakable to the Bohemian "dweller in tents". Whose tendency is to smile at every thing — himself, most of all. But Humble, to whom emancipated mind it may seem a little absurd, that any person can be perfectly sure of such an earnest and sincere belief in themselves; yet it must be admitted, that they have an amount of solid individual character, which is too often wanting in more brilliant men. They are at one with nature, in fact — Humble ~~has a~~ they have little enough imaginative appreciation of her beauties; and from that at-one-ness spring a strength and self-confidence which is sometimes very powerful.

Isabella, when the travellers with portmanteaux, stick, whips, umbrellas, and all their various impedimenta — Mrs. Marmaduke included — had at last, started for the station, went up to her own room. It was a large low chamber in an angle of the

more

ures, with two long, multi-paned windows.
One of these looked out to the west,
across the broad pasture-lands, to the faint
blue line of the distant horizon. The
other looked south, over the foreground of
brilliant flower-beds, to a thick bank
of shrubbery and large trees, the tallest of which
were delicately outlined against the
sky. In the southern window — through
which the sun now poured, filling the
low room with mellow radiance — stood a
writing-table. Elizabeth had pushed it
a little aside, so as to get the window
clear; and now, after having put her
hot black duck, and a long
white linen wrapper, she sat herself
down comfortably in a big, chintz-covered
chair and prepared to give herself
over to luxurious rest of body, at least
and, if not of mind. The whole house
was at quiet, with the still sleepy summer
quiet, which is exactly restful and soothing.
Now and then there was a footstep on
the gravel in the gardens below, or the
comfortable rumble and squeaks of
a wheel-barrow, or the humming sound
of a broom, — nice, careful noises, implying
tidiness, and gentle labour, and decent
respect for appearances. The breeze came
in laden with the scent of honey-suckle
and jasmine, through the wide open
casements; and a bunch of tea roses,
set in an old blue and white china
jar, on the writing table, added its
delicate

dicate sweetness to the atmosphere of the room.

Elizabeth sank back into the deep arm-chair with a little sigh. The sunshiny stillness was very pleasant; all her surroundings were thoroughly comfortable; and eminently respectable. But, at one and-twenty, stillness however sunshining, comfort however solid, and respectability however obvious and undeniable, are hardly enough to yield entire content and satisfaction. At fifty or sixty, Elizabeth thought they might be pleasant enough. Then life would be pretty well over, and the shadows would be growing long, and a calm evening would be soothing after the busy day: but at her age it seemed sad to have nothing better to do, than count the quiet hours growing into quiet days and weeks, while the Rector took his little journies, and Mrs. Mannering mildly ruled her docile household, and paid dignified afternoon calls. At two and twenty, two hands once young and women, with plenty of health and strength, busy brains and "unfulfilled desires", would crave to settle down in a land" in which it seemed always afternoon". Perhaps on this particular day Elizabeth was all the more ready to resent her position, and quarrel with her peaceful lot. Because she had received some letters by the morning's post, which Lizard opened and unexpected prospect before her.

Mr. had only had time to glance at the

there

Mrs Stacy arrived, as Mr. Mannis arriving & Aunt's unintending doctrines had demanded her — as well as every one else's — complete attention: but, now in her own room, she had to get to grips with her various considerations; and to arrive at some definite conclusion re: what their conduct before Mr. Mannis arriving — she was sure to do as little, compared to offering in Shorby — should get home about half past five o'clock, to tea.

The first letter was from Robert Lorimer's, (old) lawyer; and dealt merely with matters of business. In addition to an income of about £700 a year, her husband had left Elizabeth a house in the rather uninteresting district of south-west London, which stretches home around Victoria Station down towards the river. Robert Lorimer had taken this house on a long lease, shortly before his marriage. The Franks Lorimers and various friends of his lived near by; and the young couple had settled down in their London home, with the expectation of spending many years in it. But in point of fact they spent barely one year in it; Robert Lorimer's health broke down, as was already seen to be, and he and his wife were married abroad at very short notice, and the house was let. Now the lawyer wrote to inform Elizabeth that the family who had taken the house, wished to give it up when their year expired in the coming September; and to ask whether she desired that he should

put

it with the wards of some house-agent, with a view to securing another tenant; or whether she just proceed occupying herself. Her information and suggestion contained in the letter came upon Elizabeth with the force of a considerable surprise. She had been too confused and too unhappy when she left London, to trouble herself about business; and the matter of the letting of the house had entirely passed from her mind. Her first feeling on reading the letter was one of shrinking. How could she go back and live alone in a place so full of memories and disappointments? She did not disguise from herself that her marriage had, in some ways, not been an entire success. It would be painful to be dearly reminded of all that it had been, as well as of all that it had been. Both the sweet and bitter of memory, would go to swell the stream of her regret. But on the other hand, the prospect of a long, dreary winter in the cold damp midlands, when the roads would be too bad to admit of the interchange of the mildest of social abilities, and when the fields would be too muddy to walk over, was far from exhilarating. Mr. Marriswring's chief employment, and alas! his chief subject of conversation, would be hunting. For days and weeks, Elizabeth would have no one to speak to but her aunt; and she was beginning to feel a little nervous, at the idea of frequent tête-à-têtes with Mr. Marriswring. Here in the summer

Sunshine

within the old Rectory House, with its inmates and surroundings, ~~were~~ was a little wearisome to ~~her~~ her; what would they be, she wondered, on cheerless December or January weather?. She longed to live vividly. It was better even to suffer, than to stagnate. Would the London house, haunted through its ~~with~~ with memories of her husband and her short married life — would it rest, she thought — after all, be preferable to the sameness and everlasting "afternoon" of her Claybrooke existence?

Elizabeth, lying back in the chintz-covered chair, in her soft white wrapper, with the sweet scents wandering in through the open window, wondered and pondered, and balanced these two veins of the question, and found it almost impossible to arrive at any decision. If her mind had not been engaged with the unusual turmoil of preparation for a journey that morning, she would perhaps have consulted him, ~~regarding~~ ~~[illegible]~~, and, probably, some chance word or look of his would have touched the latent springs of tender reserve and homely duty within her, and Elizabeth would have stayed quietly at Claybrooke, — in which case her subsequent history would have been of a very simple and uneventful kind. But, early in the day, she had perceived that it ~~would~~ was not a good opportunity for asking Mr. Mannering to apply a calm and judicial mind to the contemplation of her affairs; and so she found-

ands herself compelled to arrive at an
unaided decision.
more she thought the matter over, the
more Elizabeth was displeased to entertain the
idea of going up to London for the winter. She
would give herself a little time any way - She
would not write at once and say "Let the
house." - She would pause, - perhaps to-morrow
she should see more clearly what to do. Only
she was sensible of an ever growing desire
to be free, to be her own mistress again. I am
afraid it cannot be denied that my poor
Elizabeth was very egotistical, and thinks a lot
about things from the point of view of her own
wishes: but, strong natures are [illegible] mentally
as good deal occupied with themselves
and their own sensations. Let them who are
wiser, reckon them as fools of the world, and then
proceed to suffer them gladly, being and that
they are pretty certain to find their own level, in
their time.
Her letter was of a very different nature,
and Elizabeth picked it up with a sense of
relief, after her mental struggle with the
intricate question of the London house. It was
written in Mrs. Francis Scrimser's very neat
little hand, adorned with many notes of
admiration and much underlining - with under
to point out and emphasize the writer's exact
meaning in each sentence. But notwithstanding
the exuberance of feeling that might
be suggested by this style of writing or typography and by the
frequent use of superlatives, there was a
force and decision in the bold writing, which
impressed

plaid that Mrs. Franks Summer, thoughts of
so lively disposition, was by no means in
doubt as to her own intentions; that she
knew her own mind; and would have
no hesitation in speaking it, when it might
suit her purpose to do so.
Dearest and sweetest Elizabeth; the letter
began — "Thames been in a state of
absolute distraction at not (being able to write)
to you for so long: but, all my time was
been taken up with the babies. Imagine,
they caught the measles from seven horrid
children, their nurse let them play with
us. The squares, unknown to me! — Of course
I was furious. Other people's children have
no right to give my children measles. How-
ever, fortunately they were not at all
seriously ill; only, poor darlings, were cross
than I can say. They have been a
perfect pair of little bears for the last
month; and Nurse and I have been
at our wits ends with them. Now they are
getting all right again: but, as they still
look washed out pretty white and pulled, I have
decided to take them out of town at once.
It is rather a nuisance in some ways,
as I did not mean to go away till the
beginning of August: but, that can't be
helped. I have settled to go to A next week
to the nice, dull, healthy little place on
the coast of Normandy, where we spent
two months last summer. It is ten miles
from a railway and quite charming, —
when you get there! — Frank will take us
over,

ever
see, and then comes back to his newspaper
and joins us again later on.
And now, my dearest Elizabeth, at last
I come to Hecuba. The babies, and their
odious little temper, — pretty dears, — and
their measles, are only a prelude.
Won't you come too? ! — Imagine how
enchanted I should be to have you! And
it would do you an end of good. I am
sure, seeing your preserves, that you must
be getting unbearably bored at Cabourg.
Frankie told me it was a lovely club.
Course: but, that the country was infinitely
dismal, and that Mr. and Mrs. Marin were
— please don't be angry — were immensely
simpleminded and stately, — he trembled
before them, — but that respectability
reigned to a truly alarming extent. My
dear, I feel a little stifled when I think
of you guarded by armies of proprietors
and matrimonial dragons. For goodness
sake, Elizabeth, escape for a little while,
and come and build sand castles with
the babies and me in Normandy! — We should
have a lovely time — I can't promise you
that we shall be quite alone. If Frankie
was to set up business at the Ritz Role,
or in the Faubourg some of his adoring friends
would turn up believe. But the friends
in their — just now — a certain Mr. Read
Thornton, is the only one of the society who
is bored to stay long. And he really is
charming — plays delightfully, is by way, —
making enormous sums by his pictures, and
will

to talk any amount of mild philosophy. He and I quarrel wickedly: but, that question as delicate point to discuss, you know, and is rather interesting. Then of course you be with Rose's difficulty in escaping from the dragons: — from what Frank told me, I feel sure they think us most dangerous and undesirable. But, my dear, never mind them, just take your courage in both hands and come. I shall be perfectly delighted to have you, and so will Frank, — he is your most truly devoted admirer. We start on Thursday week. Now, Elizabeth, come. Dentrecasteaux for you. She bates sand kisses.

Always your most affectionate
Fanny Primer."

Elizabeth could not help smiling at her sister's - Rose's remarkable volubility, as she laid down the letter; and yet she was sensible of - feeling a little annoyed. It is one thing to think slightly oneself of one's own relations, and quite another thing to have somebody else say them. Elizabeth had remarked several times before that Mrs. Frank Primer's vivacity occasionally betrayed her into indiscretions. Elizabeth did not quite approve of the way in which she [illegible] of the Marriwarings; for it is never agreeable to have an outsider put our secret thoughts into words, thereby generally showing us that the said thoughts are by no means graceful and worthy.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth was sensible of a sudden movement of tenderness towards Clay Brooke and her relations there, in consequence of Tommy Scrimser's strictures upon them.

It would, undoubtedly, be very pleasant to go off to the breezy French coast, and play with the two pretty curly-headed little children on the sea-shore, and listen to Mr. Frank's amusing stories, and talk mild philosophy to Frank and his society friends: but, the idea of giving up London for the winter, commended itself more and more to her mind, and the ~~fact that she was visiting to give up this trip with the Scrimsers for the sake of remaining with her aunt and uncle~~ thought of giving up this trip with the Scrimsers, for the sake of remaining with her aunt and uncle, was as little salve to Elizabeth's conscience, — which might guess her secret trouble, she foresaw, regarding her leaving Clay-Brooke for the winter.

The afternoon grew more and more hot and sultry, and Elizabeth's meditations, as she lay stretched out with the deep shawl, with her feet resting on the back window seat, grew more and more vague and misty. She and Mr. Marin were seemed to be building sand castles on the sea shore: but, the incoming tide always washed Elizabeth's castles away first. She built up one after another with desperate haste. It seemed that the whole happiness of her life depended on

on

her earlier outbursting of Mr. Mainwaring's:
but, the frothy salt water undermined
one after another, and then sunk away
into the plain level of the wet sand.
Elizabeth shifted her position uneasily
once or twice; and then settling into a
more comfortable posture, slept quietly
while. The little gusts of wind tangled her
brown hair into pretty confusion over
her low, fine head, and as soft blush came up into
her cheeks, as into those of a sleeping
child.

One of the many remarkable peculiarities
of the climate of Shire — strictly denied,
however, by the natives, who, one and all, maintain that
it (our) climate is not precisely Italian, it
is still the most thoroughly good and eminently
bracing and healthy, — one of the peculiari-
ties is, that you rarely get assuredly clear
sky for more than a few hours together.
During the morning, and even till the
time that Mr. Mainwaring started
for Shorby, the day had been radiantly
bright: but, as the afternoon wore on, a
thin layer of white cloud, woven itself as
usual — over the face of the sky, and
the (sun) shone through it with a pale, diffused
light. At last, the breeze dropped, while the
atmosphere became more and more
sultry; and heavy masses of reddish white
cloud began to rise out of the
south-east, obscuring the dim sunlight, and
threatening

threatening a storm.

Elizabeth slept on quietly for some time, and was awakened, at last, by a long growl of still distant thunder. She got up hastily, and looking out of window over the lost misty country, observed the unmistakeable signs of an on-coming storm. The sky was becoming covered with rapidly moving livid clouds; quick, irritable little winds ruffled the heavy foliage of the trees for a moment and then died suddenly away. Elizabeth had that nervous unreasoning suspicion of approaching trouble and disaster which often oppresses persons of a sensitive organisation before the breaking of a bad storm. She remembered that Mrs Mainwaring must just be driving along the exposed high-road from Sleaby, and she wished nervously that she was already home. Partly to overcome her instinctive feeling of loneliness, and partly to ensure hearing the carriage directly it should stop at the front door, she left the door of her room wide open into the broad landing, at the further end of which the main staircase of the house led down into the hall. Then coming back to her chair near the window, she sat down to watch the storm, and listen for the arrival of the carriage.

Mainwaring, Elizabeth knew, had an intense dislike of thunder, amounting almost to terror. She regarded a thunder-storm, much as she might have regarded a revolution, if it occurred to her as possible

however of the recognised order of things - it surprised and confused her. She liked well regulated nature; useful fields and trim hedge-rows; lazily flowing streams, well kept roads; and nicely laid out gardens. Nature should be dominated by man, and be educated by him, Mrs. Marriwaring thought. Mountains and forests seemed to her somewhat too disorganised to be contemplated with anything but a disturbed sense of astonishment. In the same way, she appreciated moderate sunshine and convenient rains, with an occasional allowance of frost and snow during the winter: but storms and tempests, and droughts, alarmed and distressed her. They made every thing seem so disagreeably unsecure and doubtful. Poor Mrs. Marriwaring clung, with almost painful tenacity, to the arts which, as usual, and orderly, and well known. Every thing violent and unexpected, whether in outward nature, or in human emotion was entirely bewildering and incomprehensible to her.

It was past five o'clock, when Elizabeth at last heard the sound of the carriage wheels, and the opening of the front door. Having closed. She hurried out into the landing, while the thunder rolled and crackled overhead. Martha, the housemaid, who remained below stairs in the temporary absence of Burton, was just saying, in answer to a faint enquiry of Mrs. Marriwaring's that Mrs. Swinnerton was upstairs, she believed, in her own room.

Chapter 6.

" Virtue how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love how it sells poor bliss,
For proud despair!.
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call". —

Elizabeth waited, a tall, white, glimmering figure, in the dusky gloom of the landing, while Mrs. Marriwaring, her usually pale face pale with agitation, hurried upstairs, anxious to find repose and security after the turmoil of ~~storm~~ her stormy drive home. Like most women of a strong impulsive nature, Elizabeth was quickly moved to loving compassion by the sight of weak and timid creatures in distress. Mrs. Marriwaring ~~[illegible]~~ in the severe comfort of her daily life was irritating to her: but, Mrs. Marriwaring tired, (worn) pale and frightened was a very (touching) and appealing spectacle. "Ah! dear Aunt Susan, I'm so glad you are home", she said, taking her aunt's hands, and leading her gently into her own room, the door of which still stood open. Mrs. Marriwaring turned to her with a clinging desire for support and encouragement. A thunder-storm, and Gerald on a railway journey seemed to her

a

combination of alarming circumstances, which justified her in claiming all the tenderness and affection that she could possibly get hold of. "sit down", said Elizabeth, pushing the big arm chair round into a steady angle of the room. "you won't see the lightening so much there; and let me take off your things; and let us have tea cosily up here, and then you'll feel all right again. I believe the worst of the storm is over now".

While she spoke Elizabeth busied herself in taking off Mrs. Mainwaring's bonnet and cape jacket, and in arranging the inevitable cap with white lappets, which she hastily fetched from her aunt's room. I imagine that a middle-aged woman has once accepted the inevitable and taken to caps there is nothing to her disadvantage in wearing them, even for a few minutes.

Mrs. Mainwaring had often lamented privately that her niece's hands were not smaller. They were white and well shaped she admitted: but, they had always appeared to her a little too large and strong for perfect womanly refinement. On this occasion, however, as Elizabeth adjusted the afore-mentioned cap, and smoothed down her grey hair with gentle reassuring touches, they seemed very lovely hands to Mrs. Mainwaring. She put out her arms, with a sudden impulsive movement, and drawing the beautiful, pitiful face of the young woman down towards her, kissed it with quite unwonted ardour.

"you are so dear, dear child Elizabeth" she said tenderly

kindly," and it is very sweet to have you so kind to me".

Her voice was a little tremulous, and her eyes were full of tears. Mrs. Manwaring had lost, for a moment, that proprietary self-command and calm dignity, which, though very laudable in themselves, were certainly liable to keep most people at a very respectful distance from her. The two women had not felt so thoroughly at one for a long while. They had got away from all that is paltry and artificial, into a region of simple and kindly sympathy. There was a delicate harmony between them, which both felt to be eminently refreshing, after the discords and differences of the last few months.

"Poor Aunt Susan", said Elizabeth, smiling as she looked down at the dainty, pretty, old lady, "you have been so frightened and agitated. You have been listening, for ever so long, for the carriage. There you were driving that young chestnut horse, that Uncle Gerald wanted to try, — I was in a great fuss about it because I thought it might very likely be troublesome".

"Yes" said Mrs. Manwaring "I was very nervous. Williams drives very well: but, I never feel really safe without your Uncle. I can't bear driving alone. I had begged that we might try the chestnut some other day: but, your uncle was in a hurry, he had given the orders, and I did n't like to worry him just when he was going away".

"There

Even the last bit of the Shorby road is so ex-
-pressed", added Elizabeth.

"Oh yes! it was horrible. I don't approve, you
know, of strong expressions: but it really was
horrible! I am so thankful to be at home
safely," continued Mrs. Manisharing, with a little
sigh of relief, and Elsie softly patted
Elizabeth's hand, which she still held.
The arrival of Martha with the tea created
a diversion; and Elizabeth having no more
convenient place to set the tray on, cleared
a space at one end of the writing-table,
bundling her various books and papers into
a heap at the other end to make room for it.
This arrangement was not altogether a tidy
one, and consequently not altogether to Mrs. Mani-
-sharing's taste. She could not help observing it
with disconfort — all disorder was painful
to her; — but she forbore to make any open
comment. On the top of the other papers, conspi-
-cuous both from its shape and colour, lay
the lawyer's letter that Elizabeth had lately
been reading. It was a business, and May Open,
rather courting attention, and Mrs. Manisharing's
attention, as she sat passively waiting for
her cup of tea, was easily won. She could not
help noticing that it was a business letter,
and she began wondering vaguely what it
contained. At another time, she would have
disdained to appear to take any
marked for interest in any private matter
of her niece's; it would have been almost
impossible to her to put questions about it:
but her recent fright and present sense of

returning

turning comfort and security. Had some what relaxed her moral fibre, so to speak. She felt idly fascinated by the open letter; her eyes wandered towards it repeatedly, as Elizabeth poured out and handed her her tea, chatting all the while about the storm, which still rolled overhead; about Mr. Marriwaring's journey; and about the road from Shenley and the evening dessert horse. Mrs. Marriwaring was aware of a growing desire to know what business the letter could refer to; and became more and more disposed, as she drank a second excellent and reassuring cup of tea, and began to feel quite secure & homely and at her ease again, to ask some direct question concerning it. Poor lady, her recent adventures and emotions had shaken her out of the safe little rut along which she generally travelled; and now that she was recovering her footing, her state of mind was one in which she was liable to make unfortunate excursions in various directions!!

Mrs. Marriwaring finished her second cup of tea. The temptation became altogether too strong to be any longer resisted. Elizabeth's thoughts had wandered away, to the Frank Bennier's proposal; she was just recalling how she had fallen asleep after reading her sister-in-law's letter; and remembering her uncomfortable dreams about Mrs. Marriwaring and the sands-castles, when that lady suddenly spoke. Elizabeth was roused immediately from her reverie; there seemed

were to her some subtle connection between her own thoughts and Mr. Marriwaring's unexpected question.

"Is that a letter from your lawyer, Elizabeth?" asked Mrs. Marriwaring. She felt rather glad that she was sitting in the dark, for she was aware that she flushed a little, and she wished to appear perfectly easy and composed.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth. She was sorry now. I know that her aunt was asked here chiefly but for the softening influences of that meeting with Mr. Marriwaring's loving kiss, which still lingered pleasantly with her, she would, probably, have contented herself with that vague, laconic reply. Just now, however, she felt the temptation to be ungracious towards her aunt, even though she did ask uncalled questions, — it is wonderfully soothing and agreeable to be at peace with other people. So after a moment's pause Elizabeth continued:

"It is from Mr. Pimbury, about the house we had in London. It seems that the present tenant gives it up in September."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Marriwaring, — tea and darkness make her brave; she began to think she had quite a right to know a little more of their affairs. "Did you expect that it would be given up so soon?"

"No," said Elizabeth, turning her face away, and looking sadly out of the window at the dull, stormy sky. "I didn't remember on what terms the house was let. I was thinking of

very

ery different thing, just at this time the arrangement was made, you know, Aunt Susan."

Yes, & yes" — said Mrs. Marriwarring, hastily: but, she had no disposition to let the conversation drop.

Elizabeth felt a little worried; she had not any desire to enter fully into this question with Lavinia, and to hurt her own half-formed plans: & at the same time she wanted to be amiable; and she had a consciousness that Mrs. Marriwarring was merely sitting still there, and waiting for further developments. It is never pleasant to have information silently extracted from one.

"I should have spoken to Uncle Gerald about it," said Elizabeth, at last, turning towards her aunt, — "the letter only came today: but, he was so busy this morning, that I did n't like to bother him with it."

"Yes?", answered Mrs. Marriwarring: but, with more of enquiry, than assent in her tone. The good lady was quite alert now. All the simplicity of walk and bow & go had gone out of her; she was refreshed by tea and by sitting still in a safe place; and the thunder, too, was slowly dying away in the far distance, which was decidedly encouraging to her spirits. She was beginning to feel a little irritated at Elizabeth's want of communicativeness: but, her moral fibre was no longer relaxed, and though she wanted more than ever

to

know all about the matter, she had regained sufficient self-control to be determined to ask no more direct questions.

There was rather a long pause. Elizabeth was stationed between the two windows, so that the light was concentrated about her white figure. She sat, resting one elbow on the corner of the writing-table, and was apparently deeply engaged in the not very intellectual employment of balancing her tea-spoon on the edge of her cup. It was the sort of thing Mrs. Mainwaring could not manage to see things just to wrong uses. Somehow the delicate sympathy, which had existed a little while before, between the two women, seemed to be growing farther and farther, and leaving itself in the light of common day. Each of them, from different causes, felt a trifle annoyed with the other. At last Elizabeth's spoon slipped with a little flop and splash in her cup. It seemed, somehow, to bring her to a sudden decision, for she looked up and spoke again. "Mr. Pumbury wants to know whether I wish to have the house let again at once, or keep it in my own hands."

"There cannot be any doubt as to your answer, my dear," Mrs. Mainwaring remarked quietly, but a little incisively.

"Why?" I don't quite understand you," answered Elizabeth, who being conscious of her own growing dislike in the matter, wished that her aunt did not think it all so perfectly obvious and simple.

-ple.
Of course you must let the house".
don't quite see why it should be - of course",
said Elizabeth, emphasizing the last two
words, and beginning to feel rather frivolous.
"It really seems to me a question that
requires some little consideration".
My dear, how can it?" replied Mrs. Mann:
warning. She sat up quite straight in her
chair. Two pink flushes in her cheeks deepen-
-ed. She looked at Elizabeth with an
air of surprise, not to say consternation. It was
very serious. Mrs Mann warning felt, that, just
at this moment, when every thing seemed to
be going so pleasantly and smoothly, those
three apples of discords should drop down
between them: but, the proprieties were
asserting their sweet sway over her, and
she warning felt bounds to speak clearly
and decidedly, however disagreeable it might
be for her to do so. "It would be quite im-
-possible for you to live in London alone,
you know; and there can be no object in
the house standing empty". she said.
don't see that it would be at all impossible
for me to spend the winter, in London", ans-
-wered Elizabeth, "I could let the house
again for the season, and come back
here".
Mrs. Mann warning leant a little forwards
in her dusky corner, and pulled
the fabric of her gloves to getter, rather
nervously, as they lay in her lap.
At, my dear Elizabeth, don't you understand
that

sat as young woman as of your age and position, ought to live by herself? It would appear so very strange; I don't know what people would say. I don't ask you to consider your uncle and me, or our feelings at your leaving us; I merely ask you to think for a moment how very strange this plan of yours must appear to every one. You must see, at once, that it is impossible. It could n't be done", said Mrs. Marriwaring with considerable disquiety and decision.

But why should n't it be done? rejoined Elizabeth. The fact that her aunt treated the notion idea as so utterly preposterous roused a strong spirit of opposition in her. It is an unpleasant but unfortunately certain fact, that two people are never more likely to have a serious and bitter quarrel, than just when they are recovering from an attack of unusually expansive affection. The excitement produces a reaction, which, as a rule, is very dangerous.

"Of course I only want to go for a little, dearest Sudans", Elizabeth continued. "You know how glad I am to be with you and Uncle Gerald: but, I should be very glad to spend a few months in London. And after all why is it so absurd for me to think of living alone? - Lots of other women are obliged to do it".

But, you are not obliged to do it, my dear" said Mrs. Marriwaring. "Here is Play Brooke; here are your own relations; here is the home you have always been accustomed to. There is no reason

as an for you to seek another. You are not in the position of a woman who is obliged to live alone; in your case — indeed — it would be obviously unbecoming".

"You speak altogether too strongly Aunt Susan", said Elizabeth quickly, straightening herself up ~~somewhat~~. "I am not in the habit of proposing to do things that are obviously unbecoming".

There was a pause. Mrs. Marriwaring was aware that she had made a false step.

"I write and I intend" said Elizabeth "to see something of my — of Robert's relations, this year —" She waited a moment to steady her voice, which was a little shakey; and then went on distinctly. "Fanny Skinner tells me how much they want to see me. She asked me to go abroad with them this month. I don't want to do that just now: but I really must see something of them later on. They would be close to me in London, and I should like to see them quietly in my own home. I should prefer that to staying with them for any length of time".

Mrs. Marriwaring looked down at her clasped hands, and said softly —.

"It would surely be unnecessary for you to do that, in any case".

"But I don't think so, you see" rejoined Elizabeth, rather hotly. "And in this matter I really must follow my own judgement, Aunt Susan".

"I can't agree with you, my dear," said Mrs. Marriwaring, with quiet persistence. "In a question like this, the opinion of those who are

a older and more experienced than you are, — of those who stand to you, as your uncle and Ida, in the place of parents — their opinion, I say, should be not only considered, but abided by."

"Uncle Gerald has not had an opportunity of giving his opinion yet," said Elizabeth.

"Well, then, in his absence, Elizabeth, I hold it to be my duty to speak quite plainly to you." Mrs. Mainwaring paused; she gathered up all her courage, and then said, "Understand that I entirely disapprove of this proposal. Entirely."

Elizabeth stood up, and rested her hands on the back of her chair. She was growing as little excited, and sitting still was irksome to her. She would have been glad to avoid a scene with her aunt; but she felt strongly that if she wanted to secure her independence, it was a case of "now or never". Also, she believed that Mrs. Mainwaring's social objection to the Frank Sevinner was at the bottom of her strong opposition to this London scheme. Elizabeth was almost fiercely determined to stand by her husband's relations; her very doubt as to her entire devotion to Robert Sevinner made her desperately anxious to pay all due honour to his people. And, at this moment, her desire for a larger and more vivid sphere of life, than that which Claybrooke offered her, ranked itself alongside her loyalty to the dead, and made her ready to fight out the battle with poor little Mrs. Mainwaring, to the bitter end.

"I

I must speak plainly too," she said. "The real truth is, that you can't endure the Frank Sumners, — you don't think them quite up to the mark, — you want me to drop them altogether."

"Pray, pray" cried Mrs. Mainwaring, with an agitated little wave of her hands, as though deprecating Robert Sumner's treasonable relations to the most remote quarter of the globe. — "Pray don't let us begin discussing that unfortunate subject".

"You want me to settle down," Elizabeth went on with increasing warmth — ignoring the poor Frank Sumners' dismissal," as if nothing had happened. As if there was no difference between what I am now, and what I was as a girl. You want me just to miss out all the last few years — except in the way of wearing black gowns. Don't you see, don't you understand that it is impossible for me not to want to see Robert's relations? — that I can't give up the past altogether"? —

"You are quite wrong and mistaken", answered Mrs. Mainwaring quickly. "I have no wish that you should not ~~in any way~~ be different, — that you should not realise your situation. It is you, Elizabeth, — I must say it — she seems to me to disregard your situation. Oh! dear me," cried the poor lady, with much agitation and distress, "don't you see, that it is hardly decent, — yes, really, hardly decent ~~for~~ for you to propose to settle in London, and go about and entertain people, when you have been only a few months a widow? — don't you see

that

at it is absolutely wanting in proper respect for y[r] husband's memory?"

Elizabeth's face flamed scarlet. She did not care now what she said. Every little unpleasant words that Mrs. Marriwarning had spoken, every worldly suggestion, every unsuitable act of reproof, every want of comprehension of the position of others, every stupidity that her aunt had ever committed rushed in to Elizabeth's mind. — Like most of us, she had an excellent memory for the faults of her nearest relations! All the bitter feelings she had nourished in secret against Mrs. Marriwarning filled her and overflowed, forcing themselves for the in a torrent of excited words.

"How dares you say such as thing, Aunt Susan"? — she cried. "How dares you accuse me of such a thing?. You to speaks to me of want of proper respect, when you are trying to make me give up Robert's dear brother, and hold myself free to associate with him and his wife!. What would he have cared for the sort of respect, which consists in sitting upstairs with the blinds half down, and wearing loads of crape, and wondering whether this and that and the other person thinks you look unhappy enough?. — A very precious sort of respect, that!; consisting in clothes merely and little conventionals ~~wages~~ usages; — a careful paying of the titles of rank, and ranks and cummuns; while the weightier matters — the love, and the justice, and gratitudes, — gratitude to his

own

a brother, to his own flesh and blood - are forgotten and neglected! - You don't understand me!" cried Elizabeth; "you never have understood me!. You want to ~~turn~~ run me into your own little ~~social~~ social mould, and have me for ever thinking what a set of stupid, ignorant, unimportant people are saying about me; instead of letting me be honest and faithful as I want to be". "You are cruel, you are very cruel, Elizabeth" said Mrs Main warning slowly. She pressed her hands to her sides, as if in actual physical pain.

"Yes, you that are cruel" answered Elizabeth, passionately. "You, who want to cramp and maim my poor life, and build it in on every side with miserable, conventional considerations. I want to live! I think already, though I am so young, I have had troubles which you know nothing about, - I have had to bear disappointment, horror and anguish. Haven't I suffered enough already, but that I must be thwarted and hedged in at every turn, with these wretched worldly considerations? - That I must submit tamely to be bored almost to death? - That I must settle down, finally, at ~~one~~ and twenty, in the dullest of country neighbourhoods, with not a hope or prospect in the future?. Don't you see, I long to gather up my life and begin again; to do something; to be interested in living?. I am young and strong, I can't make up my mind to stagnate here, wasting myself in useless regrets. You know

your

ur husband, Aunt Susan, and your home, and your life is full of what you like. But, I — look" she said spreading out her hands with a despairing gesture, "I have absolutely nothing. Surely you can get on perfectly well without me?. Let me go, at all events, for a time; let me see and know the world; let me live a little, and not rust here. Oh! life may be so full and beautiful for me, some where else. Let me go — God knows I am right to present me.!".

At then the clouds parted, and the glare of a stormy sunset filled all the room. Elizabeth's white cheek, as she stood in the gaudy light, was stained with an angry orange glow. Shaken with her passion, and with her own wild words, her brown hair disordered and her eyes flashing, she looked like the very spirit of the fierce and beautiful sunset, away there in the west.

Mariwaring had seen too. She stood in the dim and dusky corner of the room, where Elizabeth had set the arm-chair for her, with its much tender solicitude, hardly and now ago. Truly, only those whom we love can really torture us in this world. In that short hour, half the joy of poor Mrs. Mariwaring's heart had withered, and faded, and died. The child whom she had brought up, whom she had tried to believe she loved as her very own, had turned upon her and shown her that there was a great gulf fixed between them; — had

ed plucked this very heart out of her poor, respectable, unromantic little life, and trampled it under strong, relentless, young feet. Mrs. Mainwaring was filled with self-reproach. She and Elizabeth could never be the same to each other again. There was a rent in their mutual love, which could only be patched, and never mended wholly. Mrs. Mainwaring was very tired, she wanted to go away and be quiet somewhere: but she could not go without a parting word. She steadied herself for a moment, with one hand, on the arm of the chair; then she said, in a thin hard voice:—

"You are quite right, Elizabeth, I do not understand you. At this moment, I confess, I have no wish to understand you, for you seem to me to be in a singularly exaggerated and ill-regulated state of mind. We think very differently. I may be rather old-fashioned: but, you are so painfully violent, that it is quite useless for us to attempt to have any further conversation on this matter. While you remain at Lacy Brooke, I must ask you to treat me and my friends — also you so greatly despise — with common courtesy and respect. And for my part, you may rest assured", she added, "that I shall not interfere, in any way, with your plans and arrangements again."

She finished speaking. Mrs. Mainwaring moved out from her shadowy corner, into the fierce glare of the sunlight.

Elizabeth

shocked

izabette was quite startled, when she saw how pinched and aged she looked, as the light fell on her. Her heart smote her, and she came forward quickly.

"! you are tired, you are ill, Aunt Susan" she said; "I know" ——

ut Mrs Mannsaring put her sternly aside. with despair at once, to learn to do without you, Elizabette", she answered, and went slowly out of the room.

izabette flung herself down on the floor, in the midst of the torrid sunshine, and resting her head on the hard window-seat, sobbed and sobbed bitterly. ides and remorse struggled together within her. The picture of her past humbles, and of her present desolation, which she had called up by her own words, affected her so profoundly. Every thing seemed to have fallen short of her hopes and expectations; everything in had yielded her less joy and satisfaction than she asked of it. Poor child, she had always desired so passionately to be happy; she had tried so hard to be happy. Her aunt had told her to be lady like; her husband had told her to be good; her own heart told her, always, to be happy. It told her so still, still, she longed, and hungered, and struggled; and still the phantom of happiness eluded and escaped. She said, "give me this one thing more, and

9

to all be happy" — She got the one coveted thing, and found that the old longing and unrest clung to her yet. Sometimes it made her hard, selfish, and unconsiderate, as she knew she had been today. She hated herself, and yet craved, all the same, for the thing which seemed as though it might possibly bring her happiness. Good and evil are most subtly mixed up in us; the wheat and the tares grow: it is only to well, close side by side. Elizabeth was generous and selfish, cruel and tender-hearted, all at the same time. She needed many a lesson yet, from the hard and steady teacher, experience; whose teaching, though slow, is so absolutely and awfully conclusive, at last.

The dinner-bell rang, while she was still crying her heart out in the dying sunshine, with her sweet face, pressed down on the ~~[illegible]~~ window seat. A minute or two later, Martha knocked at the door. Elizabeth jumped up hastily, and stood with her back to the light, so as, if possible, to hide the signs of her late agitation from that worthy woman's eyes. She felt that it would be impossible to go down-stairs, and talk good little common-places to her aunt over her dinner, for Martha and propriety's sake; so she sent word that she had a bad head-ache and wanted to be quiet. And Mrs Marriwarring, — who would have sat down to dinner at seven o'clock,

if

all the world had been coming to an end at half past eight, from pure habit, found herself obliged to take her evening meal in melancholy silence and solitude.

Pets, and lovers and other persons of an excitable habit of mind, have a pretty fiction that Nature laughs over their joys, and weeps with them in all their griefs: but, to a calm observer this seems to be rather an optimist's view of the matter. The two women, also, in that pleasant, quiet, old Rectory house, should have stood to each other in the gentle and beautiful relation of mother and daughter, lay awake for hours in the summer night, each in her own chamber alone. Elizabeth with passionate tears, asking why the two hands, who might have guided, trained and saved her, had been taken from her side so soon: — and Mrs. Marriwarn, with the cruel, dry-eyed sorrow of age, asking bitterly, as she had asked many times these [illegible] years, why God had seen fit to deny her the sacred joys of motherhood, for which she had so ardently prayed and yearned. Yet the night was serene and cloudless. The stars shone peacefully out of the deep purple summer sky. The pastures spread fresh and sweet, under the soft breeze, and in their morning the sun arose, joyous rejoicing like a giant,

to

run her course. The night was as solemnly [illegible], and the morning as radiantly gay, as though no poor human hearts, where tears write painful struggles and contending, and [illegible] pulses, felt the deadly weight of love grown cold.

Normandy
one

"There was extravagant hope"...

ne week, during which the Rector was away, was a very methodical one at Caybrooke. Mrs. Maniwaring wrapped herself in a garment of cold and rigid civility — for hitherto (image) there were no thunder-storms; — and Elizabeth, alternately wrathful and penitent, spent a good many hours in her own room, writing letters to Mrs. Pinkney and tearing them up again. She was compelled to answer Mrs. Hawke Skinner's letter without delay; so she wrote a short and rather unintelligible note, saying that Normandy was out of the question for her at present, holding out vague hopes of a meeting in London in the autumn; and mentioning a few words on the babies and their ailments. That her sister-in-law — who always had a lively inclination to "read between the lines" — immediately arrived at the conclusion that "the old Maniwaring" — as she irreverently called them, in familiar conversation with her husband, — "must have been perfectly odious, and that Elizabeth must have suffered

friends such as martyrdom at their hands, that she had no sympathy left, poor dear, to expend on any-body but herself"!!

She was strong, one sometimes feels, in proportion to their limitations. Mrs. Marriwaring, in virtue of her limited imaginative, had a remarkable power of maintaining ~~of~~ a fixed attitude of mind and of manner. Elizabeth's feelings, on the contrary, fluctuated a good deal. Miss Stanley once, a word from her aunt would even now cause a flood-gate of repentance, and she would have humbled herself and be ashes and pardon: but Mrs. Marriwaring remained rigidly the same. Every look and every word implied, — delicately but surely, — that she was outraged, astonished, greatly pained, utterly shocked; that she was well aware that she and Elizabeth were aunt and niece, and owed each other certain consideration from that fact: but, every thing stopped there. Mr. Marriwaring was coming home in a few days, he must speak the final word; meanwhile, she would stand by her colours, support the position she had taken up and maintain a dignified and suggestive silence. There is nothing more irritating than being in disgrace. A very few days of this state of things, were enough to exhaust all Elizabeth's latent tenderness, and harden her in rebellion; and two days before Mr. Marriwaring's return, she wrote definitely to the Lawyer, to inform him that she should take up her residence in London in September, and to request him, therefore,

to

take no further steps regarding the letting of her house.

Consideration under these unfortunate conditions was difficult; and the two ladies found the hang so heavily on their hands, that they welcomed warmly any little incident which broke in upon the monotonous rounds of daily silent breakfasts, luncheons, teas and dinners. Mr. Leeper, the vicar of Lowcote — who was already been mentioned in these pages, — was not an object of great admiration either to Mr. Marriwaring or to Miss Elizabeth. It was rather surprising to observe, in short a remarkably kindly spirit they both received him at this juncture, when he came one afternoon to pay a long-owed visit. Mr. Leeper had given himself a day's holiday, — this was precious, he measured it out with as sparing hands, — and having done one social duty by taking luncheon with the Harbages at Highthorne, he thought it well, as the day went, it seemed, he grew over to trivialities, to walk on the five miles from there, and pay this visit at Claybrooke Rectory. Mr. Harbage had started to walk with him: but, the roads were dusty and the day extremely warm. Mr. Harbage was a portly man, of a choleric temperament; more over he had partaken heavily generously of a hot, one o'clock dinner, prepared with unusual delicacy and plenty in honour of the expected guest. By the time he reached the out-skirts of Highthorne parish Mr. Harbage was aware that his courage was ooozing

rung out at every pore. He began to think it might be dangerous for a man, at his time of life, to take as long walks as soon after eating; he had uncomfortable visions of sunstroke and apoplexy. Mrs Harbage, who extended hopes that her eldest daughter's undeniable abilities as an organist and district visitor might have made some impression on Mr. Keeper's mind, had suggested privately that this walk would be an excellent opportunity for finding out how far that gentleman's heart was entangled by Louisa's useful, if not romantic, qualifications for the position of a clergyman's wife. But, Mr. Harbage was altogether too hot for delicate diplomacy. He longed for his own study, slippers, and an old and easy coat, at this moment, far more than for any matrimonial advantages that might accrue to his eldest daughter. Therefore, he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten some thing very important; and, bidding a hasty adieu to the many manifestations of regret, his younger and more vigorous companion as warm adieu he turned homewards, walking erect and fast, — to carry out the ideas of the urgent business — as long as there was any chance of Mr. Keeper turning back and seeing him. Then, after wiping his face several times, and looking for another acquaintance against his steady five-barred gate, he trudged slowly homewards, to baffle his wife's anxious enquiries concerning his conversation with their late guest, with as much ingenuity and as few false words as he might.

M.

Mr. Leeper was a tall, thin, bilious-complexioned man, with a sparse black beard, and a rather high-pitched voice, which had a tendency to crumple itself up into inaudible murmur. He was almost distressingly energetic, and took real comfort in the thought of his own mental and physical activity, and in the fact that he was a total abstainer. He believed that he professed the original Healthy mind in a Healthy body. This belief gave him a certain vindictive "risk upon" his friends and acquaintances. He felt he convinced that if every one only would take his advice, and follow his example, as to the millennium of peace and plenty would immediately set in. Mr. Leeper belonged to that section of English churchmen, which, not contented with trying to rule the church, was also trying desire to rule the world as well. They dominate the life of their parishes in the most alarming way. Every thing from the Parish-ward Position to the state of the cottager's pig-sties, seems to be within their province. As a rule, they are not greatly beloved. Poor Mr. Leeper was really a very admirable, pure-minded, and devoted man: but, in trying to measure the measures of the universe, and unfortunately that measure seemed not to be entirely correct somewhere. He had cast up all social and religious problems over: over again: but though he felt sure he was right, the answer did not work out in universal

peace

wee and good-will as it obviously ought to have done.

Leeper arrived, warm, energetic and argumentative, at Claybrooke Rectory, that afternoon; and was ushered into the cool and shaded drawing-room, where Elizabeth Sorimer received him with unusual kindness of demeanour. Mr. Leeper rather prided himself on a stern indifference to his surroundings: but it was impossible for him not to be distinctly aware of the contrast between the bare dining-room at Highthorne, steaming with the early dinner, the ill-dressed, angular Miss Harbages and their dishes freighted with mutton, and the pleasant vistas of the stately, old room, and the quiet, self-possession of the graceful, young widow. Mr. Leeper tried to be practical, and tell himself that fundamentally it was merely a difference of (perhaps) two many hundreds, or thousands a year; and that the Harbages ought not to be blamed or Mrs. Sorimer admired for the difference: but, unfortunately when one's eyes are pleased, it is a little difficult to keep fundamental (facts) in full view. Mr. Leeper could not help being rather gratified at his reception. He had not as great respect for Mr. Manniwaring: but, he began charitably to think it was impossible that this handsome, serious-looking young lady might be considerably less darkened by prejudices and wilful ignorance of important social and ecclesiastical questions.

Then

an her relations. Elizabeth listened to ~~Stanley~~ to ~~Mr Seeper~~ his conversation, that as suddenly thought flashed into Mr. Seeper's mind ~~as~~ the knew that it was as little unworthy of his stern somewhat ascetic ideals of life, — but still there it was. How would it be, just to convert and then take possession of this fair daughter of the Philistines, and use all the philistine power and gold, against the Philistines themselves? — Use it ~~somewhere~~ for the furthering of the Temperance cause and of diocesan conferences, the spread of sound church teaching, and the just administration of the poor law? — The parish of Lowcote was too small, by any means to exhaust Mr. Seeper's large stock of energy. His audacious ideas, which had suddenly started, all unbidden, into his brain, seemed to him a very attractive outlet for much of his bottled up force. To be sat talking to Elizabeth, enjoying the cool atmosphere and — strange he would hardly have liked to admit it — the sight of her sweet face, this idea gave to his manner just that touch of softness and respect in which it was ~~so~~ generally wanting. He waxed eloquent concerning free and open sittings; the miserable condition of the cottages of some of the labouring poor at Lowcote; and the vice and degradation consequent on drink; till Elizabeth, — she had only hailed his coming as a relief from her sense of discomfort and ennui, — began to think him not only endurable, but

really

lly rather uninteresting; and Mr. Marriwaring, though she knew it was high treason to agree with him, became willing to concede that his "motives might be good, though poor young man, he was lamentably wrong-headed on some points, and not at all the sort of person she had always been accustomed to" associate with. She seemed full of possibilities to Mr. Leeper, as he strode home that evening in the downing. He left practical matters alone for a while, and indulged himself with building a series of pleasing castles in the air. He saw himself on the high road to a general reformation of the crooked ways of society, and foresaw places & plaudits. He was sure he was ever confident in the certain arrival of a millenium, consequent on the unconditional acceptance of his views by the world at large. But, alas! for Mr. Leeper's visions of future triumphs, — when he reached home, he found an irritated letter from Mr. Adwitt, saying that his servants refused, in a body, to attend Sorcote Church unless orders were distinctly given by the Vicar, that strangers were not to be put into their pew. While Mr. Dowsbury, the principal bass in the choir, — who, as he said himself, "had sung three, man and boy, this twenty years come next Easter;" — was waiting in the study, to announce, with more unctuous than urbanity, that "as Mr. Leeper thought himself a very uncommon good musician, and took people down so sharp

at

the practices, he might sing Bach for himself in future; as he — Mr. Doughty — wasn't going to stand up there to be arrested before a lot of boys. He should go to chapel next Sunday, where folks knew where they'd got holds of a tidy singer and behaved accordingly".

Keeper's forehead crumpled itself up very much. His charming castles reshaped themselves into the fairies of air out of which they were originally constructed. He gave up thinking of the conquest of the fair daughter of the Philistines for a time, and plunged wearily back into the actual. But through vexation and the sudden reaction from his unusually exalted state of feeling caused ~~by Easton~~ to put the idea aside for a while, he did not relinquish it altogether. He was sensible that there was a new element in his life.

As Mr. Marriwaring came home; and the inmates of the Rectory were awakened from the state of torpor and discomfort, in which they had existed since the evening of the thunder-storm. Nothing regarding Elizabeth's ~~ill~~ revolt was said on the night of his return. Indeed it would have been difficult to get time to make any announcement. Mr. Marriwaring was not usually a great talker: but, he kept up the pretty, old fashioned habit, — falling sadly into disuse in these hurried days, — of telling his wife "all about it".

when he came home from any little journey. What he had said, & what every body else had said; what he had done willingly, and what he had been compelled to do, unwillingly; — repairs, gates and fences; — this man's hearth, and that man's sheep; — what local magnates had called; — what sort of dinners the bailiff's wife had prepared for him; how late the train was; how long he took going here and going there; finally, how glad he was to be at home again, — all these matters were retailed with simple, cheery dignity, as though highly important, and received by Mrs. Marriwaring with unwavering attention and appropriate remarks. It was a very real relief to both women to listen to this stream of gentle, unagitating talk, after the silence and constraint of the last week. It was comfortable and reassuring to hear the sounds of a man's footsteps about the house again, and to hear Mrs. Marriwaring clear his throat in that loud unmitigated way, so much affected by the English country gentleman.

Elizabeth was rather excited, and almost disposed to repent of her decided action regarding the London house. She regretted that she had not had an opportunity of talking the matter fairly over with her uncle; now, she feared, he would hear a very one-sided account of this business from her aunt. Having decided

for

self. She felt it would be out of place for her to speak to him on the subject first; he must speak to her, and he would only do so when Mr. Manwaring had put him in possession of the facts, from her point of view. Elizabeth had a large confidence in Mr. Manwaring's charity and comprehension; she felt sure he would not judge her harshly or narrowly, still he would be pained, he must be pained, at learning her strongly expressed desire — and it would lose none of its force in her aunt's repeating of it, — to leave Clay Hall. Most likely Mr. Manwaring would have the whole matter out with her husband next morning; to-night she was evidently too happy at getting him back, and had too much respect for the time-honoured custom of "hearing all about it" to disturb the harmony of the occasion by the distasteful duty of joining issue on matters of moment. To-morrow, poor Elizabeth felt she would be judged; she almost prayed that the verdict might be a merciful one. She had taken the responsibility upon herself, she intended to depart: but, she earnestly desired to depart in peace, — at least with her uncle Gerald.

"We fell out my wife and I,
Oh! we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears".—

ere had been a heavy shower of rain in the night, and the morning was hot, damp and steamy, even on the high land where the village stood. Down in the valley, and along the winding course of the brook lay long lines of mist, which the sun, veiled by a layer of thin grey cloud, had not as yet sufficient power to burn up. It was one of those very quiet summer mornings when the damp earth smells sweet; and the cattle lie lazily down in the rich, grassy grass; and the birds break up earlier as lively warders over barns and gardens heads, for women that they have hardly time to sing. Mr. Manwaring stood on the flight of stone-steps, which led from the bow window of his study down into the garden. He was smoking an after-breakfast cigar, and looking over the day's paper, which Benton had just brought him in. Mr. Manwaring was in as particularly pleasant

and

...de serene ~~abstracted~~ attitudes of mind. He was conscious of having done a good week's work, and of being glad to be at home again. He felt a quiet satisfaction at being surrounded with familiar objects, and at being sure that there would be no peculiarities in the working of his dinner; he thoroughly appreciated the order and solid comfort of his own house after his short absence from home.

Sly and Boxer, the two fox-terriers, sat on the gravel walk just in front of him, in a trembling agony of repressed excitement; prepared, if their master showed the smallest disposition of quitting his present occupation and going for a stroll, first to spring with a wild frantic joy, and then rush madly after him and before him, in any direction. Rufus, the brown retriever, lay on the steps in a state of absolute repose, occasionally turning a meditative and contemptuous eye upon the two anxious watchers below. He possessed all the dignified calmness of manner which belongs to an assured position in the world; while the fox-terriers were victims to the ill-regulated vivacity of youth, and to that reckless desire for notice, which belongs both to dogs and men, who are still on their promotion. The blue smoke-wreaths from Mr. Marriwaring's cigar rose and floated out slowly on the heavy air. He felt thoroughly contented with himself, and at peace with all mankind; — not the

most

A violent speech of the most radical member of the government, would have had power to irritate him greatly, just then.

The study door opened gently. Mrs. Maniwaring looked round with a smile; he recognised at once the quiet way in which his wife always opened and shut a door, — without ~~[illegible]~~ noise and without hurry.

"Well, Susie," he said, still smiling and arising, naturally enough, in his present complacent state of mind, the old pet-name by which he had called her in pleasant hours for so many years — "Well, Susie, what do you want"? —

Mrs. Maniwaring was just as trifle nervous: she walked rather more rapidly than usual across the room to the open window, looking at her husband, all the while, with a timid suggestion of apology in her expression. She saw that he was happy and contented. She came as the bearer of evil tidings, and it ~~[illegible]~~ grieved her.

"And so sorry to interrupt you, Gerald," she said, laying a small, ~~[illegible]~~ dainty hand upon the arm of his rough shooting-coat: "but I have been sadly disturbed and distressed while you have been away. I had no opportunity of talking to you last night: but I'm afraid I must trouble you with it this morning".

"Dear me!" said the Rector, looking down at her, "what's the matter? Has Jones broken out in vestments all of a sudden?, or ~~[illegible]~~ has

"There seems as now with Evans about the widow's out-door relief?. That fellow Sleaper's always making some bother at the Board, and trying to make Evans cut off as shifting here and there as he can there. If there was any chance of that man's having to go into the House I surely, some day, he'd look at the matter from a very much more merciful point of view, I suspect".

Mr. Marriwaring took a long pull at his cigar, in a rather vindictive way; as if by so doing he hoped, in some mysterious manner, to reduce Mr. Sleaper's income sensibly, that that obnoxious individual might speedily find himself in imminent danger of enduring his days in the Workhouse.

"It was nothing to do with Evans", answered Mr. Marriwaring. "In fact she found it very difficult, with her husband standing there in unconscious of any serious trouble, to embark on her story".

"Johnson wasn't quite warning, Sleaper?" said Mr. Marriwaring. "Sleaper is rather sharply, just before I went away, about leaving the carriage-drives in such a mess. He was surly: but, I thought he'd have got over it by the time I came back". "Oh, Johnson is just as civil and as respectful as usual". — Mr. Marriwaring sat down — There was a favourite arm-chair of the Rector's drawn into the window, and she felt that she could talk better sitting-down. Her heart was beating fast, and it was a little trying to stand up.

"It

t is about Elizabeth, Seraldo", she said, "that I want to speak to you".
izabeth?" — The Rector took his cigar out of his mouth, and let the newspaper drop to the ground; — thereby causing Billy and Boxer to jump at the wholly unwarrantable conclusion that he was going for a walk, and throwing them into a frightful state of agitation. "Set down, dogs"! he said, rather roughly, and then added, "Why, my dear, what in the world has Lizzie done?".
izabeth has n't done anything yet", replied Mrs. Marriwaring: "But she persists doing something, which I am sure, Seraldo, you will agree with me in thinking most undesirable".
deed!" said Mr. Marriwaring, with a touch of surprise.
[illegible]
raldo Marriwaring loved his wife very faithfully, — too faithfully to stand aside from and criticise her. He would not permit himself to be clear-sighted regarding her. The boyish devotion, with which, as a Fellow [illegible] looking lad, he had wooed and won pretty Susan Selford, with her sweet pinks and white face, and little clustering auburn curls, drove in him even now and blinded his eyes to her faults, and weaknesses, and imperfections. Only when she laid hands on Elizabeth, she looked at him with those clear, grey

eyes

yes and spoke to him in the same ~~rich~~ full toned voice, as the younger brother whom he lost years ago and mourned so deeply, — then, and then only did Gerald Mainwaring's loyalty relax a little, and did he allow himself to question, for a moment, the entire wisdom of his wife's thought and action.

A husband's love might have warned Mrs. Mainwaring that he was not prepared to be actively sympathetic: but the whole bitterness of the scene with her niece and of her own subsequent meditations overwhelmed her as soon as she had fairly begun her narration. ~~& Gerald~~ She went on, with almost painful insistence, and with very little perception of her listener's actual state of mind.

"Elizabeth" she said "is tired of Claybrooke already, Gerald. She told me so violently and without any regards for my feelings. Her heart is set upon being a great deal with poor Mr. Linnet's relations? — of whom? you see, you have just the same opinion that I have myself; — very respectable people, perhaps, for their position in life: but not at all the sort of companions we should choose for Elizabeth." ~~& passionately~~

"No" said the Rector. The thought of the Frank Linnets was unbearable to him; still he did not like to have Elizabeth blamed.

"I cannot be content with what we have

to

offer her here", Mrs. Mainwaring continued. "She told me very plainly that our neighbours bored her to death. She is full of all sorts of wild ideas about a larger life, & great interests & and I don't know what besides. I should not have thought Elizabeth capable of using such very strong & pretentious as she did".

"And where did all this happen?" asked Mr. Mainwaring. He wanted to get hold of the facts, before venturing into the slippery region of opinions.

"The day she went away. There was a thunder storm, as I wrote you word, as I was driving back from Shanby. I arrived at home very much agitated, — you know how I dislike thunder, — and Elizabeth was most loving and gentle to me", Mrs. Mainwaring paused. A She had a painful choking sensation in her throat, just for a moment: but she mastered it, and went on. "And then, I most unfortunately asked some questions about a letter from her lawyer; and this terrible scene was the result".

"Well, and what does Elizabeth propose to do?" enquired Mr. Mainwaring, still anxious to possess himself of facts.

"She declares she will go up and settle in London alone. Fancy, alone, Gerald, at her age! — a mere girl like her. — It is impossible — it would be absolutely scandalous if we allowed her to".

"But where does she mean to live"? asked the Rector.

In

. The house from Mr. Skinner left her. — Didn't I tell you, the tenant gives it up in September?! That was what her lawyer wrote about."

!" said Mr. Manwaring slowly. He began to see day-light now; but, he wanted a few minutes to arrange his ideas ~~in~~ before he spoke. He was still standing on the step just outside the great, open bow-window; and he turned and looked out over the lawn. Billy and Boxer, in despair, had gone off and were doing a little independent rabbiting in the shrubbery on the left. The Rector could see their white bodies flaunting in and out of the under-wood, as they ran hither and thither. He wished to them once or twice; not because he the least wanted them; but merely ~~to gain time~~ because he wanted to gain time.

Manwaring sat up ~~rather~~ stiffly in the arm-chair. She had not ~~produced~~ the effect she had intended to, and was feeling a little piqued at her husband's apparent indifference. Words did not come easily to her, and she was afraid she had given Sattie a blame account of the affair. She had hoped for ~~mistaken~~ justification and strong support; — she did not despair of ~~it~~ getting ~~were~~ now: but it seemed to linger a good deal on the road, and meanwhile she felt somewhat ~~sore~~ and injured.

Last Mr. Manwaring turned round. There

was

as a strangely wistful look on his face, which became his plain features wonderfully well. It was a look that Mrs Maniwaring could remember long years ago. She thought he had looked like that sometimes, when he used to say good-bye to her, after one of those happy days at Selford Hall, before they married.

said quite quietly.

I'm afraid we must let the child go, Susan."

erald!" cried Mrs. Maniwaring, amazed and outraged beyond words.

e've no right to keep her", he went on sadly, "just to please our own eyes with her grace and beauty. You and I are growing old, Susie, and this house is dull for her. The young love the young, you know; — we did, and why shouldn't she? — Of course she wants to get away and be with people of her own age".

r. Maniwaring looked out again over the lawns towards the shrubbery: but he did not see anything very clearly, there was a mist before his eyes.

a minute or two neither spoke; then Mrs. Maniwaring asked coldly.

But how is she to live alone?".

I suppose she'll find servants as other people do. You'd better send Smart or Martha with her to help her manage at first."

is was just the last straw to poor Mrs. Maniwaring. That Elizabeth should go

punished — that, that she should be supported in her rebellion, — was surely bad enough: but, as a climax, that she — Susan Manwaring — should be ordered to give up one of her two favourite servants, ~~to~~ to prevent this young Judicial suffering in any degree, from the results of her own rash actions, was intolerable and not to be endured'. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from the shock, to be capable of speaking at all, ~~she~~ Mrs. Manwaring said in a harsh, deeply displeased voice, — "You surprise me, Sinclair. I did not expect this from you. It seems that I, and the comfort of our house hold, — every thing, in fact — is to be sacrificed to Elizabeth's head: fishing shawls and fancies".

"I cannot see that she leaves any right to prevent her going", he said again. "I do not want to make you unhappy, or part you and Lizzie, but know, Susan: but I can't see any other way out of this business".

"But I only had a child of my own"!, cried Mrs. Manwaring suddenly, in her extreme distress. She pulled her hands passionately together, and her face grew grey and pinched, with the exception of her cheeks.

Mr. Manwaring drew himself up to his full height, and an unpleasant straight line cut itself deep in to his forehead, between his thick grizzled eye-brows.

There

There was people very rarely mentioned the real sorrow of their lives to each other: but it was hardly ever absent from Mrs. Manisaring's mind or the same. The want, the disappointment was always present with her, terrible, urgent, unfortunate: but she tried to hide and conceal it, and only in moments of very strong feeling did she give voice to the bitter sorrow that she felt. Mr. Manisaring was desirous of children as ardent as his wife. — At this moment he would have given his right hand to see a tall, handsome boy, who would call him father, leap that rustic fence out of the meadow, and swing across the smooth lawn to greet him. But men are much less impatient of the inevitable than women. Mr. Manisaring had got accustomed to the fact of having no child. It was, in a way, one of the very foundation stones of his life, unalterable. Nothing could alter the fact. He took it for granted; and it was only when his wife's bitter cry rang in his ears, as it did just now, that he realised clearly how great was his loss.

The very tramps under the hedge had children, and they not I?" cried Mrs. Manisaring again.

The Rector stepped inside the window; he laid his hands quietly on her shoulder. "My darling," he said, "if you had had

a

child it might have caused you infinitely deeper sorrow than any you know now. Your heart is empty: but, it might have been tortured and broken with agony, of shame, thank God, you know nothing."

He waited a moment, and then added — "We have each other, after all, Susie; and the memory of long, peaceful years to look back upon." And I hope — though we might have done more for this place — that still we have not lived here quite in vain, and that we should have things just a trifle better than we found them. Take comfort, dear heart; let the child go, and trust for the best in the future."

Mrs. Manisterring stood up. Her heart melted within her.

"Harold", she said, very quietly and putting her arms round his neck, gave him a long, sighing kiss.

The first kiss of the youth and the maiden, — the kiss in the glory of his strength, and the glory of her beauty — is the very blossom of life, the anticipation of the poets, and makes the round world laugh with joy. But the kiss of man and wife, in the dusty afternoon of life, when the transport and illusion of youth are dead, after long years of disappointment, struggles and hopes grown tired in the toils and strains of daily living, — ~~[illegible]~~ the kiss of these two, pausing for a moment

and

and turning to earth stern visaged
face while the hand that held out her
free stern pale and rigid into the silence
of the great unknown land — telling, as it does,
of vanquished temptation and patient
endurance, may well fill heaven itself
and the clear-eyed, glorious legs angels
with solemn gladness.

St. Mary's soul received comfort.
She listened no longer; she would
not utter one complaint though the most
greatest of her maids was taken from.
She did not approve: but, for love's dear
sake she gladly submitted. She would
let Elizabeth Somerset depart in peace.

graph

paragraph

when he was left alone. Mr Mainwaring took a turn or two up and down the study. He had been deeply moved. For a moment he had seemed to look into the overbearing heart of things. It was a fine sensation, undoubtedly: but the air, one future of these heights of feeling, is too highly rarefied for ordinary human lungs to sustain it long. The Rector felt he must descend to lower ground again, as soon as possible, and walk in common, comfortable, every-day paths. He shrunk suddenly from the thought of his own emotion, and wanted to get back to his usual level without delay. There was more of that unwholesome sentimentality about him, which treasures up and cherishes the remembrance of strong emotion, when the emotion itself was passed away. He went out on to the steps and drew a long breath of the sweet summer

back into the region of emotion, from which he was just successfully escaping.

Elizabeth had roamed aimlessly about the house, for some time after breakfast. She fully expected a summons from her aunt or uncle, and listened rather anxiously for a call or for the ringing of the study bell: but the house was unusually quiet. She could hear the maids moving about in the upper rooms, and talking as little

over

inner air; flung away the stump of his cigar, and picking up the paper, tried to compose himself by glancing over the foreign telegrams, the weather fore-cast, and the state of the markets.

This time the morning was pretty far advanced, and the sun had risen high, overcoming the clouds which had drowned it earlier, and burning up the mist which had lingered about the valley. It was evidently going to be a roasting day. The two terriers, tired with their excursion with the shrubbery, were lying panting on the gravel walk, with their red tongues lolling out of their mouths. They were very hot, and yet they earnestly desired some fresh excitement, having, like most light-minded people, an unlimited swallow for sensation of any kind. The Rector was just settling down comfortably to "the" news from Rome, and the latest light in the French Chamber, when a little incident occurred, which satisfied the dogs' craving for diversion, and threatened to force Mr. Main warning back into the regions of emotion, from which he was just successfully escaping.

Isabella had roamed aimlessly about the house, for some time after breakfast. She fully expected a summons from her aunt or uncle, and listened rather anxiously for a call or for the ringing of the study bell: but the house was unusually quiet. She could hear the maids running about in the upper rooms, and talking as little

over

her work. The warm air was filled with the drowsy hum of bees, the attracted by the plants and cut flowers in the living rooms, had wandered in through the wide-open windows, and were now becoming a little worried and angry at their unsuccessful efforts to get out again. Elizabeth grew tired and rubbed her eyes. It is horrible to know that the people are discussing you and your conduct; especially when you have a lurking suspicion that it is possible to view both one and the other in a very unpleasant light. Elizabeth found that she could not fix her attention on anything; her thoughts would keep wandering away to the study and to the little scene which was probably being enacted there. At last, she picked up a book, and taking her parasol made her way out into the garden, hoping to attain there to the philosophic (calmness) of mind which was obviously unattainable indoors. Kennedy Lind

She thought, after wandering about for a little while, that she would go to the Broad Walk, which at this time of day would be pleasantly shaded; and where, as the wind was in the West, she would benefit by all the breeze that might be stirring. To reach this cool retreat, she had to cross the bottom of the lawn, into which the study windows opened.

My and Boxer seeing Elizabeth in the distance, as she walked slowly across the lawn, and thinking that she presented an

excellent object on which to expend their superfluous energies; and ~~[illegible]~~ thinking, also, that she might possibly be inveigled into taking them for a walk, made a simultaneous rush at her over the rail, and leapt up on her with frantic and foolish delight. Mr. Marriwaring was aware — even amidst the fierce assertions and denunciations of the members of the French Chamber — that some thing had moved near him, looked up sharply; and perceiving Elizabeth's predicament, hurried to the dogs and hurried across to her rescue.

He thought Elizabeth wonderfully pretty, as with a flushed face, half vexed and half laughing, she struggled with her book, and parasol, and the two irresponsible terriers, all at once.

"Will you would teach your dogs to practise a little more self-control, said Gerald", she said looking up at him and laughing — quite forgetting in the confusion of the moment, that Mr. Marriwaring had, in all probability, just been hearing a very full and particular account of her sins. "They have almost torn me to pieces, and made me so frightfully hot".

He did not answer: but, applied himself to reducing the two delinquents — by a short and summary process — to a becoming state of humility and obedience: took Elizabeth's book from her, and

walked

Mrs. silently beside her to the Broad Walk. Elizabeth recovered from the flurry of the last few moments, all her nervous self returned. Her uncle's silence made her fear that he might have accepted Mr. Manisharing account of their difference of opinion as literally true, and might put the worst construction on her action. She was afraid he thought her ungrateful and inconsiderate, — in different not only to her relations pleasure, but wanting — as Mr. Manisharing had told her — in proper respect to her husband memory. If Mr. Manisharing did think there thing, then Elizabeth felt that she should be humbly ashamed, that she should lose her self-confidence, and be obliged to confess that she had made a most contemptible mistake. Stung by a sharp sense of discomfort and self-distrust, she stopped suddenly, and glanced at Mr. Manisharing, desiring to gather some information from the expression of his face. Their eyes met. Mr. Manisharing looked at the beautiful young woman earnestly and sadly for a moment. Then he said —

"You want to go away from us, Lizzie?".

The tone of her uncle's voice affected Elizabeth strongly: but, she read in his face that he did not wholly condemn her, and immediately she desired to justify herself. She drew the point of her parasol rather nervously into the ground.

rather

ties nervously as she spoke: but, she answered clearly and directly.

"I have several good reasons for wishing to go up to London this winter. I believe that I owe a certain duty to my — to Roberts' — relatives." She paused a moment, and Mr. Marriwaring turned his head away. There was something very painful to him in the thought that this young creature was a widow. It seemed so incongruous, so out of the reasonable course of things. He disliked, (to hear her make) any direct allusion to her husband.

"I know that Susan does not require any duty to them on my part: but, I can't help that. I must judge for myself in some matters".

Isabella drew herself up a little proudly. She had regained her confidence in the justice of her own cause.

"Oh," said Mr. Marriwaring, speaking slowly, "so I have been telling your aunt. You want to see more of the world than you can in a quiet, out-of-the way, country parsonage like this. It is quite natural. I don't blame you. You are still very young, and life is still full of promise to you. Every thing here is old, and has very little promise in it, — except the sure promise of decay," he added half to himself, smiling rather sadly, and sticking out his under lip.

Isabella turned to him suddenly.

"I don't want to leave you," she said vehemently

with emphasis.
h'. But there's the rub, Lizzie," answered
the Rector. "You see, unfortunately, in
this world we can't take a bit here and
a bit there, just as we like. With a little
trouble we can generally get the thing we
want: but, in the getting of it, we are pretty
sure to lose some thing else we care a good
deal about, too. It isn't pleasant, my
dear; but, like a good many other unplea-
sant things it's true".

Mr. Maniwaring spoke seriously, out of
the fullness of his own experience. Rozabette
stood gazing away to the far blue
horizon, and wishing that life was
of as left hands and angular nature. That
the law of all attainment should be sacrifice,
in some form or other, never rather
hard at one and twenty.

"my dear child," said Mr. Maniwaring,
more cheerfully, "see and know all that
you can. Suck in the thick of the stir and
the turmoil. And then, some day, per-
haps, when you have grown a little
sick and tired of it all, — most people
grow sick and tired at last —. you may
be glad to come back to your sleepy, old
Clay books again".

Rozabette might go: but, she wanted more
than just leave to do that. She
wanted to feel sure that it was all
right between her and her uncle. She
laid her hand gently on his arm, and
said simply — as she might have done

when

was she was quite a little child: —
But you're sure you ain't very angry
with me, Uncle Gerald?".

"no," he answered quickly, looking at
her with keen, kindly, grey eyes. "I have
never been very angry with you in all
your life, have I, Lizzie? — Come now,
that matter's all settled and done with.
We'll say no more about it; run go round
to the stables and have a look at the
horses".

---- "remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease".

It would not be true to say that the energetic and active vicar of Lowick had actually fallen in love with Elizabeth Lorimer on the 1st afternoon, when, deserted half way by worthy Mr. Harbage, he called alone at Kaylinshe Rectory. Falling in love is altogether too poetical and fanciful a term to apply with to Mr. Decker state of feeling. When he recovered from the irritation with which his squire's letter and Mr. Bourchier's disposition to join a schismatic and heretical body had thrown him, he began to think almost of nothing but he wished to, about Mr. Lorimer. Of all things in the world, he loved power. He would use power for the best and highest ends, of course: but, still the enjoyment of the mere possession of it was enormous. To his prepared sermons in his leisurely elegiac uncomfortable study, as he went about his parish administering the Holy

acks. Sliders, and giving rather a new consolation to the afflicted; even in churches on Sunday, — but only, ~~xxxxxx~~ during the State prayers; and considering that he had as strong leaning towards the "voluntary system"; that surely was ~~xxx~~ but a venial offence — Mr. Keeper could not help seeing visions of all the importances he might gain, of the extended sphere of influence he might profess, if, in his wallet (wallet, 10 words), hardly liked to put the thought ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~, in he could warn Mr. Latimer! — How far her personal charms influenced him, Mr. Keeper did not care to ask himself. He affected a certain asceticism of thought, which made him disinclined to admit that he was in any way ~~affected~~ swayed by the fact that Mr. Latimer was a singularly handsome woman. He ~~xxxxx~~ had never decided in his own mind whether celibacy was not, after all, the higher state. A certain expression of St. Paul's, bearing apparently on the subject, troubled him a good deal; not to mention the very clear — ~~xxxxxxxxxxx

this exactly what he meant by it — ~~by~~ it. By what he was enthusiastically devoted to, what unknown quantities represented by this word; and — so strange: Why do we, even the most earnest of us, deceive and mystify ourselves — he was prepared to persuade himself that there was a touch of noble self-sacrifice in giving up the honours of the celebrate priest, if by marrying he could advance the opinions and reforms, which he believed would be so beneficial both to the Church and People of England. Mr. Leeper must not be accused of being mercenary, & the valued the money and position, which would come to him if he married Elizabeth, not for their own sakes: but, purely for the sakes of "the Causes" which they would so materially help him to promote. For instance, he had not the smallest desire to slip into the fat and comfortable living of Claybrooke: (Claybrooke) but, he would dearly have liked to dash a blow at certain — to his mind — obvious church abuses, by suppressing the living and presenting some one else to it. There would be a spice of delicate revenge for all the dislikes, & the which the old-fashioned slow-going clergy in the neighbourhoods regarded him, in carrying off the niece and heiress of the very pillars of them all — the parson, who had at all events

The

the old order of things. But it would not be enough to carry off the fair daughters of the Philistines. She must be converted too, and work as earnestly for "the Cause" as he did himself. Mr. Leeper would often said rather sharp things about the excellent ladies of the clergy, and their undeniable power of setting their husbands and their husband's parishioners by the ears. He had electrified and appalled a clerical meeting by asserting that there ought to be at least two "Sisters" in every parish, to carry out the ~~charge~~ orders of the priest and assist him in his work. But Mr. Leeper did his best to forget his own accusations and statements now. Gradually he began to see that there might be a good deal, under certain circumstances, to be said for the marriage of the clergy. He was rather annoyed when he detected an inclination in himself towards the modification of ~~conviction~~ of his views: but, still the thought of Mrs. Sinclair haunted him, and after a week or two he became very anxious to see her again. Nevertheless, his visits to Clay Cross Rectory had resembled those of angels, at least in the particular of being "few and far between"; and he did not see his way ~~to~~ now to ~~communicate~~ changing his custom, and calling there frequently for no ostensible cause. He thought over all possible excuses for calling on the Mainwarings: but, on the suggestion

suggested itself to his mind as a reasonable peg upon which he could hang another visit. He knew that Mr. Mainwaring disliked him very heartily; and, without: standing his growing desire to see Elizabeth Sinner, he was too proud a man to yield himself, without any legitimate reason upon peoples, who, ~~[illegible]~~ treated him with rather scant courtesy. However an unlooked-for bit of good fortune befell Mr. Leeper, and made it possible for him to develope his acquaintance with the attractive young lady.

After the interview with her husband, Mr. Mainwaring had taken up a new position with regard to Elizabeth's plans. She did not pretend to think it desirable that her niece should settle above in London, and become an acquisitive member of the "Franks Sinner's dangerous and bohemian" set": but, exerted a severe self-control, and managed to abstain from any more open objections. She was supported by a very sincere wish to please Mr. Mainwaring, and by a comfortable sense that, for his sake, she was nobly enduring a mild form of martyrdom. The sacrifice of her own opinions was valuable, she felt, in proportion as it was painful. She would deny herself nothing: but, it would be unreasonable to expect that she would deny herself a little secret self-complacency when she remembered how much she was giving up for Martin should go with Elizabeth, for to please him.

— that

that of course, she was determined, ~~to~~ it was the very crown and glory of her self abnegation, ~~that~~ she. Her mind protested against depriving ~~her~~ (her) of ~~one~~ so valued and devoted servant, Mrs. Manwaring frankly intimated, "that there were limits even to her power of giving way". That Elizabeth, being left in all the ways entire mistress of her own actions, must, in their one particular respect the wishes of these, "though they were perhaps ~~[illegible]~~ behind the world, were still not entirely devoid knowledge and common-sense". Metaphorically speaking, Mrs. Manwaring regarded the worthy and excellent Martha, in the light of the proverbial "coals of fire", and heaped her with much stern joy upon Elizabeth's devoted head.

Mrs. Manwaring indulged, too, in another mild form of revenge. She did not conceal the fact that she was terribly oppressed and worried by the thought of ~~having to~~ engage a fresh house-maid. She drew dismal pictures of dusty corners, of broken china, and of quarrels for precedence in the servants' hall. Smart, of course, did her best to deepen her mistress's melancholy. She had fought deadly battles with Martha many times during the years they had lived together: but, now, in the face of her approaching departure, Smart saw all her fellow-servant's virtues in the highest relief, and foretold ruin and disaster in the event

of

any change.

About three weeks after the Rector's return, Mrs. Manisaving decided one day to drive over to Lowcote, and pour forth all her domestic griefs to Mrs. Adwitt; she had the reputation of being an admirable house-wife, and she might possibly be able to recommend some jewel of a house-maid. Elizabeth was in a very submissive state of mind; she tried to circumvent Mrs. Manisaving in all sorts of little ways, after having opposed her so vigorously in one large one. Of course, she was willing to go to Lowcote, or any where else, at that rate, where her aunt asked her to. So leaving Claybrooke soon after luncheon, the two ladies drove over in the one roomy, dusty afternoon, to find Mrs. Adwitt at home, and perfectly willing to enter into all the details of her old friend's domestic situation.

Jeeper happened to be standing just inside the door-way of a cottage as the Claybrooke carriage rolled up the village street, in a cloud of dust. He was delivering himself of rather strong expressions regarding the iniquity of parents, who did not send their children regularly to School. His listener — a stout, comfortable-looking woman, to whose mind the advantages of a high standard of education had never presented themselves very forcibly, — kept her eyes fixed on the open door; with an irritating and stolid indifference to her minister's fiery denuncia-

turns. Though apparently her attentions was wholly absorbed in watching what was passing outside, she was really prepared, at the very first opportunity, to open on lively fire of querulous objections and excuses upon her unwelcome guest. Mr. Leeper heard the carriage go by, and involuntarily looked round. He just caught sight of Elizabeth Skinner's face, and ~~and~~ her perorations rather hastily, left the good woman, with her mouth open, just ready to begin a string of objections, and hurried up the village street, in the direction in which the carriage had gone.

The old House stands, like many of our Sussex houses, in a hollow, backed by woods. To the south, the gardens and lawns stretch towards a broad piece of artificial water, where coots and moor-hens still swim busily about among the green lily-pads and floating weeds. Beyond are pastures with their herds of quiet cattle; and plough-lands covered at the time of which we are speaking — with yellow, standing corn. Beyond again lie after line of blue hedge-rows and round headed elm trees, with here and there by the side, straight spire of a solitary poplar, and fading at last into the faint tender grey of the horizon: — A common type of middle land landscape: but pleasant, in sunny summer weather, with a suggestion of prosperity and repose.

Mr. Fife

life would be very dull in this country, unless we ~~occasionally~~ all prided ourselves a good deal on our own perfections; and indulged in wholesome contempt — not unmixed with envy sometimes, — for the perfections of our neighbours. Mrs. Edwin prided herself on the beauty of her flowers, the smoothness of (the grass) and on the wide stretch of her view. When you called on her, it was understood that you were certain to be conveyed out into the garden, — but the grass be as damp as it might, — and were expected to talk with direct esteem concerning the lawn, the flowers and the view. Mrs. Marinus and Elizabeth, of course, suffered this fate. Mrs. Edwin established them in garden chairs under a broad, spreading cedar tree, and then plunged into the edifying question of governesses. ~~and then~~

Elizabeth tried to feel interested in governesses: but, her domestic instincts were not very strong, and the subject palled upon her after a little while. She tried to amuse herself by watching the coveys darting about among the green, lily-leaves on the pond: but, there seemed no particular object in all their hurried, fussy gyrations, and she felt a little provoked with their cheerful alacrity all about nothing. In fact Elizabeth was as good deal bored; and for the second time during their acquaintance she was ~~for~~ more displeased at the advent

of

Mr. Leeper, when that gentleman's ~~last~~ tall, angular, black figure emerged from the house, and came across the turf, to the little group under the cedar tree.

Admits, she regarded her visit rather in the light of a necessary evil, exercised upon this occasion, without any overpowering display of cordiality. And Mrs. Mannisering, though she was always on principle elaborately civil to every member of her husband's profession, did not think it necessary to waste many words on the new comer. ~~Her~~ Her mind was set on ~~bazaars~~ maids just now, not on the ~~Established~~ clergy. It followed that ~~Mr~~ after a very few minutes, Mr. Leeper found himself perfectly free to devote his undivided attention to Elizabeth Lavinia. He drew up a garden chair almost in front of her, and prepared to make the most of his ~~so~~ unexpected opportunity.

Mr. Leeper was not naturally a diffident person, more especially when he had some end in view. He wanted to gain ~~his~~ Miss Lavinia's favour. He was not at all in the habit of feeling any lack of self-confidence: but, on this occasion he did feel slightly embarrassed. The garden chair was low, and he became conscious that it forced him ~~to assume~~ into a rather unbecoming position. He looked, in fact, very much like a diagram of right angles. It was Mr. Leeper's misfortune always to suggest to one's mind ~~a~~ problems in Euclid, rather than ~~a~~ satisfactory types of human beauty. He had been thinking as frequently, during ~~about~~

out this handsome, graceful young woman she sat opposite to him (during the last few weeks) that he could not help having a sort of nervous sense that she must be aware of all his thoughts and plans concerning her. Then her very beauty was embarrassing. Mr. Leeper began to fear that the world at large might hardly recognize his entire disinterest: edness, in sacrificing himself upon the altar of Hymen for the sake of "the Cause". Still he did not swerve from his purpose. In this the purpose seemed to become more clear and distinct every moment. The glories of the millenium seemed to glow around him. The triumphs of wisdom — his own opinion, — over folly, — other people's opinions — seemed beautifully sure and certain: but first he must try to convince and convert this charming woman. On the whole, he could not help fancying that she seemed a little glad to see him, [illegible]

to a few preliminary observations about the weather and the crops, — two subjects which stand on thresholds of conversation, and must be overcome before an attempt upon more interesting themes is possible, — Mr. Leeper began to discourse orderly about those matters which lay so near his heart. He was much anxious to know how far his companion was of his way

y of thinking; but for there was an
hope of inducing her write as read entirely
other for "the Course". He talked well again
about the matter he cared for; and so was
inspired by the delicate miniature of himself,
and if necessary convert her
he became almost eloquent.
But Mr. Schmidt and Mrs Mannis arriving soon,
after much confabulation, pretty well thwarted
the foolish subject of nurses-maids, more
from their absence.
"We are coming to the conversation, Elizabeth", said
Mrs. Mannis coming to her niece. "Are
you not coming with us?".
Elizabeth felt that the enquiry partook
somewhat of the nature of a command.
Her aunt evidently thought she had
bestowed quite sufficient attention upon
Mr. Seeper. But, she was interested in
the conversation, and
felt no disposition to make it short.
"I follow you in a minute or two, Aunt
Susan", she answered, smiling
at
the two ladies — "I know how lovely Mrs.
Schmidt's flowers always are".
Mrs. Mannis coming waited for a moment. But
Elizabeth sat still, so absolutely refusing
to take her gentle hint. That she
had nothing left, but to turn away with
her host, leaving Elizabeth and Mr. Seeper
deep in conversation under the cedar trees.
"I very much interested in all you have
been saying" said Elizabeth, as soon as her

aunt

ut had moved a way. "I can quite imagine that these subjects might become very absorbing: but, for my own part, I am afraid I am too selfish and indolent to care very much about them".

He looked at Mr. Leeper as she spoke, rather fixedly, — what a pity it was that his forehead went up so much towards hair, and that his face had always a touch of vexation in its expression!

"Do you really and truly, believe me, Mr. Skinner?" said she earnestly, leaning forward with her hands on her knees and looking more rectangular than ever. "You may have had disadvantages, you may have had no opportunity of studying these things: but, if you once understood their immense importance, you would, I am sure, take an active, practical interest in them. I think what a noble work! — assuring and consolidating the position of the Church, helping forward the cause of progress and morality among the masses." "Ah", said Mr. Leeper, inspired with the magnitude of his own conception of future virtues and happiness, "there are indeed worthy objects for giving one's life for!"

"Help" said Elizabeth, slowly. She was indeed by his enthusiasm. Great ideas were very attractive to her: and yet it all seemed rather cold, and common-place, and wanting in poetry somehow. There is nothing very romantic in [illegible] well-bred:

-bated

Istic drawing, or ~~was~~ is a substitution of tea for wine at dinner. I am afraid, & this to certain natures, ever the thought of Church Congresses ~~was~~, is devoid of ~~any~~ any very keen dramatic interest. Elizabeth turned away and let her eyes wander over the quiet sunny landscape, to the blue distance of the horizon. Her face was serious almost sad; — would it be better, she wondered, to give up all idea of personal happiness, and throw herself into the movement for the good of the Church and of the ~~working~~ people? —

Mr. Leeper sat looking at her. He was aware, — to put it forcibly. That he had drawn blood, & and yet he found it very difficult to keep his mind steadily to "the Cause", just at this critical moment of possible success. He wished to be ~~a~~ hard-unsympathetic? But, alas! the pathetic beauty of this woman was more powerful than he had calculated for. Mr. Leeper would have rather liked to scourge himself, ~~at this moment~~, yet he could not help gazing till at Elizabeth.

At last she turned to him again, and said — "But, I have known people work, and strive, and wear themselves out for just these things; and yet in the end the result of all their labour seemed so remarkably small. They sacrificed themselves, and really it seemed, on the whole, to make no great difference."

"!" ~~said~~ answered Mr. Leeper, "we must give the progressive movement time. In time every body must come round to our point of view.

Mr. Leeper drew himself up and summoned all his enthusiasm to his rescue. "In time", he said, "every one must acknowledge the advantage of strongly restrictive measures regarding the liquor-traffic; of a more thorough system of church organisation; and of greater unity of purposes among the clergy themselves, to be arrived at by frequent meetings, - diocesan synods, and so on. The country is not sufficiently educated in these ways yet; and there was been a lamentable degree of suspicion among the clergy themselves for the last few years. — But it all must come at last; I sincerely believe that the common sense of the majority is on our side".

Juliet admired this strong feeling; and yet she had to admit that if Mr. Leeper was right, there also disagreed with him must be so very wrong.

"It think now of Clay's Ones" she said. "My Uncle, you know cares very little for all these views. He does n't believe in them at all; and yet his parish is orderly and well-conducted. The people come to church regularly, and as far as I can make out, we haven't half the squabbles and disagreements there, that there seem to be in the parishes round about".

Mr. Leeper did not see quite how to answer this objection with accurate regard both for the truth, and for Mr. Scrimser's feelings. It was very trying. He felt, to be put in

...ds as situation. After a pause he said, rather shortly.

"Clay knows is an exceptional case. The feudal feeling there is very strong still. I personally am for ~~strongarm~~ Quicker as liberal. To admire feudal feeling; I think it begets servility and want of true manliness in the poor: — but I cannot say that it may not sometimes be used for good ends. At Clay knows, ~~Mr Lorimer~~ this may be the case".

I felt a little unhappy when he had spoken; a little afraid that he was softening down the hard edges of truth for the sake of a pretty woman; a little afraid that he had been called upon to make a choice between Mr Lorimer and a clear conscience, and that he had chosen the former; a little afraid that he was not quite such a stable-hearted straight-forward man, as when he had stood in the cottage door-way, and bowed before, scolding the woman for not sending her children to school. It is never pleasant to suspect in one's own particular friend, ~~but~~ as man of Mr. Leeper's ~~rare~~ order of mind, whose whole life's work is ~~based~~ grounded upon a strong belief in his own infallibility, it is simply intolerable. He felt compelled to set his conscience at rest again. He turned to Elizabeth and spoke eagerly, desiring earnestly to win her to his opinions; and tried to justify, in the end, his own momentary

deflection

flection from the strict paths of virtue.
Surely" she said, "I do write most truly,
Mr. Lorimer, that I could persuade you
to take as loving interest in these matters".
~~[illegible]~~
Elizabeth felt almost disturbed by
the eagerness with which she spoke. Just
then a servant came across from the
house to announce that tea was ready
indoors. Elizabeth rose, and Mr. Leeper
before turning to follow the messenger, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ spoke again.
"I wish it very much," he said. "Mr. Lorimer
will you let me lend you some books
and pamphlets, which will put before
you more clearly and forcibly than I can — the importance of this question?".
"I am afraid I should not have time to
read them now" she answered, wishing
~~[illegible]~~ that he would not make this
matter such a personal one.
"Then later, in the autumn?" he insisted, "I
will bring them over to Claybrooke. There
is always plenty of time for reading
during the long evenings".
"I don't see here," said Elizabeth.
They were walking across the lawn to the
house. Mr. Leeper stopped short and
asked quite abruptly, with an ~~[illegible]~~ decided touch
of his usual irritability.
"Why where are you going"?.
"London", she answered; and added slowly,
"I don't quite know when I shall come
back"

She

She seemed heard Mr. Manisaring's words — she would only come back, when she had seen everything and grown tired of every thing. It seemed to Elizabeth standing opposite to Mr. Leeper, with his vexed and anxious face, in the quiet, sunny light of the afternoon, that it would be a very long time before that came to pass. Mr. Leeper drank Mr. Edwin's excellent tea in silence, and devoured her perfect bread-and-butter without a word. She was intensely annoyed. His visit had been a failure. The Millennium was coming on so wisely, and now every thing seemed over. Summer was going away, and — Mr. Leeper mentally had recourse to the scourge again — he did not quite like to think how very much he annoyed her going.

Chapter 10.

"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan ?" —

There is always something, not only painful but humiliating, in going back, ~~to~~ after a lapse of time, to scenes which we have known well in intimately under different circumstances. It is haunting & dead and vibrant face. And it is haunting too, in an important part - only, ~~which~~ which does not at first occur to approach fully. "How can you be different? How can you no longer what you were?.. Which is true and eternal, and which is false and passing only?" The past and the present struggle together, and it is difficult to reconcile them. One has a necessity upon one to justify the present to that unfortunate past; and, yet, as with a beginning at times to take the latter to one's heart again, and bid the common-places present, begone. To be sensitive and imaginative nature that struggle becomes absolutely terrible.

The

the first few days that Elizabeth spent in London were very sad, and weary, and anxious. The withdrawal of Mr. Mainwaring's farewell had been very sure so. Her mother, after all, was a haven of refuge. Now, she felt, that that she was parting for the great ocean of life, to sink or swim as she might, with only her own courage, and wit, - and persistence to guide her. She had set sail, - like many another young woman, - to search for an unknown good; and the first few days of the voyage were anything but encouraging. Elizabeth felt that if she had realized clearly before hand how profoundly the return to this house would have affected her, she would certainly have decided quietly at the Rectory, swallowed all her aunt's social notions, and submitted without a murmur to any amount of monotony. She was too young, at all times, to take a mental review of her situation; to ask herself what she had accomplished so far, and what she intended to accomplish in the coming time. In the loneliness and silence of this familiar house, she became a keen observer of melancholy meditation. Her thoughts centred upon herself, and her present position. Life as she was forced into it, did not

wear quite as she had

It was a little more than a year before, when
his heart was sore and anxiety had
reached its acme all the things she
valued most, and left the room swept
and garnished for the incoming tenant. It
was all just the same; only there were
the tears of a year's wear and tear upon
it, a year perhaps gone out of it. Elizabeth
felt that she and her future had
suffered the same fate. But, alas! how much
more tender human flesh and blood can
suffer, how much more of its youth and
fortune it can lose in a year's time,
than there inanimate things can!. There
is something painful, and yet almost
absurd, in comparing notes with one's
tables and chairs; and observing how far
more indifferent they are to the "ravages
of time" than one is oneself. A meditation
of this kind does not tend to increase
one's personal vanity.

London was very empty still, and
the Franks families were still abroad;
so that there was no hope of any acquaint-
ance looking in upon Elizabeth, who
advent might relieve the tedium of her
first week or two at home. Mrs. Franks, who
had a remarkable power of deriving
interest and amusement from other people's
affairs — felt immensely sorry at not being
on the spot, to enter into her sister-in-
-law's setting in London. She was worried
with the notion that Elizabeth would
need more money than was necessary,

and

and longed to regulate also her domestic ~~expenses~~ affairs. Mr. Franks seemed a bargain; — to do things in the very best way, at the very smallest cost, seemed to her a perfect combination of duty and pleasure. She always wanted her money's worth. All her investments had been good, so far. She was thoroughly satisfied with her husband, her children, her house, her servants, her friends, and perhaps — herself. She was a little afraid that Elizabeth was not altogether acute regarding investments. She had an Yorkshire idea, that people who were acute regarding investments, were rarely widows at two and twenty, — unless they had married for money, and then, of course, the case was materially altered. Mr. Franks wished very much, that, on this occasion, she could have been at hand, to overlook Elizabeth's affairs with advice, warning and encouragement. However, since that was impossible, she wrote as much emphasised letter, offering her sister-in-law the help, which the servants she had left at home could give; and dwelling at some length on her and her husband's satisfaction at the thought that she had successfully effected her escape from Clay Cross, and was really going to live near neighbours in town.

The third morning after her arrival, poor Elizabeth, came down-stairs to breakfast, looking extremely wretched. She had found it

impossible to sleep much. The hours seemed intolerably hot and stuffy after the large rooms and passages of the old Rectory. She was depressed by a sense of loneliness. She had wished to be independent, and her independence was already terribly dreary. She asked herself what she meant to do; — was day after day to pass in this melancholy, aimless way?! Was she going to remain till the trouble's business came back, in this state of temper, and depend entirely on them for all future interest and employment? Elizabeth sat in the bare, dining-room, with the uncarted breakfast on the table before her, actually ashamed so much courage. Then that, for one instant, she felt disposed to send herself beaten, and go back to Cambridge again: But her pride revolted against this idea. She put it from her angrily, and resolved to contain: struggle it overcome. Roused from her lethargy by her own anger, seeing how desperate her situation must be if she could even for a moment contemplate such as step, she summoned all her energy, and determined to find some occupation which should so engage her attention as not to leave her time for any more brooding. She must be busy all day, and not allow herself a moment for thought, if she meant to avoid the humiliation, and resist the temptation

S

as suddenly returned to (the Rectory) Broadbroadeam / She could at least rearrange this house, which looked so [illegible] and [illegible] and comfy. Perhaps then she had filled the rooms with china, and books, and knick-knacks, and all the innumerable odds and ends, which are to a house just what ribbons and frills and laces are to a woman's gown, — unnecessary in fact, and yet all important for effect, — perhaps then she had all these little things about her, the rooms would seem less silent and ghostly, and she would be better able to shake off the load of loneliness and sorrow which oppressed her.

Returning with this thought Elizabeth, — leaving her [illegible] hardly tasted meal: went — called Martha, and went up: stairs to her own room, to [illegible] examine the contents of some cup: boards, in which she had packed before she had put away her wedding presents and other little household goods. Martha having dusted chairs at Claybrookes very: ely, and rolled under bedcloths for fast dusting it properly, for many years; — and having, moreover, as disposition, like many good servants, to respect a mistress in proportion to the quantity and value of her goods — went, nothing loth, to assist at the unpacking of these

these

reputed heiress.

Elizabeth when she opened the (tint) cupboard could not help feeling a childish sense of pleasure at first sight. She took the pretty things from their hiding place — standing on a chair to get at the top shelves — and wandered them down to Martha, who with many commendatory observations, wiped them and put them ready to carry down stairs. The windows of the bedroom were open, and the room was full of sunny light.

Elizabeth had passed a sleepless night, and had hardly eaten anything that morning. Suddenly she felt herself turn sick and faint. The sight of the three foolish little bits of china and wedding-gifts became intolerable to her. They reminded her so strongly and vividly of the past. Each thing had its history — trivial and unimportant, and yet telling with terrible clearness of hours and days dead for ever, of changes, and hopes, of unfulfilled promises and of sweetness that might have been little regarded at the moment, and could never never be repaid now. Elizabeth steadied herself with one hand on the shelf of the cupboard; but as tiny, delicate cup she was holding in the other, slipped from her grasp and fell shattered upon the floor.

"Dear, ma'am, it's broken!" cried the worthy Martha

"Why Martha, what a lamentable voice. Elizabeth stepped down from the chair, ~~and laid her head down on the window~~, and leaning her two hands, for support, on the back of it, said:

"I can't go on, Martha. It's dreadful".

"It is a sad pity you dropped it ma'am" answered Martha. "It's broke part mending now. It's lucky it's not one of the best things; — there's three more, like the set Mrs. Manisaming is so fierce of, in the glass cupboard over the sideboard at home, — it would have been a real pity if you had broke one of them".

"Oh! it isn't that" said Elizabeth, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the contrast between her own sensations and Martha's conception of them. "I don't care about breaking that cup; — it's the whole thing. It is dreadful being here. I wonder why I ever came."

"It is strange at first" answered Martha, with a slight glimmering of the situation. "But it will seem more natural after a bit ma'am. — Yes, it's broke part mending" she added to herself, as she stooped down to collect the scattered fragments of the poor little china cup.

Elizabeth stood still, ~~leaning~~ leaning her hands on the back of the chair, her eyes fixed on the open window, and ~~an~~ an unseeing look on her face. She could see the grey houses on the other side of the street, — which were

were mostly shut up still, with closed blinds and shutters;— They looked unusually dull and mute, impressive in the glare of the dusty morning sunshine. An organ was droning the air from the last comic opera, a little way off. A Street-criers, in tones between hoarse & shrill, but with trained and hoarse voice, now and then, in pathetic cadence from the street below; while the confused muffled roar of the great thorough-fares lead into down to Vauxhall Bridge, formed as dull heavy bass to the nearer sounds. Elizabeth stood involuntarily listening. Every thing seemed to her very sad, very trivial, very indifferent, very terrible at that moment. Life was far too vast, and multitudinous, and dark for her to try to comprehend it all. She could not understand why she was left alone like this with no one to train and help and guide her. The strain of the last few days was telling upon her heavily. She seemed to suffer a mental moral and spiritual collapse, and to lose her hold upon all realities. Past, present and future were alike, an enigma to her.

Anna, rising from her stooping position with a slightly flushed heated face, after collecting the fragments of the broken cup, gazed at her in alarm.

"Dear, dear, how white and ill you do look, Miss Anne!" she said hastily. "Shall I fetch you some sal or something? — how [illegible] Mrs. Smart was here to see to you;?

Miss

ver was a very good hand at nursing".
"Oh! Wheeler has the night in a minute" ~~said~~
answered Elizabeth, sitting down wearily.
"But I can't go on unpacking the china.
You must do it yourself, please Martha.
I'm so tired. I'll go downstairs and be
quiet".
e got up after a few minutes, and went
down into the bare sunny drawing-room:
but it was impossible, in her present
frame of mind, for Elizabeth to be quiet.
Being quiet, meant sinking back into
the state of morbid melancholy from
which she had tried so hard to rouse her-
-self at breakfast time. Being quiet, meant
crying till she was utterly tired out, and
then in despair ~~and~~ deciding to go
herself to Malcolm, and go back to Claybrooke.
Things had come to a crisis. ~~Whatever~~
Elizabeth felt she must make up her
mind once and for all.— The atmosphere
of the room seemed to stifle her; she
went hastily and threw both the back-
-windows onto the balcony, up as high
as they would go, letting the fresh air
~~of Hampstead~~ and all the confused
stir and murmur of the street in, with a
rush. There she turned and walked
up and down the two ~~drawing~~ rooms, trying
hard to master her sense of loneliness, and
indecision, and to regain her determination
and self-confidence.
e was a little charcoal sketch of
Robert Lorimer, hanging in the back

drawing

morning-room. Just a slight sketch, but half finished; yet like so many more sketches giving as much more inspiration & the original than as more finished portrait. It had been done by one of Frank Livimer's innumerable artist friends a few months before his brother's marriage. In the hurry ~~and confusion~~ of her departure a year before, Elizabeth had left it behind hanging on the wall; and it was one of the first things that had greeted her there she returned to her own home. She had hardly dared to look at it, hardly dared to go into the room with it during the last three days. She fancied there would be something almost reproachful in the pictured face.

As in her urgent walk, Elizabeth stopped suddenly opposite the picture. She had arrived at a decision. She would neither relent, nor give way any more; she would cast her whole behind her, and throw herself entirely upon the future. Elizabeth hardly knew what she meant by her decision: but, she had as vague conviction — notwithstanding the difficulties about Robert's ~~Livimer's~~ relation — that her duty to her aunt and ~~husband to be~~ made and her duty to her husband were, in some strange way, linked together. That in renouncing Clay, she had finally, also repudiated the tenderness which she owed to Robert Livimer's memory. She was going to live by to live a new life. She felt

it that she could not have her husband as silent witness of that attempt.
Isabella moved forward and took the sketch down from its place on the wall; and while she looked earnestly at it hot tears gathered in her eyes, blurring its outline, and making it hazy and indistinct. In an sudden paroxysm of feeling — half penitent and half defiant — she raised the picture to her lips and kissed it passionately over and over again, crying —
"and darling, my darling, why did you die? — why did you leave me alone? — you who loved me —"
She paused, and then added quietly,
"Indeed, why"?.
The organ came through the light air from the Opera, and the street-criers sounded plaintive in the summer air, and the murmur of the busy thoroughfare came to her from the distance, through the widely open windows.
Isabella kissed the picture once more, very gently and reverently, as we kiss the dead whom we bid them good-bye forever; then — kneeling down before her writing-table, she unlocked a little drawer and laid it away, face downwards in the warm place. Rising, she locked the drawer again.
"What is done", she said softly.
She turned and walked thoughtfully to the open window

the window, and stood for some minutes in the sunshine and fresh air. There was something soothing and comforting to her after her hunt of lonely passion, in the life of the dusty street. People moved by, on their business or pleasures, looking satisfied and common-place. Life did not seem to be a mystery and death an enigma to them. They seemed to take it all for granted, without being troubled by any "abstract questionings" regarding themselves or anything else. Elizabeth looking at them felt herself growing quiet, growing conditioned again. Right or wrong she felt strengthened and encouraged. She told herself she had done well to venture for the once more. The coming years might hold sweet compensation for her past sorrow - She would have courage. ~~[illegible]~~. Just now in the prime of her youthful beauty and enthusiasm, Elizabeth demanded to live largely, rather than ideally. Self-renunciation seemed to her less beautiful than self-development: and she turned once more towards the future, with an almost buoyant motion of hope. Then Elizabeth moved away from the window. There was a new, very resolute look on her handsome face.

She went out on to the stairs and called Martha, and when that worthy woman appeared in a lively state of agitation -fore-seeing flittings and disasters — Elizabeth said to her in a clear voice, with no traces

...ess of her late weakness, —
"Bring down all that China, Martha, Gleaves and I'll arrange it. And take one of the maids to have a ~~cab~~ hansom here at half-past two — I shall want you to go out with me." Then after a pause, she added, "I don't like the flowers as it is. I ~~will~~ want to go to a decorator this afternoon, and make arrangements about it's being done up." Then in answer to some enquiries concerning her health, "I feel perfectly well now".
During the remainder of the months of September and the first weeks of October, the house was given over to painters and paperers, — not withstanding the groans of the servants. Elizabeth wanted something to do, so she assured herself by gratifying every fancy in the matter of spindle legged tables and chairs, rich, heavy curtains, soft-coloured Indian carpets, inordinate mantel-shelf arrangements, and those strange combinations of colour, which turn modern dwelling-houses into dark and ~~mysterious~~ abodes full of mysterious suggestions and almost oppressive luxury. Fortunately Elizabeth had a good balance at her bankers, for these transformations are pretty costly affairs: but, even so, it did occur to her to wonder, once or twice, if she was not spending a good deal of money.
...the work people at last departed and Elizabeth surveyed her house, she felt a little like a child with a new box of toys

toys. It really was all wonderfully harmonious and charming. But it ~~was~~ is ~~wretched~~ dull to play with a new box of toys all alone, and she still felt lonely enough at times and unhappy; and still the pictures of Robert Sumner lay face downwards in the writing table drawer.

"... en effet, ce qu'il y a de plus difficile à apprendre, c'est le genre de politesse qui n'est ni cérémonieux ni familier;-"

My dear Elizabeth, it is perfectly delightful to see you again, and to have you settled to receive us", exclaimed Mrs. Frank Livermere, entering, with a pleasant rustle of many flounced garments, into Elizabeth's drawing-room, one foggy afternoon towards the end of November.

Mr. Frank took the stage admirably; her entrances and exits left nothing to be desired. She always looked equally neat, and fresh, and "all there"; always equally mistress of herself and of the situation. Where ever she was, she appeared to become, quite naturally, the centre of the system of things, every thing revolved round her. She was more highly-finished, both in looks and manner, than is usual with our country-women, who often have a tendency towards uncertainty of outline. I suppose it may be reckoned as one of the many unfortunate results of our misty climate, that Englishwomen are

- are apt to be slightly indistinct. They frequently suggest the notion of persons moving about in the twilight, who are nervous lest they should be betrayed into compromising mistakes by the semi-darkness around them. There is something agreeable, if a little startling, in meeting with a woman like Mrs. Frank Scrimser, in whose mind the daylight always reigns, and who moves through life with admirable self-confidence, in consequence of clearness of her mental atmosphere.

She was a dainty little woman, with a creamy, white complexion, large blue eyes — rather too light (with eyebrow) perhaps — and a fair brown hair, arranged on her forehead in soft waves. Her features were small and neat. Without having any claim to remarkable beauty, she was exceedingly pleasant to look at. There were no mysteries, surprises, or sudden illuminations about her. Having seen her once, you had seen her always; she did not enchant you occasionally, on the other hand, she never disappointed you either: but, always produced the same effect of comfortable security, and refined self-satisfaction. Our little world liked Mrs. Frank Scrimser more than ever did. They found her so capable, and so supporting. A few of her acquaintances, (certainly) in her of taking up a little too much room, and

Warm

saving the great as disposition to invent her pretty ~~[illegible]~~ lingua with every pie: but, then "she shall escape calumny" ~~[illegible]~~ letter?.

Mrs. Frank Leiner was not only truly glad to see Elizabeth again: but she had a little bit of diplomacy on hand, and nothing radical her spirits and gave such a delicate zest to her intercourse with her fellow creatures, as the consciousness that it was necessary for her to manage them ~~[illegible]~~ and do her best, quietly and unobtrusively to get her own way with them. That morning at breakfast, Frank Leiner, — to whom kindly and easy-going nature any thing in the shape of ~~[illegible]~~ scene was utterly distasteful — had said to her, from behind his morn-paper, — "Fanny, you'll ask Elizabeth to dine here ~~[illegible]~~ to-morrow night".

"Yes", ~~[illegible]~~ she had answered somewhat abstractedly. She was deeply engaged in ministering to the wants of her eldest child, ~~[illegible]~~ a shrill, curly-headed little girl of about three, who sat perched up on a high chair at the breakfast-table; and whose behaviour, as soon as her hunger was satisfied, ~~[illegible]~~ became decidedly more cheerful than decorous.

"I think I'll ask Clement Bartlett or Edwarton to dinner too", continued Frank, emerging from behind his paper again.

"Why?" — my darling child, do remember to hold your spoon in the right hand. — The first time she comes, Frank, I should really

really think Elizabeth would rather be alone with us."

Frank Sumner was feeling a little (rather) depressed and a little (rather) irritable. The memories of a very bad half hour he had spent with Miss Channel the day before, still lingered in his mind, & he was sensible that his gloomy frame was over for this year, and that nine months of hard work stretched themselves out ominously before him. He was very fond of Elizabeth, he admired her greatly: but he shrank from the idea of a pathetic interview with her, and decided to erect a barricade of indifferent friends between himself and any unnecessary displays of emotion on her part.

"Well, you see, really, Fanny," he answered, in a slightly (rather) depressed and grumbling tone; — "the meeting must be rather painful any way. I haven't seen Elizabeth since February, and of course she'll feel coming here again. You can't be sure of Elizabeth, you know; and I hate to see a woman upset, it is so very unpleasant. I really think the meeting would go off better if somebody else was here too."

"Will darling, a little more milk? . . don't spill it — there. Yes, perhaps it would be best," said Mrs. Frank, meditatively. "Only, Frank, if we must have somebody, may I ask Mrs. Wharton. Clement Bartlett was never very intelligent, and he is too utterly tiresome now that he has gone onto the stage. He talks the most unlimited

ed

d sleep. Young gentlemen always are a bore when they like their professions; they want ones to be much interested in information about them. — Oh! my good child," she cried suddenly, "what an awful mess"!.

During the time that her mother had been occupied in recounting poor M. Bartlett's silent comings, Nini had ridiculously experimented in a little kitchen-cafe-gardening, varied by pouring daily the contents of shallow her mug on to the table-cloth. A little milky river, after meandering among the plates and forks and spoons, was now pouring cheerfully, in a miniature cascade, off the edge of the table and onto the little girl's small white pinafored lap.

"Quick as napkin, Frank" cried his wife, "her frock will be utterly ruined."

While Frank assisted to dam up the mischief, and mop Nini's wet pinafore, he continued his little grumble. "I met Bartlett's a charming fellow, Fanny. You never have appreciated him. Women are so horribly prejudiced".

"Yes, that'll do, Frank, you're boring me. I have been good not. — I always dislike any body I'm always being told to admire. It is only natural. — Now Nini, be careful and don't make any more mess. — Very well then, I'll ask Elizabeth to come; and Mr. Thornton is to come too. Shall I tell her that? — really I'm

I am afraid," she said looking up at her husband, and putting up her eyebrows; "it will seem very odd." "What shall I do?" Mr. Frank Elmer hardly heard his wife, because quite used to his wife's all consideration of the matter in a light and airy manner. "Oh, any thing you like," he said. "Only give her some nitrogen then I am. Now I must go. — Good-bye you dirty little dear" he added as he stooped down and kissed the little maiden on the high chair.

In consequence of this conversation Mr. Frank Elmer arrived at Elizabeth's house that afternoon, with a secret that she had a diplomatic mission to accomplish. She had quite settled in her own mind, that for every body's comfort, there had better be as little allusion to the past as possible. She strongly objected to sorrow, death, misfortune, and did her best to ignore their existence. So she decided to meet her sister-in-law in a cheerful and easy spirit.

"It is perfectly charming to see you again, and have you really settled near us", she said, as she kissed Elizabeth on both cheeks, holding her hands, and smiling at her in a composed and brilliant way. "Now, my dear I've only come in for five minutes. Yes, I'll take off my things, here by the fire and warm my feet; I am slightly chilly cold. There that's nice. — You dear creature" she continued smiling at Elizabeth again, as soon as she had established herself comfortably "you can't

it think how glad I am that you have come. I really am thankful you made up your mind to leave Ray Woods. You must have been nearly bored to death. How any body ever manages to live in the country all the year round, I for my part simply can't imagine. — Tea? — yes please, and plenty of sugar. Thanks, dear. — What lovely hands you have, Elizabeth!".

Elizabeth smiled too as she gave Mrs. Franks her cup of tea. The two women were sitting in front of the fire, sipping their tea comfortably between them; — Mrs. Franks caressing her left, encased in a remarkably neat pair of French boots, on the fender. Elizabeth was inclined to accuse her sister-in-law of being rather unsympathetic; at the same time she could not help being amused at her volubility. She had been almost entirely alone for the last six weeks, and felt somewhat out of the habit of talking herself. Conversation, in the neighbourhood of Clay Woods, moves forwards with singular deliberation, — as sluggish, not as rapid, as the stream, flowing slowly round large islands of silence, which seem to throw deep heavy shadows across its lazy waters. Mrs. Franks's luminous, great deliberation of words to the mouth struck Elizabeth as really surprising, for the sluggish Clay Woods influences were strongly upon her, still.

"I only got home last night" continued Mrs. Franks, sipping her tea complacently, "after such an indescribably detestable passage.

Nurses

ever babies every body, even Frank himself reduced to a state of limp misery, which — well my dear, I'll leave it to your imagination. However here we are, and we've had a lovely summer. And actually I left the children for a whole week and went off to Paris alone with Frank. It was delightful. I thought I should have been miserable at being away from the children, you know. I ought certainly to have been entirely miserable: but in point of fact I wasn't. The maternal instinct went to sleep for a week, which was a mercy. Frank wanted to take me straight off to pictures, and churches all manner of things: but I retired to shop for some time first. Family can't walk about Paris in English clothes. There's no real pleasure in life, if you know you've too many or too few buttons on the back of your jacket. I'm dreadfully weak minded, I want a bit of material support. If my clothes aren't all right, my mind won't work a bit. Existence becomes a night-mare. — Please may I have some more beads and buttons? — Wanda. But, my dear Elizabeth", she said suddenly "how perfectly lovely you've made the house! It's absolutely disarming. Jane consumed with envy. I shall feel hideous when I see my own drawing-room again tonight — but, you know I never seem to have any money to go in for that sort of thing".

Elizabeth could not help looking rather expressively at her sister-in-law's gown.

"I know" said Mrs. Frank; "but it really wasn't expensive.

unmusical. I always bargain. Now just look" "Elizabeth" she added, suddenly standing and turning her back on Elizabeth, "doesn't it hang perfectly in the waist? And look at the set of the skirt". I'm French" she said, turning round again suddenly, "from my bonnet to my boots — consequently I dance attend happen, and defy the universe. Mr. Gardiner, sweet, sober Elizabeth" she went on, laughing and catching hold of Elizabeth's hands — upsetting the tea-cup. The shrieks during these little gymnastics of Mrs. Krauth's had been in imminent danger of spilling its contents all over the carpet and her gown. — "You think me horribly trivial, don't you"? Don't blame your dress. Sally"? —

No; on the contrary" answered Elizabeth, smiling "I think you very clever, and you entertain me immensely".

Mr. I'm thankful for that" said Mrs. Krauth, subsiding into her chair again. "You must have been quite enough bored in the country, without being bored here as well. Now do tell me" she added, bending forward and looking rather hard at Elizabeth with her large innocent blue eyes, "were n't the Maninwarings terribly annoyed at your coming away?"

My aunt objected to it" answered Elizabeth drawing herself up. She did not quite like Fanny Krauth's tone; and she felt that it would be impossible to make her understand the mixed feelings with which she regarded her

relations at Claybrooke. Fanny Price never belonged to a different world. Elizabeth felt, ~~that~~ it would be impossible for her to understand Miss Warrington. It seemed to her, for late, poor Elizabeth thought, always to be defending absent relations from the sharp criticisms of present ones.

"Fancy she does not regard us with at all favourable eyes ~~Miss Price~~ does she"? said Mr. Franks, looking slightly in Elizabeth's face.

"She doesn't know you, Fanny; and she was staying" Elizabeth paused.

"Prejudices" said her sister-in-law. "Oh! yes I understand perfectly. She detests us; and was very angry at your coming; and wanted you to drop us altogether; and you defied her in a heroic way — disarming Elizabeth! And your uncle, you know, I want to know about him. Frank was immensely ~~pleased~~ impressed with him, and gave me quite an excited account of his looks, and manner, and so on. But I don't by any means fancy Mr. Warrington returned all the admiration Frank kindly bestowed on him. I think I made that out".

"I am very fond of my uncle" said Elizabeth ~~rather~~ somewhat stiffly. "Perhaps I care for him more than for any one else".

"Ah!" said Mrs Frank, with a little compassion. Elizabeth nodded. She saw that she had touched on dangerous ground: but, she was not easily daunted. "Well, now you know, I came not only to welcome you, but

dear

dear Irving, and to tell you how delighted Jane is that you've come: but to ask you to dine with us to-morrow. Frank's fearfully sweet, she is longing to see you: but she hasn't written but just evening just now. She thought perhaps you'd would come and see him, as it is difficulty about her coming to see you. Do dine with us to-morrow night!. We shall only be four."

"Four?!" inquired Elizabeth.

Frank shrugged her shoulders, and smiled. "Ah!" she said, looking up at her hostess in a charmingly arch sidelong way "You must make up your mind to that beforehand, Elizabeth. They are quite inevitable. Only Mr. Wharton is coming to dinner — at seven o'clock — did I tell you seven?. He really is very pleasant, and cultivated, and musical. You won't mind him, will you"?

Elizabeth felt disappointed and vexed. She had looked forward to seeing Frank alone. It seemed to her strange that an outsider should be invited to witness upon them at their first meeting. Elizabeth was certainly rather inconsistent, for she was not in the mood to regret her circumstances keenly: but she remarked any tendency to ignore them on the part of others, with considerable irritation. Our faults are generally distasteful to us, when we see them committed by another person. However she could not reasonably object to meet Mr. Wharton, so she answered after a moment's

considerable

consideration.

"Oh no. I should not mind".

"It's all right" said Mrs. Frank Lemmer getting up, ~~rose~~ settling down the waist of her dress with both hands, and then proceeding to button her gloves leisurely. "Do take your time, Elizabeth" she continued slowly, without looking up, "Frank admires you immensely. The consequences is that he talks a good deal about you, and of course it follows that his friend Mr. Wharton is very desirous of seeing you. He wants so much to meet you. I wonder what he will say about you. He has ~~to~~ views about everybody. I think he will say you are very original. I think you are very original myself, certainly. But" she added, turning towards Elizabeth, who was still sitting by the tea-table, ~~looking~~ with a slightly annoyed expression on her face, "do you know, sometimes you give me rather an uncomfortable impression, Elizabeth, — you always have done so. I always feel as if there was a lot more behind, — as if you would surprise us all very much some day, — go into a convent, or do something else very magnificent, and slightly unpleasant".

Elizabeth got up hastily.

"Don't be so foolish, Fanny" she said. Sometimes she thought her sister ... knew more a good deal too far, and was decidedly wanting in delicate consideration for other people's individuality. Elizabeth had

more

after 12-

"Ah free Spirits, mutually permitting
one another the liberty of Philosophizing
without any breach of friendship" —

Perhaps there is no position in the world so entirely pleasant, so free from cares and anxiety, as that of a young man of about twenty, with some means, some talents, and no wife and family, — who lives in "rooms", cultivates his artistic sympathies, and devotes himself exclusively to himself and to the friends who he delights to honour. The position is absolutely ideal in its freedom and serenity. No more serious misfortune ever seems to befall the lucky creature than a cold in the head, a romantic quarrel with a dear friend, or a temporary short-supply of cash. Like the lilies of the field, he is miscreant of toiling and spinning, and yet is clothed in a manner not unworthy of a well-bred modern Solomon. He partakes freely of the pleasures of life — he is petted, he is welcomed everywhere, he is unhindered, and rejoices in an entire absence of duty and responsibility. What wonder if we, who are older, less agile

agile; sluggabbities are selected rather for their lasting those their fashionable qualities; who are not unconscious of the collar as we laboriously drag our well-filled family-coach after us; who believe, in fact, fabricated up all our usual pattern of creatures long ago, and are confined to a-Quarterly constant diet of the skim-milk of life, — what I wonder if we, I object, contemplate. Those young favourites of circumstances with considerable feelings of envy?. Domestic joys, the sacredness of home, the "ministering angel", all the adear children back for their holidays! — Yes, we are quite conscious of the magnitudes of these blessings: but, I grieve to say there are moments when we would not exchange them willingly — almost with alacrity — against that slim figure, bunch of Parma violets, well cut dress, air of gentle resignation and enchanting unimbecility from near relations! —

and Charles — towards whom Elizabeth Lennox had conceived somewhat of an dislike, owing to the rather forcible manner in which her sister-in-law had pressed him upon her notice — belonged to the happy order of beings, that we have tried to sketch above. He was a very pleasant young gentleman, with a remarkable capacity for enjoying every thing

ing — funnily enough excluded. He was a disarming companion; and Struggle was actively & enthusiastically zealous in the services of his fellow-creatures. He had the delightful faculty, ~~of~~ too often wanting in greater souls, — in saints and prophets and reformers, and all those other admirable people who are admirable immensely at a distance, and convince with the sincere veneration those they are safe: by dead, — of never being in the way. He was never urgent, and never attempted to encroach on his neighbours' individuality. He had constructed a pretty little system of philosophy of his own; and, instead like most philosophers of spending all his time in compiling texts and hands to make a few ~~more~~ wishingly proselytes, he was satisfied with applying his system practically to his own life. ~~He~~ He was so entirely convinced of the virtues and adequacy of his philosophy that he was quite content to keep it to himself; but feeling that he required the support of agreement on the part of others, to confirm his own faiths and give his system stability.

Saxton was by way of being an artist. He had considerable talent; but his powers of application were not very highly developed. He really preferred contemplating his fellow-creatures from a stand-point of philosophic calm, to any more practical occupa-

occupations; and he only worked earnestly when some particularly attractive subject presented itself to him, or when the state of his exchequer warned him that sums of money were not far off.

Carton had a natural inclination to like most people. He had many comrades in many different grades of society. He had a strong belief that it was as little stupid to rest content with any one side of society, however agreeable or cultivated. He did not imagine that any one person or set of persons could satisfy the whole of his nature. So he selected many different friends, each of whom satisfied some portion of it; believing that it is the highest wisdom to have as many lives as possible. It was the very power of imagination which enabled his friendships to rest on some such as wide social basis, made some persons intolerable to him. There was an uncomfortable worldliness or shrewdness — call it which you will — about him, which often caused him to sacrifice some obvious advantage to one of these unreasoning fits of repulsion and dislike. Frank Lennox, who had a great regard for the peculiarities of a wife and children, had come to temper all personal feeling with a touch of worldly wisdom, often took his friends to task on this point.

"My dear fellow", he would say, "what on earth can it matter whether you like

So—

and so, or not? He is ready to give you fifteen (or twenty) guineas for a sketch of his wife. — If you want the money, she is a very pretty woman, and then they know everybody. So, after all, the poor man was really never done you any harm".

"It's no good", Thaulow would reply resolutely. "He robs me the wrong way; and no number of guineas is worth the annoyance of having to know a person I don't like". In fact Thaulow's urbanity was not quite universal yet. The consequence was that he was regarded by some people as a rather arrogant eccentric and fantastic young man, — sadly wanting in that delicate perception of what might tend to his own social advancement, which is in itself so admirable, and so invariably commands the sincere respect of others.

However every body's sense of humour is more or less intermittent. Thaulow's sense of humour was certainly defective, where their obvious worldly needs were concerned. Otherwise he as he stood and contemplated things around him, he was sensible of extracting an immense amount of amusement from the show. Nothing matters very much after all; — from a secure position, people know managed to watch the jugglers of the world battles with considerable composure. Sometimes for a moment, Thaulow's cheerful indifference failed him, and the modern suffering tragedy

life by base betrayal. Before him, confusingly and appallingly his spirit. But, as a rule, he watched the stripes serenely enough from his own safe and comfortable station; regarding even the painful incidents as so much excellent dramatic material. He was very busy, noting every detail, and each delicate effect of light and shadow. To be acutely distressed by the scene however pathetic. Every lively interest, often pursuant to the (positive) same appearance, to bystanders, as callousness hardness of heart. Thurston's heart was by no means hard; but he was too much engaged in receiving vivid mental impressions to have time for the display of any personal feeling.

Living so much with the Franks Family as he did, Thurston could not fail to hear a good deal, from time to time, about a person (as) vitally connected with them as Elizabeth. Mrs. Franks was not in the habit of cultivating the virtues of reticence, unless she had some special private reason for so doing; consequently Thurston was pretty well acquainted with Elizabeth's history. It struck him as picturesque, and he was by no means inclined to refuse Franks's invitation to meet her at dinner, two days after (latter) returns to London. He accepted the invitation with a distinct sense of satisfaction. There were not very many people in town yet, and Thurston had

as not very much either to do or to think about. It would be a pleasant occupation to try little experiments upon Mr. Seymour, and arrive at conclusions regarding her. Mr. Thornton had done this sort of thing frequently before, and it did not strike him as a hazardous proceeding. He took a purely artistic interest in women, regarding them as an important and rather essential element in the general constitution of things, in fact, as a sort of dramatic necessity. But, it must be owned, that the domestic side of life was rather at a discount with him. Falling in love must be humbly agitating, fine thought; and marrying — the notion of spending the whole of your natural life, in the constant companionship of one person — seemed intensely tedious. He looked forward to meeting Elizabeth, much in the same spirit as he would have looked forward to the reading of a pleasant new novel. The prospect was an interesting one: but there was not a touch of personal feeling in the interest it excited.

In thinking the matter over Elizabeth had decided to lay all the blame of Mr. Thornton's presence to Fanny Seymour's account. Fanny would be bored at making one of three; Frank would probably have preferred seeing her quietly alone: but, Fanny no doubt had objected. Elizabeth was very fond of Frank, and managed generally to find excellent excuses for his little short-comings. When she had recovered from her first feeling of

of imitation, too, she really was not sure whether it was not rather a relief to feel that some stranger would be at her mother-in-law's, whose presence would make all intimate conversation impossible. Poor Elizabeth had decided to harden her heart against the past, on the day that she laid away her husband's pictures. Sometimes – fortunately for us – our natures is stronger, than our will. Elizabeth had determined to do violence to her own best instincts: but, the instincts were by no means dead, they stirred within her, and gave her a good deal of trouble at times.

Mrs. Franks Evening's little dinners were always charming. They were pretty and they were good, too. Mrs. Franks herself was always delightfully dressed, and she had the faculty – which belongs to some women – of keeping you continually aware, not merely of what she said, but of herself. You never forgot that you were in the presence of a pretty, young woman, whose self was more important than either the clothes she wore, or the words she said.

Elizabeth, who for so long had enjoyed no more lively or stimulating society than a sick-room, or the somewhat boorish neighbourhood of Claybrooke afforded, found herself expanding pleasantly in the intelligent and genial atmosphere of Mrs Franks Evening's house. It was enjoyable to be with people of her

or care a jot; to feel that she might say what she liked, without any fear of treading on forbidden ground. It was refreshing to listen to her companions light gossip and easy criticisms, to move in their sunshiny atmosphere. She had an uncomfortable sense now and then that Wharton watched her rather keenly, and tried to draw her out on one or two subjects. He did both very gracefully. But, Elizabeth was ~~exhibitedly~~ inclined to resent any appearance of interest on his part. She connected him with certain feelings of annoyance, and was disposed to find fault with him ~~for exaggeration~~ on the slightest provocation. In dinner, when the little party had returned to the drawing-room, Wharton and Fanny Lennox, — who were standing together in front of the fire — had a pretty sharp skirmish over one of their mutual acquaintances.

"Simply can't understand why you all admire Clement Bartlett so much," Mrs. Wharton: "him", she said. "And I can't imagine any body less fitted for the stage. Just think of his figure; he has such remarkably bad legs".

"Why, my dear Mrs. Lennox, his figure is just his strong point. Every body admits that his legs will make him quite a reputation" —

"Oh, for being knock-kneed," (she) answered ~~Mrs. Wharton~~ irreverently. "Now come you pretends to tell me that he won't be perfectly appalling in tights? — or flesh ings — just think

tuck of the severe simplicity of flounces!.
he is pretty I admit: but, that's a mere
matter of colouring, he'll lose the it very
soon. There has been no foolish"!.
Poor Clement," said Thornton reflectively.
"Frank must be very fond of him".
h: I'm not the least prejudiced against
him" said Mrs. Frank quickly, "I am
calm and unbiassed. Let my imagination
play quite freely round the subject — which
was known in the most vigid of high-cultures.
It is you who are all prejudiced. You
are all" she added warming her finks
little, white hands complacently "all
utterly infatuated!. That's my opinion".
's no goods" said Frank, who had been
standing near them, turning away and
sauntering across the room towards Elizabeth,
who was sitting on a broad lounge at
right angles to the fire-places. "Fanny
never will have the slightest mercy on
poor dear Clement; and he really is the
nicest, most innocent creature in the
world".
ank gathered up the tails of his evening
coat in either hands, and subsided
comfortably onto the lounge beside Elizabeth.
She had been listening with some amuse-
ment to the conversation. She was leaning
back lazily, with her shapely
head resting upon, and
resting against the dusky red covering
of the back of the lounge. As Frank
sat down, she turned her face towards him
without and

Hunt otherwise shifting her easy, graceful position, and gave him a quiet smile of welcome.

The evening had gone so brightly and pleasantly for Frank Sumner that he had pretty well forgotten the feeling which had prompted him, ~~as he had left home~~, to beg his wife to let some outsider be present on this occasion. As Elizabeth smiled at him, her youthful beauty and the forgetfulness of her widowhood struck Frank as strangely at variance. He remembered her sweet face haggard with long night watches, and in strange with the dread of death and separation, during those days of weary ~~waiting~~ that they had spent with her only male relative (ago) ~~alive~~. Instinctively he lowered his voice, and fell into a somewhat sentimental key; thereby producing exactly the results that he had taken such pains to (provide against) the day before.

"I am so glad you have come to London, Elizabeth," he said gently. "I can't help feeling, ~~now~~ that we have more right to you than any body else, in virtue of — for Robert's sake, you know." He paused a moment, and then added, "It would have pained me very much if circumstances had loosened the tie between us."

Elizabeth smiled rather faintly. She too remembered those sad days and nights

mine

six months ago, and she struggled against
the tremendous wave. She did not answer;
there was no power.
"I don't care about artistic dressing, and
I never shall," Fanny Sinnett was
saying, meanwhile, to Elsworthy. "Of course
it would n't do for me in the least, and
that, we doubt, does influence me a little. —
But, candidly, I think people who go in for
it generally look fearfully dowdy, except
on great occasions when they are tremendous.
— My! get up. And there there is a certain
dressing-gown-and-slipper effect about
it all, you know, which does n't in the
least please me. I really believe people
take to it just as much from laziness as
from a love of art, — fewer buttons and
strings, you know. I think it makes them
intolerably conceited. They are always
surprised by a charming sense that
they are the elect, and feel wonderfully
superior to us, who still believe in
Paris and high-heeled shoes. The elect
are always a nuisance, Fanny."
Elizabeth had not responded to his first
little speech, Francis Sinnett felt obliged
to say something more.
"It is n't the time for talking about it all"
he said, leaning towards her. "Some things
are very sacred to me, and one
fears to sully them by speaking of them
at the wrong moment."
"Yes, yes," said Elizabeth quickly.
Francis spoke low and earnestly — Not only
his

i words, but the tones of his voice, and his whole appearance reminded Elizabeth vividly of her husband. The two brothers had not really been very much alike; Frank being considerably the fairer and more robust looking of the two. But, seeing him now, after so long intervals, Elizabeth was conscious of a resemblance, between him and Robert Skinner, so strong and undeniable, that for a few minutes she was almost overcome by it. She had tried so hard, during the last few weeks to forget the sad past, and start afresh [illegible] Now as her brother-in-law leaned towards her and looked earnestly at her, the past seemed to hold strong hands on her again. For a moment she seemed, once more, to see the man, who, as a very true and perfect knight had loved and honoured her; who had wholly and faithfully given her his heart; to whom his life and death she knew she had stood before all other women. For a moment she had a sense of his undeniable life and power. Mr Skinner and Wharton had formed some distinct subject, on which to express diametrically opposite opinions. Nothing could be more inharmonious than the night room. Their light war of words, and Elizabeth's bitter feeling. She dared not give way to her sudden anguish. She straightened herself up, and pressed her hands hard together, not daring to look round at

Frank

ank, who was waiting for some answer.
He, perceiving that she was agitated, but
quite unconscious of the extent to which
she was himself the cause of that agitation,
spoke again, after a few minutes
silence, wishing to soothe her.
was a little afraid," he said, his native
honesty coming to the surface; "that
you might have thought me forgetful or
unfeeling, to-night. I can't talk much
about the thing I feel most deeply — and
it's no use, after all, talking about them.
One must go on, not go back, you know.
Only I should be truly sorry to have you
think me indifferent. I can't that,
Elizabeth. We understand each other
don't we?."
jabeth bent her head in assent. Yet she
feared they did not understand each
other. Poor child, with her wish ~~to aggrie~~
and desires dragging her one way, and
her nature and instincts dragging her
another, she had much ado to understand
herself, sometimes.
ank got up and gave himself a little
shake. He had said his say, now he
wanted a tone of general cheerfulness
to be restored as soon as possible. He crossed
to where Wharton was ~~sea~~ standing, and
laying his hand on his shoulder said:
Go and play or sing to us, Fred. You
and Fanny have quarrelled quite
enough for one evening."
hat shall I play?" asked Wharton.
"Oh! -

"Oh! any thing you like, my dear fellow", replied the other, and went back to his seat by Elizabeth.

It was remarkable that after Fred Thornton's light way of manner (left) him, as soon as he sat down at the piano. His face hardened and sharpened, and his whole figure seemed braced and invigorated, as soon as his hands touched the keys. He looked several years older, more positive, and more serious. The change in him was subtle; but it was quite distinct, and suggested possibilities of depths of purpose and feeling, for which one did not give him credit at first sight. His change in Thornton was always a pleasure and interest to Francis Lorimer. He watched for it quite eagerly, and half his enjoyment in (his friend's) playing, (arose from the curiosity to know) the singular effect it produced on the performer himself. There was a fine suggestion of power in the way in which Thornton took possession of the instrument; and forced it to yield up to him all the secrets of its inmost being; — all the joy and sorrow, the beauty, the passing human speech, and the wild passion we dare not utter even if we could, which lie hid within it, and with only answer for the compelling hands of the master. Thornton played a good deal of modern music, full of questionings, and pathetic lamentations and harmonious despair.

In

Elizabeth listened to the music, it seemed to speak out for her the tumult and confusion, the doubt, and hope, and fear that struggled in her mind. There was a certain relief in this, yet she felt it was dangerously soothing.

Lenglen Wharton stopped, as though to recover himself. Frank Sinclair, who had been leaning back lazily on the lounge, his legs crossed, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed meditatively on the toe of his right shoe — looked up quickly, as though to demand more. Mr. Frank gave a little rustle of relief. She found music of this sort of thing, slightly exhausting. Elizabeth was quite silent.

As musician's pause, Wharton began singing. His voice was not remarkable; but his singing was excellent, the phrasing good and the sentiment perfectly refined. He evidently knew exactly what he was about, that one always hands a pleasant sense of security and repose in listening to him. The song was slight enough, — of the order of sentiment that happy young people are given to enjoying, because they have very little notion what it really implies; and that older and more experienced people are somewhat disposed to fight shy of. The words ran thus: —

"My loves lies low beneath the grass;
— The sods seem mourn to cover us and sky, —
The sweetest joys the soonest pass;
Good-bye, dear heart, good-bye.

"Her gentle eyes are closed in death;
— The winds blows low, the winds blows high, —
Our mortal life is but as breath;
Good-bye, dear heart, good-bye.

"Her lovely lips are pale and cold;
— When brown leaves fall, bare branches sigh, —
A merry take the soon in fold;
Good-bye, dear heart, good-bye.

"Vain is all glory, all delight,
Since man is only born to die.
Glad day lies plain by envious night;
Good-bye, dear heart, good-bye."

Charlie sang with an air of strong conviction, lending little to the dreariness of the words, till an atmosphere of hopeless melancholy seemed to pervade the tasteful, cheerful room.

Frank Skinner, — conscious that his wife, looking extremely well and material, was sitting opposite to him; that his babies were sleeping peacefully in their little white cribs upstairs; and that he, personally, was about as far away from everlasting partings, falling leaves, mourning seas and all the rest of it, as any man could reasonably expect to be — sat smoothing his fair beard with

the ones he would, ~~possibly~~, and so quietly enjoying this ~~rapture~~ little excursion into the kingdom of misery. But, poor Elizabeth, having already in a rather over-wrought state of mind, found the song altogether too sad and too applicable ~~to her own case~~ to her own case. When the last wailing "good-bye" had died into silence, she was very nearly crying.

Martin got up from the piano.

"What is deliciously dismal, isn't it?" he said smiling, and relapsing into his ordinary easy manner. "I can't be encouraging songs, — they are horribly uncertain; — and nice heroic, drum-and-trumpet songs don't suit my voice. So," he added still smiling and turning towards Elizabeth, "I take remarkable delight in these lamentable ditties".

Martin was sorry he had spoken so lightly, as he looked at her. From the purely artistic point of view, it was delightful to contemplate (Elizabeth) — Her long, drooping black dress, her pale pathetic face, the soft masses of her brown hair, her grey eyes wide-open looking out into space, her lovely lips tremulous with emotion, the dusky red ~~background~~ backgrounds of the lounge — altogether she made a charming picture, as out of fifteenth century edition of "our Lady of Sorrow". Martin was a little irritated with himself, for he saw that his words jarred upon her, and destroyed the artistic effect of his song. Elizabeth did not answer him; she turned away quickly to Frank Sinclair, and

ids with as certain coldness and decision in her voice.

think I'll go home, Frank. Would you mind just walking back with me as it's so close by?"

ut, my dearest Elizabeth," cried Mr. Frank, beaking in with her usual emphasis and vivacity; "it's so early! Do remember that you are no longer during the Claybrooke Inauguration, when we doubt regard five o'clock as a sacred hour, devoted (alike) by men and gods to saying good-night, and going to bed. Remember that you have returned to civilized life, and that we are enlightened creatures, entirely ruled by fashion and reason and sarcasm, and never reason and fast. Stay a little longer, Elizabeth — we shan't retire to our rest for hours yet."

Elizabeth felt that Fanny had gone too far. She was sensible that Wharton was watching her; and she knew that she could not recover complete serenity and composure. She wanted to be alone and quiet.

think I'll go, Frank, please" she said again, "if you don't mind".

e was a look of almost piteous entreaty on her face, which reminded (mine) strangely of the night they had parted in that walk at Claybrooke.

right", he said, "you're tired, and we'll go. It isn't worth while to call a cab, Fanny".

"Well,

ell, if you must go, Elizabeth, good-bye"
said Mr. Franks - "Shall I see you to-morrow?
Will you be at home in the afternoon?.
Oh! with never mind now — you do look
fearfully tired, all of a sudden; — I can
send Nurse and the children round in
the morning. To find out your plans"-
However, Elizabeth said no words good or
bad. They shook hands in silence. She
had an uncomfortable sense, that his
views regarding her were developing, and
she felt somewhat defiantly towards
him. Vivisection can never be very pleasant
to the victim, however great
Spartan scientific his may be, it may eventually
elucidate -

Natures imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulses alone".

After Elizabeth and Frank Sumner had gone, Mr. Wharton was guilty of a distinct impertinence. He stood for fully five minutes looking meditatively into the fire, without speaking a word to his charming hostess. He had enjoyed himself, — that is to say, for some hours he had felt decidedly interested. He admired Elizabeth Sumner's strong, clear type of beauty and her stately way of moving. There was no tiresome prink-and-shite prettiness about her. He saw that she was one of those women, whose minds and body are so intimately connected and so dependent on one another, that expression and manner will instantly reveal the real feeling within, even when the words spoken are quiet and restrained. But Wharton had to own that he had made a

slight mistakes, that the end of the evening had not been wholly satisfactory. He had a foolish feeling of satisfaction, though, in the fact that Elizabeth had walked home. "Our Lady of Sorrow" going off in a four wheeled cab, or even in a hansom, would really have been a little too trying and inharmonious. He could picture her tall black-clad figure and pale face, as she crossed Triangle, the dusky streets, (coming) for a moment into the glare of a gas-lamp, and then passing on again into the semi-darkness. Frank was the (again) dearest fellow in the world, of course; but he did sometimes rather to mar the picture. Frank was too comfortable in any way to suggest romantic possibilities. Maurice feared that he was probably grumbling a little inwardly, at having to turn out into the damp at that time of night, instead of dwelling on the poetical suggestiveness of the situation.

Mary Skrimser was also meditating upon Elizabeth, as she sat in a low chair with a piece of soft-toned crewel-work in her hands. Her imaginations were not widely sympathetic; but, generally her guesses were pretty shrewd. She had to confess that she did not really understand her sister-in-law. She had often speculated as to the exact amount, and as to the quality of the affection with which Elizabeth regarded Robert Skrimser. She was disposed to think, - Mary's she

was never invited such as Irving to Frank — What for some reason on Elizabeth's love had never been entirely whole hearted. Had there been another breed in the back-ground?. Or were the capacities of Elizabeth's nature only partially developed? - She could not tell. It occured to her that some day there might be a little denouement. It also occured to her that it would be very exciting to bring that denouement about. — Just at this point of her meditations Fanny Swinner looked up at Fred Thurston. He certainly irritated her sometimes; he seemed so profoundly removed from the ordinary cares and woes of his fellow creatures. His calm, con-: -templative attitude of mind seemed to give him a push over her, which she resented. She would have enjoyed seeing him rather distracted about something or other. It is always refreshing to see composed people at a slight disadvantage. Fred Thurston had a restraining influence upon her, too, which she felt to be annoy-: -ing. He often intimated gracefully that she was talking in an exaggerated way. She had a disagreeable conviction that he took mental notes of everything she said; and her doubts as to the tenour of these notes, but a certain shamefulness in her tone when she was with him, which was not natural to her at other times. As she expressed it, "he made her feel draughty"; and she was constantly

disposed

inspired to bustle up and defend herself from imaginary attacks on his part.
your sister. Miss Lamb is remarkably charming" said Charteris, at last. "She gives one the impression that there is a great deal to know in her".
Elizabeth is not very easy to know", observed Mrs. Frank, putting up her eyebrows, and with a rather irritating little smile.
"I imagine", said Charteris complacently; "and half her charm consists in that. She must present a flat surface to you. You can look right over them to the horizon at once. You know just all about them, after meeting them once or twice. You know what train they are bound to take on every given subject, just as well as you know the colour of their hair or eyes. But, Mrs. Lorimer makes one think of an unexplored country, full of suggestions and great surprises. — I only saw the coast line from the sea this evening; but, Dame, one likes the most delightful bathing and rivers, and hills and valleys in-land". Charteris smiled to himself. "I find it very enjoyable", he said.
Mrs. Frank Lorimer felt puzzled. This was, she thought, (rather too) calm and cool a manner of observing any woman.
Charteris, standing there and smiling complacently, to his face, seemed to her a little wanting in solid, comfortable humanity. She resented the fact that his position to regard her acquaintances

ances merely as so many interesting studies. At this moment he was so occupied with his own thoughts, so indifferent — as fact she noted as hardly civil — to her presence, that Mrs. Frank indulged herself with a good long stare. She did not wish to think any thing complimentary about him. She felt annoyed with him, yet she could not deny that any way he certainly was very good-looking.

Belonged to a type, common enough in Northern Italy; but not often met with among Englishmen; and there met with, always implying some strain of foreign blood in the ancestry. He was dark, with eyes of the peculiarly clear warm brown that an American writer has aptly described as "wine-coloured". His forehead was low, and his face, perhaps, was a little too broad across the cheek-bones. His chin was round-ish, large and well-rounded: but the mouth was unfortunately English and not Italian. — ~~His whole personality was~~ His was wanting in fullness and in beauty of outline. Sharton's figure, though by no means that of an athlete, was firm and well proportioned. Some people, she did not like him, said that his forehead retreated, and that he obviously could not be endowed with much in the way of brains. One irascible old gentleman, indeed — she fancied that youth had lost all its graces and virtues since he had himself ceased to be young, and was disposed

indeed to indulge in rather bitter philippics on the subject of "modern young men" — Dan once day declared that "Mr. Wharton had as broad likes as tom cat". But, if there was any thing selfish about him, it must be granted that he manna cum: tried to keep his claws most carefully sheathed, while he showed a disposition to purr amiably on almost every occasion. He was, he had some of the acuteness and observing power of a cat, while a charming suggestion of light-hearted kitten-hood still lingered about him. It was just this boyish freshness of feeling, combined with a certain kidi fidence, and a pretty shrewd knowledge of the world, that made Wharton so attractive to Frank Sumner and other men older than himself. Most women were as little piqued by his want of personal feeling, for women rarely care much for a man, who suggests no latent possibilities of development into a lover.

"You seem to have made up your mind" said Fanny Sumner, after a time, picking up her work, and beginning to draw her needle in and out of the stuff with a great show of industry, — "you seem to have made your mind that you will be permitted to explore this new country as much as you like. Now really, between ourselves, Mr. Wharton, I have a little doubt about that you know. My sister-in-law is not at all the sort of woman

who

could enjoy being observed as an interesting study. She is not at all given to confidences. In my mind, she is rather, inscrutable".

"Well, there lies the charm", said Charlton again. "There is nothing in the world more interesting than the process of getting to know some people. The difficulties only help to keep up the excitement. One begins by wishing a little, ends by wishing quite immensely, really to know them well".

"And when you do succeed, at last, in knowing these remarkable people well, what then"? - asked Mr. Franks, looking up with as charmingly innocent air of enquiry.

"Well" said Charlton, smiling, "then I suppose you swear eternal friendship".

"Or just drop them", added she, looking down at her work. "And go off and find somebody else to try experiments upon".

"You are a little severe, Miss Skinner", said Charlton.

Miss Skinner did not answer. For once she felt she had scored off her adversary, and she was willing to rest on her success, for

"But now just as a matter of theory, you know" Charlton asked, after a minute or two - "do you think it possible for a man and woman really to make friends"? -

"They generally end by making a good deal more than friends, or less than friends" she answered. "I never indulge in theories, you know; I judge by practice".

"You

"I think it can't be her dress," said Charlton. "I'm sorry. It ought to be possible; but, I can't for my own part, (quite) never succeeded. People always misunderstand one so. How I have tried, several times, to make friends with young girls: but, their admirable mothers always appeared, like the head of Medusa, and turned me to stone, with a delicate but appalling suggestion regarding my 'evil tongue.' — Rubber had any evil tongue, you know. I sincerely wanted to realize the ideal of womanhood as young girl knows it. — Married women are rather dangerous", he added slowly.

"But why you have never really made friends with me, I can't guess", said Fanny Sumner, quickly.

", answered Charlton, looking at her gently and calmly. "I have never thought you dangerous, Mrs. Sumner. You are quite satisfied with Frank and your children, you know".

ing a little afraid, that at this time, her adversary had turned off her, Fanny Sumner was silent.

"I have had to talk back upon old Cardier," Charlton continued, returning to the former subject of his discourse. "They are very nice and kind and pet me delightfully: but, there is a want of dramatic interest about them. They live so much in the past, and [illegible] refer so constantly to excellent and clever, and witty people who died

(long)
side before I was born. It all seems ~~ridiculous~~
over, you know, and that is slightly depressing."
This companion diverged a little: "There was
one thing I have painfully tragic in (the idea of
being over,) and (in growing old.) this and 27
Lorimer turned across to Mr. Frank ~~Swinnerton~~
and picked up some skeins of crewels, which
had fallen from her lap on to the floor. As
he gave them to her, he said —
"It would be a very great pleasure to me to
know your sister-in-law better. With your
help will I do so, Mr Swinnerton? Pray don't be
so barbarous as to forbid me to explore
this new country" —
"No, my word — thanks", said she, and then
getting up, and getting down the waist
of her dress she added, "There's Frank, I believe,
coming in. — I don't think it will matter
very much, Mr Thornton, whether I forbid you
or not. I observe that you have as remarkable
knack of getting your own way".
"Have I?" he said, "yes, well, perhaps I
have. That's because I have never really very
anxious about getting it, after all".
"Exactly", said Mr. Frank, looking him full
in the face. "I am not the least afraid
that you will ever die of a broken heart".
"Sincerely trust not", he answered, laughing.
"Though really, Mr. Swinnerton, when one comes
to think of it, it might be a very interesting
experience".

"I am weary of the solitude"——.

Elizabeth Wards were nearly five months in London. Not only the Franks Summers, but a number of fresh people whom she knew had come back for the winter. She was unusually handsome woman, with a pretty house, and a pleasantly melancholy history is sure to have a good many friends and admirers. Elizabeth refused to go out much: but, still she saw a good deal of society. Five o'clock tea is such an innocent meal, no one can reasonably take exception at it. People would just drop in: and having dropped in once, would drop in again. Mr. Summers's house, and face, and circumstances began to be made of her quite a reputation in certain set. And it must be owned that poor Elizabeth was not very happy. She felt the want of a positive object in life. Sometimes she wondered whether she had not better throw herself in to good works of some sort, visit work-

nurses and hospitals, take up sanitary reform, & becomes a devoted disciple of the Charity Organization Society. She subscribed to various libraries, and read lots of new books. She tried to fancy that strong sympathies for art, music, painting and delightfully harmonious home furnishings were enough to occupy her mind and heart. Sometimes she thought with envy of Mr. Leeper's enthusiasms for "the Cause." Sometimes with equal envy of Mr. Manisharing's contented enjoyment of her position and family traditions. Sometimes she envied Fanny Skinner her children, or Frank his work of news-paper editing. Unfortunately Elizabeth had no one distinct talent to which she could devote all her powers. She was troubled with the latter unrest, which comes from appreciative sympathy and understanding of art, without the power of original production. At times she began to regard herself as a sort of superfluity. There seemed to be no place for her, no necessity for her existence. She grew depressed, and (morbid) and sad.

This Mr. Frank Skinner could not help noting. It made her really very unhappy, and she did not quite know what to do. Resignation was not Mr. Frank's strong point. If things seemed wrong, she instantly wanted to set them right according to her own fashion. The consequences was, that she sometimes "rushed in" where angels, being

more

re patient and, I suppose, sensible — would have "faced it out". ~~Something~~
~~[illegible]~~ Wharton's opportunities of exploring
this new country had not been very
fruitful. Fanny Sumner said that there
would be difficulties, and her words were
proving themselves tiresomely true. Wharton
had to own to himself, that he hardly
knew more of Elizabeth Sumner now, after
a good many meetings, than he had
known the first evening he saw her.
He fancied that she had been ~~[illegible]~~
on her guards with him. He had sung
and played to her often; but, she had
always remained perfectly composed. "Our
Lady of Sorrow", with the misty grey
eyes that gazed despairingly out into
space, had never appeared on the scene
again. Wharton knew that he had been
further into the depths of Elizabeth's nature
on that first evening, than he had ever
been since. Sometimes he thought, he would
not try to make (meagre) acquaintance
with her. He was a little afraid that
she suggested his mind too much, and
took up too much space in his mental
horizon. He was doubtful as to whether
he was not too much interested in this
study of character. Yet Wharton was so bitter
with the idea of proving that it is impossible
for a man to make friends with a woman;
and so sure that Elizabeth Sumner was
just the woman to try this ~~[illegible]~~ rather hazardous

experiment

innocent writer, that he could not resist making
one or two more attempts before he finally
decided to give the matter up in despair.
e morning when Elizabeth was sitting in
her pretty drawing-room trying to read —
and had wandered away from the subject
of her book, into rather sad meditations
concerning her own unnecessariness; — she
was interrupted by the advent of Fanny
Sinimer and Nini, both looking fresh, and
neat, and self-complacent.
(Mr Francis
comes, my dear Elizabeth", began Fanny
Sinimer; — but, she stopped. Elizabeth
was not attending to her.
me to me, darling", she said holding
out her arms to the shy, dainty little
girl; and then picking her up, she
kissed Nini's round rosy cheeks, all
cool and sweet from the cold morning air.
Elizabeth made a charming picture, as
she stood balancing the child on one arm,
with her strong supple figure thrown slightly
back. There was a tender look
in her grey eyes, and a sadness in the
curves of her beautiful lips, which were
in strong contrast to the merry, laughing,
baby faces, close to her own.
my Sinimer stood watching her for a mom-
-ment.
ou would make a lovely Madonna,
Elizabeth", she said. "Nini, poor dear,
has as most unsuitable suggestion of the
nineteenth century about her in the at-
costumes.

times: but you are exquisitely (mediaeval)".
Elizabeth set the child down on the floor
again, with a sigh.
"Here, Mimi, she said" run along and look
on the little table in the corner, between the
book-cases and the window, you'll find
a new doll waiting for you there, with
a pink hat". Then she turned rather
wearily to Mr. Frank, "I beg your pardon,
Fanny" she said, "what were you going
to say?" —
"!" she answered; "merely came to you with
a little message from Mr. Wharton. I'm going
to tea with Mimi the day after to-morrow, to
see a sketch he has been doing for
Frank. He is so anxious that you should
come too. — will you?".
"I don't care" said Elizabeth, slowly,
while she watched Mimi. The child was very
busily critically examining the doll; and
apparently judging by the expression of
her face, was arriving at satisfactory conclusions
respecting her new possession.
Frank Sinclair opened her blue eyes rather
wide at Elizabeth's reply. She stooped
down and slowly rubbed off a spot of mud
from one of the frills of her dress.
"It is rather an extraordinary form of answer
to an invitation, isn't it"? she observed quietly.
"very well then" said Elizabeth, "say I shall
be quite delighted to go; — I'm not
quite as fine an answer as the other though".
"but on the whole it's rather more civil", said
Mr. Frank.

"I

"Is dollie for my very own"? interrupted Nini
in her shrill, clear, little voice.
"Yes", replied Elizabeth: "but, you must come and
say 'Yes' for it with a sweet kiss".
She knelt down on the floor as she spoke. Nini —
who regarded kisses as a necessary, but as by
no means the pleasantest part of the ritual
of receiving gifts, — rose up, administered
hastily salute, and then disengaging herself
rapidly from Elizabeth's encircling arm,
turned to her mother.
"Look, look, mother", she said, "at my dollie
with hat!".
"Give as hard-hearted little being, after all,
Nini", said Elizabeth, getting up from her
knees. "I believe you care infinitely more
for that foolish dollie, made of china
and rags, than you do for me".
"I suppose we were all more or less selfish as
children", observed Mrs. Fraunt apologetically.
"A good many of us remain so", there was bitter
reproach in Elizabeth's voice, and she
stuck out her under-lip just the least
bit, as she stood looking at the child and
the doll. If Fanny Linnet had known Mrs.
Fraunt's meaning, she would certainly have re-
marked a very strong family likeness between
Nini and her niece, as this protrusion of the
lip was invariably present when
the nursery-wits ran short of
"when we grow up", added Elizabeth.

"Is anything particular the matter with your mummy?" asked Mr. Frank.

"Nothing at all. She knows she's decided to accept Mr. Wharton's invitation for the day after to-morrow — pray take note of it."

Mr. Frank gave her shoulder a little shrug. "You're very inscrutable", she said. "However you will come. Then if it's fine, we can walk down to Chelsea by the Embankment - I'll call for you about three. Come along, Nini, and say good-bye to kind Aunt Lizzie, who gives you dollies and all manner of lovely things".

"Good-bye" said Elizabeth quickly: but she did not kiss the child again. Nini, it must be allowed, seemed unusually indifferent to the omission, and walked off with considerable dignity by her mother's side, just glancing cheerfully at her new doll.

The afternoon of Mrs Wharton's little tea-party was clear and bright; and the two ladies set out, with a certain sense of enjoyment on their walk to Chelsea. Elizabeth, with her country breeding, had been accustomed to take plenty of physical exercise; lately she had been leading rather a sedentary and lazy life, which had by no means improved either her health or spirits. As she paced along by her sister's side, this afternoon the keen wind and the bracing air seemed to put new vigour into her. The thought of the short, winter days

drew

(so)
three years ago — not very many years after all — there had been a ground being too hard for hunting, the ponds Mr. Mainwaring and young Edward Dadley had driven over to Lowcote, and skated till dusk. The wild cries of the foreign out water-fowl, the clear ringing of the skates on the ice, the graceful motion of the skaters, the sound of a sudden laugh or call in the still air, — while the sun, a crimson ball ~~in a~~ sank down in the West, and the grey country faded into the twilight, and the near trees grew black and rigid against the flaming sky; — ah! those sweet sad days that are no more!. Poor Elizabeth would gladly have passed out all of her life that lay between the present and that pleasant time; would gladly (this moment at least) have found herself skating over the gleaming ice, hand in hand with her boy-lover ~~again~~ once again.

For pity's sake, Elizabeth, don't walk so fast," cried Fanny Skinner peevishly, for instinctively Elizabeth had quickened her pace, as the thought of Lowcote and the skaters. Fanny Skinner, ~~had~~ had like all city-bred women walked, not so much with the intention of getting to a certain place at within a certain time, as with the intention of seeing and being seen. There is no such desperate necessity for saving five minutes," she said. "Ends of the earth in the world, that should rather

must

ort & in arriving at somebody's house in a
healthy condition, with a face like a
peony".

"on't be free from it you dawdle", said
Elizabeth, shortly.

her, but surely there is some reasonable me-
: dium, between dying that and walking
for a wager"?. answered Miss Shaw.
izabeth moderated her face. She was
quite roused from her reverie. There was
blotting dreamy or sentimental about Fanny
Swinner; and she ~~was~~ had an curious
power of compelling her companions to move
in her own clear, every-day atmosphere.
ss Wharton's rooms ~~had~~ were on the first floor
of an old-fashioned house, looking out
on to the river. She had discovered them
when she first settled in London, and had
now unerringly taken root in them. She
liked to wander about: but, she also, liked
to collect all manner of odds and ends of all
~~descriptions~~ kinds; and already her material
for her plays were so numerous, that it was
absolutely necessary for him to have some
place to receive them in. As far as he had a
home, this house in Chelsea was his home.
He went away for months at a time; but,
always as a peaceful and comfortable
background to his wanderings, lay the
long, low, old-fashioned first-floor room, with
their view across the wide river.
[illegible] ringing the bell, when they arrived.
Mr. Frank Swinner paused and staring
at Elizabeth, said: —

"Wife

Will you go in? - I'll join you in a minute; —
I've just remembered some business people
that I ought to call upon, just down here.
I've owed them a visit for months, and
this is such an excellent opportunity of
paying it. I shan't be long."

"I'll come too", said Elizabeth, who did not
care to present herself in that hot alone.

"No, pray don't", answered Fanny somewhat
quickly and with a rather unnecessary emphasis.
"They're fearfully dull people; you would n't
like them at all, and there is no reason
why you should know them. Pray don't
come. I shall be back directly".

Under the circumstances, there was little
hesitation in Elizabeth and saying "au revoir",
returned quickly into the street again.
Elizabeth had nothing for it, but to go up-stairs
alone, feeling a good deal annoyed. It would
seem so odd, she thought. She did
not like to be forced, in this
way, into a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Wharton.
The room she was ushered into, was a
large one, with three windows
looking towards the river. It was low, and
was furnished quaintly enough with
what as certainly disregards for modern canons
of taste. But for a soft, dusky richness in
the general effect of it, it might have
been called shabby empty and untidy.
Wharton seemed to have taken pleasure
in collecting the most strangely miscellaneous
objects, and compelling them to form one
harmonious whole. Some of his friends smiled,
wished

leeds, that his rooms looked very much as if they belonged to the "property man": but he stoutly refused to modify any peculiarities. "These are my rooms, not yours", he would say. "I enjoy my confusion and confusion, — it is like life".

Isabelle, on this occasion, was too anxious to account for the fact of her appearing alone, to bestow much observation on her surroundings: but, before she had time to offer any explanation, Thornton came forward to meet her with a look of genuine pleasure.

"How very good of you to come", he said cordially. There was something in the sound of his greeting, that Elizabeth's sense of embarrassment quickly melted before it.

"My sister-in-law will be here in a minute or two," she said. "She deserted me on your door-step, remembering suddenly that she had a visit to pay close by. She begged me to tell you, that she would follow me directly".

Thornton smiled. He felt a little indifferent as to the length of Mrs. Francis Scrimser's absence. Elizabeth looked very young and (attractive) after her quick walk in the frosty air. There was an unusual colour in her cheeks, and her grey eyes shone bright and dark under their long lashes.

"!" said Thornton, "it is a long way for Mrs. Scrimser to come. I am truly so glad that she should make the expedition useful to herself

well as well as pleasant to me".

There was a moment's pause. Elizabeth did not quite know what to say next, as her companion's last observation called for no rejoinder.

"You have been doing a sketch for Frank", she ventured, at last a little awkwardly, "may I see it?".

"It's rather horrible now that it's finished, Mrs. Skinner", he answered. "I thought it was going to be rather nice at first — however, there it is on the easel, in the window, if you really care to see it".

Elizabeth moved across to the easel, and stood looking at the picture. It was an graceful swirly sketch of little Nini, worked in charcoal. Martin had begun it one evening at the Franks Skinners', when the child, tired with games of play, had lain half asleep on her mother's knees. The subject caught his fancy, and he had spent some time working it out on a separate sheet.

"But it's lovely"! said Elizabeth.

"I'm glad you like it", the young man answered. He was standing near her, and watching her intently as she went forwards to look closely at the drawing.

"You draw as well as you play", she said suddenly, turning round to him. "You are very fortunate".

He looked at her seriously — not as praising his talent, but as drawing some quiet thanks for the gratification of them.

"Very fortunate"? he said, smiling again.

am not quite sure".

"I think so", answered Elizabeth. "You artists have much better likes than the rest of us, — some subtler what we more common. Graver people cannot so justly comprehend: but, you have the keener joy and the relief of pleasure. Ah!" she said, "I for one keep all my pity for the poor, dumb souls, who can only feel and cannot speak".

Elizabeth remembered the thoughts which had so moved her, as she walked along by the river. She would have given a good deal to possess the power of speaking out those ~~sadnesses~~ pretty memories in some artistic form.

"The disappointment is generally more present to my mind, than the relief, I'm afraid" said Beatrice. "My own work falls so lamentably short of ~~my ideals~~ what one wants to do."

"Still you have some thing to do, something to work for" she answered, "you have the satisfaction of knowing what you want, even if you can't always reach it. So many of us waste our lives utterly, because we never know what we ~~do~~ want to do".

"Ah!" said Beatrice, shaking her head. "People are all so much too fond of doing now-a-days. Why can't they leave the doing alone, and just be — isn't that enough?.. They hurry, and worry, and scramble; and quite forget what a much more dignified and graceful spectacle they would present to the universe, if they were a little less busy and anxious."

Elizabeth sat down thoughtfully on a chair in front of the easel. She paused a moment before speaking.

"But surely one must have a distinct object in life", she said.

"Must one?" asked Charteris. "I have never been able quite to see the necessity for it".

Elizabeth looked up at him enquiringly.

"Isn't it enough" he said, "to enjoy oneself, to be pleasant and to please one's friends &c.".

"Perhaps, — if you have friends", she observed. "Now, you must have plenty of friends any way, Mr. Larimer", said Charteris to him lightly.

"I have plenty", answered Elizabeth. She was too much absorbed in her own train of thought to observe that the conversation had assumed a new complexion, and had drifted away from the general into the personal. "But", she added "I am afraid, like most women, I know very little about ~~I have no real friendship~~ friendship; for real friendship which really makes part of one's life. I should like to have friends as men have them: but, I don't know how to begin".

Elizabeth spoke quite simply, thinking merely of her own feelings, and not at all of her companion.

A very bright light came in Fred Charteris's brown eyes, and he bent forwards towards her, as he answered.

"I fancy I know a good deal about what men

ers calls friendship — this friendship, which,
s you say makes as real part of ones life. If
ou want to know, ~~Mr Lorimer~~ think I would
ell you".

uddenly the singularity of her position
truck Elizabeth. She had quarrelled with
the narrow, old-world conventionalities down
at Claybrooke, — surely she was getting
far enough away from conventionality now!..
She turned her head and gazed out across
the murky river, running so swiftly and
silently in the gathering darkness, ~~and~~
down to the sea. The sky was very pale
and clear above. Along the road-ways
flickered the long lines of gas-lamps. It
looked cold, and hard, and cruel, some
where out there in the dusk. Then ~~Elizabeth~~ she
~~and~~ glanced round the warm, luxurious room,
with its fanciful furniture and rich, mellow
colouring. Timidly she looked up at the dark
handsome ~~face~~ face of the young man,
who stood waiting before her. She gave
a long, shuddering sigh, as of one waking
from a troubled dream; and then said
gently.

"I think I should be very glad if you would
take me".

There was a ~~pause~~ perplexing silence. almost of
triumph about Thornton.

"I'm glad of you", he said simply. Then
he added, holding out his hand, — "it is
a compact, Mr Lorimer, you must give me
your hands on it".

Elizabeth laid her hand in his for a moment
rather as

Chapter 20.

[illegible] a lively (remarkable) [illegible] (difficult) [illegible] (apprentice) [illegible] (pointed) action,

- various rich elements in her vial, and the varied hues and various ~~with~~ various vessels, she hoped to manufacture happiness. She anxiously watched the crucibles; drew for it as little 5; its contents now and then to test them: added fresh ingredients: increased her furnaces fire into a flame: to try what more heat would do, and then let it smoulder and, almost, die down into white ashes, to see whether a lower temperature would [illegible] ~~more effervescence~~ — but ~~with~~ ~~with~~ ~~with~~

[illegible] and that her [illegible] work in it was so much more waste of time! Elizabeth's words [illegible] with [illegible] eyes and [illegible] words: we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Elizabeth had to struggle with at this period. There were obvious [illegible] as [illegible] and material changes which caused her considerable anxiety.

During the last year and a half she had spent a large sum of money. Decorating a house after the sumptuous and fanciful manner of the present day necessitates a considerable outlay. Then Elizabeth had expended a good deal upon her clothes, ~~for~~ She had a natural tendency towards surrounding herself with the best of everything. Wharton had advised her to be charming and please her friends. She was charming; she was more—she was, in a way, magnificent. No doubt it is a most admirable thing to be magnificent but unfortunately it costs a lot of money. Certainly she had not entertained much, so that the actual expenses of her housekeeping ought not to have been great ~~but~~ even in this department a good deal more had been ~~spent~~ than was actually necessary. Elizabeth had been rather ~~anxious~~ for some time but by the ~~beginning of April~~ her financial position was such that she perceived some very distinct change in her ~~way~~ of living to be absolutely indispensable.

[illegible] ded

[illegible] passing

yet

[illegible]

worried

end of March

[illegible] Skinner was his brother executor, and was by way of managing Elizabeth's affairs for her. But, in point of fact, they hardly ever mentioned money matters to each other. Frank had plenty of other things to do, and had burdened himself very little about his obligations in these matters; and Elizabeth always had a tendency to take her responsibilities on her own hands.

[illegible] never agreeable [illegible] alone, even to herself, that one hair seems needlessly and forcibly [illegible]. Still less is it agreeable to visit the criticisms of another person in the matter. Elizabeth put off speaking to her bother-in-law as long as possible, trusting that he had considerable confidence both in his ability and his willingness to help her: but at last she had to admit that no other course was open to her. Not caring to include Mr. Franks in her confidence — she had conceived a slight distrust of her charming sister-in-law lately; — she wrote privately to Franks, enclosing various necessary papers and statements, and begging him to come the next evening when he would be at liberty, and deliver his verdict on the situation.

Franks Swinnen was of a very reasonable temperament. In ordinary circumstances he had not the least disposition to quarrel with things as they are: but he had often felt it hard that the world had to rest on some principles, which would have rendered it impossible for him ever to get (have) a penny, or say anything unpleasant to anybody. You may (call) Franks [illegible] this [illegible] indifferent sweetness of nature, or [illegible] lamentable want of moral courage, as you please. The more delicate critics among Elizabeth's friends included under the head of irresponsibility weakness of character. In any way, Franks Swinnen

would no sight be a satisfaction to see during the evening hours. Had she known the evening visit seemed to him, if possible, even more objectionable. He felt that Elizabeth had been very careless and extravagant: but he had not the smallest desire to tell her so. Consequently he avoided at her house, on the evening of the day following Mr. Lee's stormy visit, with as ungracious manner as he had ever been guilty of. His object was fulfilled. He succeeded in putting off the evil moment of delivering his opinion on Elizabeth's expenses as long as possible, and took advantage of as little general conversation as he could. "I heard from Wharton this morning" he said, when their first greetings were over.

Frank stood with his back to the fire, his hands under his coat tails, in the attitude (so) natural to the civilized man, when he finds himself in the house of a near relation or very dear friend.

"It was only a line. He's gone down to Oakhurst," — says he — "gone there on business. What is really a determining unsatisfactory statement as coming from Fred's capacity for business is it not? The most rudimentary description, you know. I don't somehow understand it" he added, meditatively. "It seems to me he must very much put it off for

one

a few years, before she would take refuge in talking of business, especially to me. I can't conceive why he's gone off just now. The country must be absolutely chilly".

Isabella had been standing near him by the fire. As he spoke she turned away and sitting down on a sofa near the window, began fanning and unfurling a black and gold fan which lay at her side, with an appearance of considerable interest.

"Business means drawings, I suppose", she answered, without looking up. "I dare say he's got some fresh orders. There are always a lot of people staying at Oakhurst. He may have arranged to meet Mr. Other Westcott there. He began as a drawing of her hand and never finished it".

"Yes, I know" remarked Francis. "Westcott offended him somehow, and he wouldn't go on with it. Westcott is rather an vulgar creature, I admit".

Isabella put up her eyebrows slightly. "It is so fitting to hear such unhelpful of such a universally attractive wife as poor man?" she said.

Francis shrugged his shoulders as apologising kindly for the blunt coming of the whole house of Westcott.

"She

"to told me," Elizabeth continued "~~about~~ one day, "that she made it a rules always to go into retreat in Lent. Jesuits where, and she said Oh, at Oakhurst!— so she is sure to be ~~there now~~ there now".

"Restaurant for Adolphus Ray," said Frank smiling. "Complimentary to find yourself and your words regarded (in the light of) as practical verbalisation of the world."

Elizabeth did not answer, but dressed herself with her face again.

"If Wharton's gone to dress, she can't have just seen us, though?" remarked Frank further after a moment's pause, contemplating the heated mug with an air of mild perplexity. "That's mysterious. Wharton used to be so charmingly unmysterious: but he's changed somehow lately. He is preoccupied. Sometimes he seems as if he had something on his mind. It is a great pity. It will be very displeasing if Fred Polperro the multitudes to deceive, and become serious".

Elizabeth bent down over her face, and deliberately disentangled the silk thread from the needle of it.

"I agitate yourself about him Frank" she said. "Mr. Otter! Heretofore may be trusted to restore another to its natural ~~state~~ of frivolity!"

Frank

ranks roused. Her eyes shone, her face
flushed, and looked at Elizabeth
with a sensation of slight surprise. There
was a suggestion of humour about
her lips & eyes, which
he could not help remarking.
Knew that she must be pretty warm
& disposition to dislike each other:
but he had fancied that Elizabeth
was above that sort of thing. He was
quite willing to admit that (her)
was often exaggerated, and too emotional:
but he had never supposed her capable
of petty little meannesses and
social disloyalty. Both her faults and
her virtues were on the grand scale,
so he thought.

[illegible]

and had almost forgotten his unpleasant
after-dinner conversation with his wife,
on the subject of Elizabeth and Brandon.
It had taken place nearly three
weeks before, and Frank made it
a rule to forget unpleasant things
as soon as possible.
Elizabeth made a charming picture
in the softly shaded light of her
pleasant room, as she bent over the flames

&c

[illegible] of her fame, while as cruelty does of
disinterity in that direct analysis of it. In
her lookbook at her, Frank's Studylet: —
"As at least we need not [illegible]
much fear comparison with any woman
as far as beauty lives"
Suddenly he remembered Fanny Sevenoaks says:
"certain". What is natural as that
Frank Wheaton should talk in terms with
this fearful charming woman? — And —
for Wheaton was as delightful fabulous —
what is probable as that Elizabeth should
return his affection? — Yet this notion was
distinctly unpleasant to him somehow.
He quite acknowledged that it would
be absurd to expect even young handy
she might have this misfortune to lose
her husband at one and twenty, even
to contemplate marriage again. Yet it
would be altogether too much to demand
that all young widows should devote
themselves to some such noble form of
suttee. Other young widows might do
what they pleased: but for Robert
Sevenoaks's widow to see the thinking of
a second marriage within little more
than two years of his death! — no
must distinctly Frank did not like
it. He was conscious of a suddenly
jealous tenderness for Robert's memory.
How Robert had worshipped Elizabeth,
and yet she hardly ever even referred
to him!.
Other matters that should have been
[illegible]

her knew exactly what was in a letter, and
to a letter, without any external evidence.
~~[illegible]~~ it spoken words.
This was to be the same
kind of thought at the same moment.
You read but this singular phenomenon
down to mere
coincidence, — which, to her, clearly, was a
~~[illegible]~~ capacity for covering a multitude
of unconnected facts: — or you may
talk learnedly of brain waves, and
subtle magnetic other bondences between
kindred minds. The plain matter remains,
whatever may be the explanation of
it. M. Leeper's somewhat tenacious
pursuit of this dear lettre, had prefixed
that possibility of a second marriage,
clearly upon Elizabeth's mind. She had
heard some slight rumours of the gossip
regarding Bennet and Wharton, which
had been going. The rounds among
her friends and acquaintances: but
Elizabeth, confident in the honesty of
her own friendship, had put it aside
as a disagreeable interference,
upon which she would not consider and
to bestow a second thought.

As she ~~[illegible]~~ read, she
felt her cheeks and gold, dear, while
Frank's former stood meditating on
the hearth-rug, she had an sudden
illumination. Besides thought that under
cover of friendship she was trying to
make Wharton propose to her. Wharton

himself

[illegible] thought so, and Elizabeth had the creepy
afraid. Suddenly — Frank — Elizabeth
Frank — thought that, to use a colloquialism:
Jefferies, the road seem throwing herself at
this young gentleman's head.

Elizabeth sat aghast, as this odious notion
: bolded itself to her. Ashamed, aware and
outraged, she looked up suddenly at
Frank's dreadful to read a confirmation
of her fears in his expression.

Frank Jefferies was feeling somewhat angry
too. He liked his friends immensely: but
just at this moment, he was disliking Lucille
& as keenly feeling of ~~annoyance~~ boring jealousy for
his 'rotten'.

Then Elizabeth glanced up, Lucille eyes
met. Both thoughts (her confusion?
: ~~were~~ ~~one~~ ~~one~~ were one:
: ~~one~~ & a curious sensation. At the
vague unfriendliness had died out of Frank
Jefferies face, — in so far as it was possible
for him to look severe, he looked at
this moment. This change of expression
developed the latent likeness between
him and Robert Jefferies very
distinctly. For one minute it seemed
to Elizabeth that her dead husband
was looking down earnestly, almost re-
: proachfully at her. She ~~looked back~~
~~looked back~~ drew back with a start
and put up one hand almost as
though she wanted to push him away
from her.

[illegible] waiting [illegible] Frank Lorimer [illegible] hurriedly [illegible] it. He turned away, and said quickly: —

"[illegible] Who's [illegible], Elizabeth, — Gilbert Crescent to ask you and Louise with [illegible] to the reception, — What Adolphus Craig [illegible] Robert? Have you set it or [illegible]?"

Elizabeth straightened herself up [illegible] and clenched her hands tightly to get [illegible] in her lap. Her head [illegible]

[illegible] I must [illegible] [illegible] a statement of every thing" Frank went on. "If you'll just agree to my [illegible]

...ce action was so rapid that it...
...approach Frank Lorimer hardly
...realised it. He turned away, and said
...ily: —
...does your sketch, Elizabeth, — I've
...often meant to ask you and I was n't
...sure I liked to be unselfish, — that Adolphus
...ring did of Robert? Have you got it or
...have I?".
...abeth straightened herself up
...and clasped her hands tightly together
...in her lap. Her forehead contracted
...slightly as with a sensation of sudden
...pain. There was a moment's pause,
...and then she answered, with a
...voice which she had a visible effort
...to steady: —
...have got it. But — but why do you
...ask just now"?.
..."I don't know", said Frank, feeling a
...little awkward. "It occurred to me just
...now. I thought n't I like it to be hers, you
...know, and I only n't said it. Fanny
...said you had it".
..."I have got it", Elizabeth repeated. "Fanny
...was quite right".
...Lorimer's mid disquietude was not of
...a burning order. Already he began
...to accuse himself of having treated
...his fair sister with a singular
...absence of that delicate consideration which
...was her due.
..."Fanny is generally right, you know", he
...said, with as slight a smile, with
...half the waltz of as lightly as
...possible. Mentally he called himself
...an awkward brute.
Elizabeth had risen from her seat. She
...stood for a moment looking straight in
...front of her. Then she drew back her head
...with a certain defiant movement,
...and turning to her companion, said
...coldly: —
..."We are going to talk business, had n't
...we better begin at once? I am not
...quick at figures, it will take me
...a long time to understand them, I
...have a day. Shall we come into the other
...room and begin"?.
Frank Lorimer felt rather humbled as he
followed

dressed Elizabeth went back to drawing-room. She told herself that her head queen was to be wasted entertaining on a table state of mind and that she ought to see about some of it herself. No doubt the sheikh was making up his Elizabeth's bedroom, with fresh flowers before it. — Vicar's wives are queens to arrange their dainty little affairs and shrines at which to worship their dead saints. — Frank felt very apologetic. She had to address a sacred ground, without making any decent attempt to remove her shoes first. She felt that her head queen (Elizabeth) was angry with him. He can never even dare to say unpleasant things to her about her peers. Blame myself very much in these matters of intimacy of your Elizabeth", he said. "I'm afraid I've been rather shockingly negligent. Ought to have looked after these flowers, and then you wouldn't have all this worry". Elizabeth sat down at the writing table and began arranging her papers. She was vividly conscious (all the while) of the sketches of her dead husband lay, face downwards, in the drawer, just under her hand. She had commanded Robert's money to help her to forget Robert. The thought was hardly a comforting one, just now. Don't think I need bother you with a statement of every penny Frank's been on. If you'll just agree to my suggestion

suggestion, and became [illegible] to me
[illegible] I'll set it all straight".
Isabella looked up quickly, with an
keenly disturbed expression.
"No, no," she said. "I can't let you
do that".
"I don't mean settle it in his private
and material sense," answered Frank
smiling. "It can all be arranged with
any more trouble to me than the
writing of a few letters".
"It is unbearable kindness", cried Isabella,
getting up suddenly, and turning
away, while [illegible] came
into her eyes.
"You don't make yourself so unhappy
about it, Isabella," said Frank,
quickly. "Nothing so very desperate
has happened after all. I quarrelled a
little with [illegible], but you by no means
bankrupt her yet".
Isabella was always disposed to be
a little too emotional, Frank knew. He
had prepared himself for that: but,
still the expression of her face did
seem to him hardly tragic
just now.
"What should I do?" asked she, without
looking at him.
"Oh," he answered, "if you didn't mind
going away, for a time, and letting [illegible]
house for the season, — it is so pretty that
you might ask a round price for it —.
Think, we could put all your affairs
straight".

disagreeable".

"I am quite willing to go", said Elizabeth. She had known and the moment she heard the proposition, that was why, that she felt almost glad to welcome any change.

Perhaps you would go down to Mr. Mann: Wednesday, at Clay Brooke, for the summer months with you?. Frederic added.

"Oh, no, I think not there", said Elizabeth quickly.

Instantly from the idea of Clay Brooke, under their circumstances. Elizabeth had begun to feel that she had not behaved altogether nicely to the Manniwarnings. She decided from the notion of making use of the people whom she had formerly neglected.

(Italics)

"Mightn't I go abroad?" she said. "I suppose I should have to take Martha with me, but I could live very cheaply. I could easily find a quiet inexpensive pension at Vevey or somewhere about there."

"Wouldn't you be awfully bored, though," observed Frank.

"Oh no," she answered. "I think I should rather enjoy being alone."

At this moment into the thought of Fred Wharton's horrible misinterpretation of her conduct, hovering in her mind, Elizabeth heard a voice calling for escape from over-work. "There was always the moment and the lake to fall back upon" she added.

Frank.

Frank made a rather expressive face. "I don't go in very much for mountains myself, you know," he said. "They are rather grisly companions when one is alone. But you do just as you like, Elizabeth."

don't feel as if it mattered very much where I went or what I did just now" said Elizabeth, with a sudden hesitance. "I am afraid I am altogether a superfluity, and seem always to go wrong with us".

Frank was leaning the keys of the piano and his head, and with, in silence, that women were not so given to general statements of a melancholy and unreasonable nature. This as minutes he observed, with tones intended to be ~~consolatory~~ encouraging:—

"Fanny's bent on going abroad again this year, so I suppose we shall go. Fanny generally has her own way in the end, ~~you know.~~ She and the children might join you in July, and I would follow as soon as I can escape from that everlasting paper."

Elizabeth did not offer any comment.

"Very well, then," he said, "you leave all these accounts and things in my hands. I'll see about letting the house at once. We ought to let it from the beginning of May. Can you pack up and clear out by then, do you think?"

"Yes" she replied wearily, "I can be ready any time. The sooner the better, as far as I am concerned".

Part. II.

"mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts; which methinks are diversly presented unto me, as from a common Theatre or scene".

Some people, I fear, may not unjustly complain of the common-place character and trivial incidents which they are invited to contemplate in this little tale; and which are hardly worth the ink and paper, — let alone the time, — that has been wasted upon them. But I would protest, with all humility and sincerity that I do not lay any claim to the title of poet or artist, still less to that of moralist or preacher. Those who want illumination and instruction must seek it elsewhere; surely, in the present day, it is easy enough to get an immense amount of information concerning all subjects at a very small cost? Sometimes, indeed, one is as little tempted to wonder whether the teachers do not out number the scholars, since most persons who one meets are so willing to expound all dark sayings, and reveal all mysteries. I have no claim to belong to the pedagogic and improving class; and would merely

merely asks the gentle reader — if in these enlightened days that kindly and sympathetic being still exists — to picture me as some hazy, loitering fellow, ~~[illegible]~~ arrayed in a long cloak and tattered jerkin, and a cap, which once had belts to it, — the old-world jangling was so sadly out of time with the triumphal war-march of modern myself. That he pulled down all of a long ago, — sitting among the dusty grass and wild flowers by the way side of life, and telling silly, simple stories to the passers-by. Not trying to tell them to the wise, and prudent, and successful, who would certainly call me a shiftless beggar, a mere cumberer of the ground, and bid me either set about some useful business, or proceed to improve merely of the face of the earth, with all possible despatch: but, telling them to quiet, ordinary folks, who are not very wise or very successful, who are as little concerned with the business and the strife of business, and as little weary as foot-sore with the dusty journey; — begging them to rest awhile with me by the roadside, and listen to simple stories of friendship, and of sorrow, of bauble-less and of lover's kisses; begging them to pledge gently all the barren, grasping, uncertain lives around them, and to smile — if they will — but smile very tenderly at the strange tragi-comedy of every day. He was neither advised to give, or solution to offer — the poor fool in my story, was hardly likely to have discovered

TRAGEDY

the

a panacea for the world's troubles, when the great, and learned, and courageous have so signally failed: but, he clings to one of his fantastic hopes that have lingered with us through many ages, and does not despair as he watches, from amongst the dusty grass and flowers, by the wayside, the anxious, eager multitudes jostling each other along the broad highroad which stretches across the isthmus, between the two eternities - is always on the grasping look to try to show the world any unwarnished side of truth; and the unwarnished truth concerning them selves was usually unpalatable to members of the human race — only the fool would attempt it - with acknowledged want of tact. His acknowledged want of tact saves him from the angry punishment with which men visit the indiscretion of those who tell them what they really are. Under the shelter of the cap and bells alone, can one venture to say that absolute blacks and whites, undoubted heroes and villains are hardly ever to be met with; and that heaven and hell certainly belong to quite another state of being to this present one. That original sin is pretty evenly distributed among us all. That even the saint may be caught wearing strangely dirty, old clothes; while the sinner is found arrayed, now and then, in a garment of genuine righteousness. That while man is very little higher than the beasts, he is also very little lower than the

to angels.

In treating any poor Elizabeth Sommers's character from this confining and unsatisfactory point of view, there must be this risk of losing her many friends and admirers. Yet in truth, she was very far from being an ideal woman. She resembles indeed those excellent persons, who have a sentimental longing after what has been called "the constant summer"; — nor could she satisfy the more light-minded dolts who bid her be merry and recommend plenty of eating and drinking to-day, since this life for all such enjoyment may be passed and everlasting sorrow. She was subtly compounded of good and evil, nobility and frivolity, of fine aspirations and commonplace selfishness. She was capable of determining against her higher instincts, and then repenting of her error all too late, like many another young creature. She loved life and would fain have seen good days; and, perhaps, consequently, she had but a misty and indistinct perception of the infinite values of a humble spirit and a broken and contrite heart.

Early a year had passed away since Elizabeth had made her compact with Fred Thornton in the gradually diminished shadow cast by the trees. She had spent the early summer in London, and then had gone abroad with the Franks Sommers and Thornton, and had studied the art of Platonic friendship on the wilds near ... and among the bare, windy uplands of Britany.

She

ands appeared to go to Clay Brooks: but, unfortunately, the road had ceased to prosper unduly just at the time when Mr. and Mrs. Marriwaring were about to pay their yearly visit to Selford, and it was too much to expect their dignified and stately pleasure to be set aside for Elizabeth's — whose appreciation of Clay Brooks and of its owners' society lay quite at heart, regarded as so distinctly limited.

Upstairs in the narrow, writing-table drawer there still lay the charcoal sketches of Robert Scrimser. Elizabeth had never moved it from its resting place, since the day that she had decided to forget that part, and to try to find fresh joy and hope in the future. In some fabrics it is possible to patch a rent for a time: but, eventually, the stuff gives and gives, and the new pieces only makes the hole in the old garment worse in the end. Elizabeth's determination not to grieve for her husband's death, had, in a way, kept her attention fixed on the fact of his death. She had striven to patch the cruel rent that had been made in her happiness: but, as time went on, the threads began to strain and give out, and the magnitude of her misfortune grew upon her, in terms of lessening. At moments by the sea-shore, or on summer evenings there Fred Thaxton poured out his whole soul in music or in song, or as she watched Francis and Fanny Scrimser playing

playing with their two children. The sense of her own loss and loneliness would almost overpower Elizabeth. She dreaded these fleeting moments of sorrow, she fought against them, and was glad when the trivial interests of every day claimed her whole thought and attention. To her own parents she seemed to drift further and further away from the past; she was gay and cheerful, and yet there was a certain reserve for excitement about her, and an unrestfulness which puzzled Fanny Linmer a little sometimes. She wondered whether Elizabeth was not ~~[illegible]~~ developing feelings which could not strictly be described as friendly for ~~[illegible]~~ Fred Wharton. But, I think, Elizabeth may be quite exonerated from any charge of that kind. She was almost painfully conscious that if it were possible for her to meet Robert Linmer now, for the first time, she might have him ~~[illegible]~~ in a very different fashion to that in which she had loved him, when they met nearly three years before. As her experience of life widened and her knowledge of ~~[illegible]~~ men and women increased, she appreciated more and more the true worth of his character. She realized how cruelly he must have suffered in bidding good-bye to life and love, in the very prime of his manhood. Elizabeth became aware that it might not be impossible for her to worship — alas too late — the memory of the man, whom she had loved very inadequately while he lived. That fashion of storing the

prophets

of fleets and subsequently – in a fit of bitter remorse – building those magnificent ships & sepulchres, did not die out in the Nile Old Dispensation: but, in practice, fealty freely by husbands and wives, parents and children, relations and friends ever is to the present day.

Lord Thornton had been asked to give an disquisition on Platonic friendship, about this period, he would have pronounced as very interesting, but slightly agitating form of entertainment. He had seen a great deal of Elizabeth, he knew her remarkably well, yet – carrying out his old metaphor of the many floored country, – he told himself that though the hills and valleys, and lakes and streams were very delightful, there was an unknown region far inland into which he had never yet succeeded in penetrating. He was haunted by the same notion as Fanny Lennox, – namely that some day Elizabeth would develope suddenly in an unlooked for direction, and surprise him very greatly. There was some thing rather fascinating in this idea, it made her all the more interesting to him; and yet it troubled him too. It was disturbing, and Thornton hated surprises. He had tried to inquire all sorts of combinations of circumstances, which might produce this sudden development in Elizabeth, so that he might be prepared for it when it came: but, he could not see his way at all clearly yet. He felt keenly, however, that women certainly

is after room, were complaining that they
don't ever see you now."
"It is horrible thing", said Charlton, half
laughing and half in earnest. "I am getting
a little bored. I am beginning to feel
uninterested."
"You are only ~~sorbid~~ high-bred", answered
the other. "You want ~~sordidness~~ more society".
"Perhaps I do", said Charlton, uneasily. "I seem
to be changing somehow. I don't know quite
what it coming over me. I used to look on
at life so contentedly. I used to feel — I suppose
all the talk at Clement Bartlett's this
afternoon, has put the idea into my head, —
as if the manager of things in general, had
given me a nice private box. I just sat
still and watched the play. I wasn't un-
sympathetic; indeed, sometimes I was inclined
to applaud quite vigorously, and the tragic
scenes upset me dreadfully. ~~Roman~~ But I had a
comfortable feeling, that as I had not written
the piece, I was in no way implicated
in the course of it. Now I begin to wonder
whether I have not been rather cold blooded,
and whether I have not made a mistake
in not being more actively human".
"Nancy", said Frank Leiner, smiling. "~~Tragedy~~ It
is the best cure for your state of mind. It
~~is~~ is pretty sure to make you sufficiently
"human".
Charlton stopped, and said almost petulantly.
"Why do you say that?. It is true. It is
dreadfully wanting in originality".
Frank was silent. He did not understand his
friend's

iend's sudden outburst of irritability. He had spoken quite miserably, and without any real desire that his advice should be taken. If he had been asked, indeed, Frank would certainly have given it as his opinion that Beatrice should never marry, and that it would be a pity if he did so, that it was none of half his present charm.

ey walked on in silence for a little while under the bare, black trees. If Jacques were right, Frank thought, it was always safest to let them alone. Bad temper is like a wild animal; it is usually best to let it have its course, instead of parleying in with conciliatory compliments and ~~advocations~~, and other well-intentioned remedies; which generally ends by merely adding one or two new ingredients to the ~~abominable~~ original one. Frank did not agitate himself, but relapsed into his difficult process of criticism again.

nds d'Ivry not ~~admired~~ at all sure that Dame is very anxious to be cured of my present state of mind, after all", said Beatrice again. "My way, I am sure the heart wickedness to take the desperate measures you propose. The cure would be considerably more confusing than the disease, it seems to me. I am only irritated with myself for feeling these things at all".

Frank had just got hold of an admirable sentence. —

"Then don't feel them, my dear fellow", he said. "Why don't give up my attitude of spectator altogether, you know," Beatrice went on, argue: =mentatively

meditatively. She seemed to attach very much more importance to Frank Sinimer's random suggestion, than it at all deserved. "Women are so differently constituted to us, that it is as true and to one that I should find any woman — a really charming one, you know — who would be willing just to sit still and observe with me. She would get excited some-day, and want to go down into the stage with the tricks of it all." He paused, and then added lightly, "I am very philosophic, personally I am not at all impulsive! but, if she went down, I am dreadfully afraid I should not have sufficient ~~strength~~ strength of mind to let her go alone."

"Probably not", answered Frank Sinimer, smiling. "And that would be intolerable", said Wharton." It would ~~intoxicate~~ repeat all my system. It would be the greatest mistake of all. No" he added, as they passed out of the comparative quiet of the Park, into the noise and movement of Piccadilly," marriage is out of the question, from my point of view".

"When all the world is old, lads,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lads,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your places there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young".

the dusk, late, one winter afternoon Mr. Mainwaring was riding slowly homewards to Claybrooke. There had been a frost the night before, which had greatly increased the muddiness of the roads. All the morning, leaving the roads deep in greasy, yellow clay-mud. Long lines of half melted snow lay under the hedges, on the sides away from the sun. The hedges themselves were a hard purplish black in the gathering dusk. The broad pasture lands looked brown and dull in the uncertain light, and the spaces of turf on either side the road were soaked and boggy from the wet, which stood in little dirty pools every here and there. A bleak, north-easterly wind cried shrill through the bare hawthorn hedges and the scattered elm-trees, promising more snow. It was a chilly, dreary evening on which even a healthy man might well be affected by the outward aspects of nature; might

night he felt so gloomy fancies, and took a dreadfully gloomy view of human nature and of living in general.

Mr. Manisaring heard heard as they rode along, and was a little disposed to think that everything was "going to the bad". He was chilled and somewhat tired: but, wishing to spare his horse he jogged along slowly up the muddy road, under the broad sweep of lowering grey sky. His head was sunk into the collar of his coat, which he had pulled up to keep off some of the cold south-easterly wind; his shoulders were up to his ears; he held the bridle with stiff fingers; both he and his big chestnut hunter were splashed and plastered with clay-mud from head to foot. He had ridden as good way to the meet in the morning, which had been bright enough with pale wintry sunshine; had met friends and had a cheery run till about one o'clock, — then his horse cast a shoe, and he had wasted some time seeking a blacksmith to put on another. When he came up with the hounds again they were running, and he had about a quarter of an hour's gallop. They lost their fox, and moved off to draw a distant covert, — drew it blank, — and about half past three, with a snow-storm gathering away down in the south-east, Mr. Manisaring found himself with a good fourteen miles to ride home alone. — He was disgusted too, with several little social incidents in the day's work. Not even

fox.

hunting seemed to him quite as safe sport for an English gentleman in these degenerate days, when the son of a tradesman, who had made all their money in candles, or tobacco, or soap, rode better horses than he could afford to, and treated him as an equal instead of as superior, — hardly treated him as an equal, indeed: but, rather as an antiquated and behindhand little world's oft old gentleman, who was by no means up to the level of the civilization of the present day. He was specially incensed against a certain young man of some somewhat flashy appearance, and of boisterous manners, — really related, it was said, to a well-known London tobacconist — who had lately settled in the neighbourhood, kept a list of horses, and hunted four or five days a week. The young man in question, happened to be particularly bumptious and interfering by nature: but Mr. Mainwaring, when annoyed, did not always take the trouble to distinguish carefully between the sins of the individual, and the class to which he belonged. The tobacconist was kindly accredited the vices of tobacconists in general, with the vices of this young man in particular, and condemned them all: what the worst of it was, that after all Mr Mainwaring could not deny that the fellow rode hard and had plenty of pluck.

There's nothing left "he grumbled," that a gentleman

gentleman can do, without finding himself getting shoulder with Lady This & Lord That in this country. What with a radical parliament and a radical press, this poor old country's going to the dogs as fast as it can. Fortunately my time won't be very long. I shall be safe in the churchyard before the worst of it all comes, please God: but, it's a bad look out, ahead, very bad".

Thus did Mr. Manisty sum up his own life, looking back on it, was very like the history of that day. A cheery start in the morning sunshine; a good capital horse under him; hopes for the coming hours; plenty of friends; a splendid burst for a few minutes over the grass, when the pace was hot and his blood tingled with healthy excitement: — then the pottering about the dreary wood: hounds in the chill mist, drawing and drawing for the fox that could never be found; and at last the long lonely ride home in the cold and growing darkness. The day hunting, the sport all over, only the weariness and want of zest left. Dirty, tired, bespattered, old, — that was what it all came to, in the end, alas! for the pity of it! —

Mr. Manisty stuck out his under-lip, and set his teeth hard, bent his head a little lower to avoid the bitter wind, and trotted on slowly and doggedly up the muddy road, with its wet strip of turf on either hand, and bare, black hedges.

The

The walk at the Rectory, with a glowing fire of great logs upon the hearth; Burton waiting with dignified solicitude to attend upon his master; - and Mrs. Marriwarring with her spotless cap, pretty little face, and kindest manner, coming forward in the muddy light to welcome her beloved lord, — all these things were in most agreeable contrast to the sad, cold, grey night outside.

"Am too dirty to come near you, my dear" said Mr. Marriwarring, looking kindly at his wife. "I'll go into the study for the minister and get as good warmth; — and then, Burton, I'll have a hot bath in my dressing-room, before dinner. — We've had a wet dusty day" he added as he followed Mrs. Marriwarring into the study. "The grass is as heavy as the plough; and there seems to be no fox in the country. — Only had about two minutes gallop the whole day. — Found as for in Nicholas's Spinney just the other side of the Turnpike at Lowcote, - ran him into a drain on Staley's farm at Highthorne, and there was an end of the whole thing".

Mr. Marriwarring stood in front of the study-fire with his hands under the tails of his hunting coat, stamping his feet to get a little warmth into them, and then very plentifully besmearing the floor with the mud-dry mud of his boots. Mr. Marriwarring abhorred as much as Nature is said to abhor a vacuum: but she was always too thankful to get her husband home safe and sound on these occasions to make

also any objections to the large supply of wet days which he invariably brought in with him.

"I am very sorry you have had such a bad day", she said sympathetically; and then added after a pause, "Mr. Hewitt was here over here today. You remember Edward Dudley, don't you, Gerald?".

"To be sure I do", said the Rector: "and remember that he behaved like a fool too. What about him?"

"Only Mary Hewitt was here to-day with up in the North, and heard a good deal about him. He has been away travelling in America - shooting, I believe, - for the last two years. He has just come back. There seems to have been a quarrel between him and Mr. Dudley about Hilda, whom her father wanted him to marry, you know. She's an heiress and the two estates join. Edward Dudley went away because of it."

"It like old Dudley!" said Mr. Manisty bitterly. "I always thought he was a grasping fellow. His grandfather was a trader, man, and I suppose it's in the blood. The boy was well enough, rather weak perhaps: but I was fond of him. He behaved like an ass at last though — his father's fault too, I dare say".

Manisty observing that her husband was not in a particularly urbane state of mind, thought it well to change the conversation.

"Mr.

Mr. Seeker is going to become Lord Leicester", she remarked, a little inconsequently.

"Well, it's a good riddance, any way", answered Mr. Mainwaring. "He can do very well without him here".

"I hear of a large parish somewhere in the Black Country. The Admiralty are very anxious about the next presentation to the living at Leicester".

"But it's not in their hands", said the Rector. "But, they think they might bring some influence to bear on the Bishop". Mr. Admit asked me about Mr. Jones".

"Jones is a good creature enough", said Mr. Mainwaring, a little contemptuously, stamping his feet again so that he dusted much liberally over the carpet. "But the old Squire has an uncommonly hot tongue, you know, and if he talked much to Jones he can't talk when he is put out, the poor fellow would be frightened clean out of his wits. They want a stronger man than Jones at Leicester. Between ourselves, Susan, dear old Admit is a bit of a tyrant".

But Mrs. Mainwaring was fated on that evening, much against her will, to be the bearer of evil tidings. She moved away from the fire-place, and busied herself with putting some stray papers tidy on the side table.

"I did think I had been some very unpleasant gossip going about Leicester for some time", she said, without looking up. "I really hardly like to tell you, Gerald; but it

annoyed me extremely."

Really, — why what's the matter there?" asked Mr. Manisaring. He was getting rather impatient: he wanted to go and have his hot bath.

"It seems that some extraordinary report has got abroad ~~about Mr. Keeper and Elizabeth~~ through Mr. Keeper saying some thing about Elizabeth".

"Good gracious!" Mr. Manisaring exclaimed thoroughly roused now, and interested." What on earth can the man have to say about Elizabeth?".

"It may all be untrue, you know Gerald", answered Mrs. Manisaring, quickly." Mrs. Adwitt said it was only gossip. She only wanted to know whether we knew anything about it. There seems", she added, after a moment's pause," to be a general impression that Mr. Keeper is very much — well, in fact, that he is in love with Elizabeth".

"God help my soul!" cried the Rector." Why I'd as soon the child went and married a stake out of the hedge, as that hard, lanky, hungry-looking fellow. What a piece of intolerable impertinence for him to think of such a thing"! —

"But it 'may n't be true, Gerald" said Mrs. Manisaring quite alarmed at the suddenness with which he had raised.

"True!" answered the Rector, bitterly." Anything may be true now-a-days. All the old landmarks are going. Only I do say I should like much to see out of it all".

He

he felt again something of the distrust of the future, and contempt for the present, that had troubled him on his bodily ride home. At that moment it seemed to Mr. Mannering a most fortunate conclusion to the day's work that Mr. Leslie-Johnes had most highly disliked — shocked he even his nephew, and eventually slept in the Queen's Room at Claybrooke. The old order was changing, he felt, more every day; and he belonged to the old order. Mr. Mannering had an ~~growing~~ sense upon him sometimes that the world was walking right away from him, and that he was fighting badly — at moments, almost half heartedly — in a lost cause. The old-fashioned country gentleman, with his old kindly, rather unsophisticated system of things, was slowly giving way, he feared, before the new age of progress called people, culture, and art. ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

At the Rectory was tired, and stiff, and chilly, he could not meditate for very long spaces of time, under existing circumstances, upon the doubtfulness, even, of his own

no position in the general economy of things.
He turned to his wife after a moment
and asked more sadly than angrily —
"Has he seen her often, Susan?".
"Only twice, when she was here last year, I
think," answered Mrs. Mannering. She was
trying hard to remember exactly: but she
was a little confused and agitated first
by the vehemence and now by the sadness
of her husband's manner. She had an
accurate memory for small events: but
the meetings in question had taken place
more than a year before, and it was
slightly difficult to recall them accurately.
"He called here once — I think it was
only once — when you were away in
July
~~August~~ year; and has met him once at
the Admiltt's afterwards. There he talked
a good deal to Elizabeth".
"Well" said the Rector, who found this
piece of information decidedly reassuring.
"That does not amount to very much."
"You contradicted it also to Mrs. Admitt, I sup-
pose?".
"Yes?" replied very strongly" answered Mrs. Mann-
ering. "But you see, Gerald, for a long
while there was but one Elizabeth's
fulle confidence".
The Rector was always disposed to advance
pretty rapidly to the defence of his niece.
He could not believe; that she would
ever, herself, willingly, in any way, be help
work out an evil destiny for him.
"I know anything of Elizabeth, Susan" he said

said quickly. "She would never know that Mr. Seaford had made a considerable mistake if you spoke to her".

"I cannot pretend to say what Elizabeth might do," answered Mr. Mannisaning rather stiffly. She was new and was somewhat jealous of her husband's confidences in his niece. "I only know that this report is annoying, most annoying to me."

"Well" said the Rector, influenced by three considerations; first his hopeless ~~of~~ fighting against fate, however unpleasant ~~fate~~ that fate might be; secondly by the sense that she and her wife were beginning to tread on rather dangerous ground: and thirdly by a growing desire for his hot bath. "Well, it is a nuisance; but I dare say people will forget the whole thing in a few days. I dare say Mr Kdwick made the most of it — there, really and so still I must go. Don't vex yourself about it, Sarah, any more. I'll think it over, and we'll talk about it some other time. Oh! by the way" he added turning back for a moment just as he was going out of the study door, "can't we have dinner a quarter of an hour sooner?".

"L'opinion dit juge de tout. Elle fait la beauté, la justice et le bonheur, qui est le tout du monde".

Mrs. Frank Livingston was not naturally of a patient disposition; and when the progress of events was not altogether as rapid as she desired, she would as strong inducement to help it forwards with a private shove. She thoroughly enjoyed the exercise of personal power, which she was sensible of in their hurrying conclusion; and during her vigorous mind she generally found convincing arguments for proving that her interference was necessary and legitimate. It is a great temptation to women of a certain temperament to play freely with the cards of their own acquaintanceship, and to try to force the hands of destiny concerning them. By carefully ignoring their tricks they lose, and rather obtrusively counting up those they take, these good ladies contrive generally to create both in their own minds, and in the minds of the on-lookers, an impression of continuous and

and remarkable success.

Mr. Frank Sumner heard with the course of Elizabeth and Fred Thornton's friendship with sincere interest. It had supplied a certain element of refined excitement in her daily life, which she relished keenly. She had continually been aware of the situation, she expected it would develope: but, though Thornton occasionally seemed somewhat preoccupied, and though Elizabeth at times was restless and capricious, Mr. Frank had candidly to confess that the situation did not develope appreciably. She began to grow a little impatient; it seemed to her they must reach the end of friendship pretty well to the dregs; and she was convinced that in a friendship between a man and a woman, love is at the bottom of the cup, just as surely as Truth is at the bottom of the well. Mr. Frank wanted something to happen; she really quite yearned for a change of scene.

Sumner heard she finally acknowledged her own sense of ennui in face of the present state of things, that she must excellent reason for doing her best to alter that state of things began to crowd in upon her. For some time past, she had been conscious that Elizabeth's intimacy with Fred Thornton, had provoking a good deal of comment. People observed, rather pointedly upon

one fact, that whenever they called upon ~~Mr~~ Elizabeth Scrimser "that young Mr. Wharton was sure to be there". One or two people had asked Mrs. Frank Sprudy whether there was "anything in it"; about them she answered in as vague and airy manner, and just up with her eyes. Mrs. Frank with an appearance of slight surprise. One excellent and well-intentioned old lady who affected propriety as decidedly as she relished scandal, had insinuated so undisguisedly, that she considered the relationship a peculiar one, that Mrs. Frank felt a growing conviction, ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~daily~~ regardless of the absolute duty of visiting her alone.

Lily Scrimser had decided long ago that Elizabeth must marry again. She had gone further, and decided that she must marry Fred Wharton; she thought they would suit admirably, and be very happy together. Elizabeth's superfluous enthusiasm would be nicely moderated by Wharton's philosophic calm; while he would be stimulated to greater earnestness of purpose by his wife's strong and ardent sympathies. It was an charming arrangement undoubtedly; and there was just a spice of malice about the conception of it, which made it specially attractive to Fanny Scrimser's mind. She could not forgive Wharton's apparent indifference to Lizzie and marriage; his perfect immunity from all the daily cares and vexations which seem

seem to her the necessary results of the close relationship of two imperfect human creatures. She felt it would be wonderfully refreshing to reduce Emmie to the ordinary level; — to see him disarmed to the ear like the rest of us; to hear him crying out that the shoe pinched, now and then; to watch him hopping mildly about on the clipped wings, instead of flying gaily in their dear little, as formerly. She was sensible that Charlton clearly perceived the limitations and short-comings of her character, and thought she liked him very much, — in a way, - she could never forgive him his naked of insight. It is would be keenly & hilarating to get the better of him for once. She was just a little bit afraid of Elizabeth, — if the interests of the household were to be hastened, and the wheels of destiny to be forced, Fanny Sumner felt she dared not attempt to obtain their end by means of Elizabeth. If she was to administer as shove to the situation, it must be administered through Fred Charlton; yet, with all her audacity, she did not quite like to undertake this business single-handed. She would like, if possible, to be backed by her husband's approval. Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately — Frank Sumner hated diplomacy. He cultivated the very erroneous notion, — so it appeared to his wife — that every one really —

really knew his own business best. He strongly objected to interfering. He objected both to the trouble and to the responsibility of interfering: but, he had a deeper feeling, on the subject, as well, and one which Fanny Sinnett was perhaps, hardly capable of appreciating. He had a certain reverence for the mysterious individuality of each human being, which made it seem almost sacrilegious to him to attempt to arrange or modify the future in any way, for them. Francis Sinnett was not, what is generally understood by the terms "a religious minded man", — far from it: — but, he believed deeply in God and in awful providences which shapes the life of every man, and he feared to run counter to the purposes of that tremendous power, with any impertinent and short sighted plans and fancies of his own.

Mrs Sinnett's pretty little head was full of schemes for the silencing of adverse criticism, the subduing of Fred Thornton, and the settling of all difficulties regarding Elizabeth by means of this marriage, one evening when she and her husband were, — for a wonder — dining alone together. That afternoon she had been a good deal annoyed by the questions concerning her visits. Mrs Carew's relations with Thornton which had been put to her by several people. She had quite persuaded herself that

that the present state of things was could not be permitted to go on. She saw clearly that something really must be done: but, she wanted her husband's sanction for the doing of it, and she knew that, under the circumstances, it would be wiser to try to obtain his sanction by a little manage-: ment, than to ask for it openly.

The parlour-maid had just left the room, and Frank was refreshing himself with a peaceful cigarette before going upstairs. ~~He was standing on the middle of the hearthrug~~ He and his wife were sitting opposite to each other: but, there was a large flowering plant on the centre of the table, which acted as a pretty effectual screen between Fanny Sinclair, who, having a delicate mission to perform, regarded this as a not wholly unfortunate circum-: stance.

"I am rather worried about Elizabeth, Frank," she began quietly.

"Why?" he enquired. "I'm sure she was looking uncommonly well, when I saw her the day before yesterday."

"Oh, yes, perfectly well in health," answered Fanny Sinclair, drawing a little pattern slowly on the white table cloth, with the blade of her silver dessert-knife. "She's quite well: but, she is so moody and uncertain. I'm not sure-: I ought" she added after a moment — as Frank did not answer — looking up with a charming air of candour, which

was

ning to this misbehaving plant was unfortunately lost upon her husband. "I don't wonder at it the least, — any nice woman would be moody in her position. I never supposed she could exist for very long, merely on blue china and ideas".

"Now you'd let the children come down to dessert, Fanny" remarked Frank, rather complainingly. "I don't see them all day because I'm out, and them in the evening I'm always told they're in bed and asleep."

"Well, if you insist on dining at a quarter to eight, Frank", she answered with some decision, "you can't expect to have the children at dessert. Imagine how wretchedly fagged Nini would look if she sat up this hour. Next to a lot of money, a good complexion is the best fortune in the world for a girl. Nini's complexion shan't be spoilt for want of sleep, any way, I'm determined"

"It's a bore, all the same", said Frank, turning his chair side-ways so as to lean one elbow on the table, and stretching his legs out comfortably before him. This change of position on his part prevented the plant acting as effectually as a screen: but Fanny Skinner was not wanting in courage; nor was she easily turned from any purpose that she had set her mind on.

"Really almost with some tears" she said bending her head down, while she carefully elaborated

laborated the pattern on the table cloth. "I really do quite wish sometimes that Elizabeth would marry again".

Frank Sinner looked up quickly, with a touch of displeasure in his pleasant good-looking face.

"It is hardly two years since Robert died, Fanny" he said. "It would be rather soon, don't you think?"

"Oh! pray don't misjudge Miss second marriages", she said looking up too, and speaking quickly. "You know perfectly well, Frank, that I think them absolutely detestable — only allowed for the hardness of our hearts, you know. But then Elizabeth has got no children you see, and no near relations except ourselves, and those three were narrow minded, old Maiden aunts". She paused a moment, and then added with a certain (forced) amount of unwillingness, which was very becoming: "And Elizabeth is rather peculiar, too; she is not quite careful enough; she makes people talk about her. Really, you know Frank, your friend Mr. Wharton is always there; — and of course people can't help observing it".

Frank Sinner was silent. The conversation was strongly distasteful to him. He felt a little irritated with his charming wife; and yet, in fairness he had to admit that there might be a good deal of truth in what she said.

Fanny Sinner added a few nigeneric flourishes to the pattern on the table-cloth. She wanted

auto as her hand ~~was~~ remained to Lance Tinie to seek well down into her husband's mind.

"Do you want Fred to marry her Tinie"? asked Frank, rather sharply at last. He did not look somehow, as if the idea pleased him at all.

"I don't know", she answered with an delicate ~~little~~ shrug of her shoulders. "It would suit him well enough I suppose. Mr. Wharton to marry any body, you know. He likes to drift. He hates taking steps — supposing to Elizabeth would be taking a great step, I fancy. But, all the same, his having there so much is annoying. It leads to such all sorts of misconceptions. It really is rather compromising for Elizabeth you know".

Lawrence said the last few words with a delightful little air of sorrowful conviction.

~~[illegible]~~

"This is very unpleasant, Frank thought: if it really is true. Wharton had been a great deal at Elizabeth's lately, he knew. Therefore he was afraid it might be true. Frank Lawrence disliked unpleasant things immensely, he always tried to avoid any lengthened discussion of them. He got up hastily, knocking the long ash of his cigarette on to the carpet. — This caused Fanny Lawrence an instant of acute misery: but she dominated her domestic sensations with heroic fortitude. The carpet must be sacrificed, she felt, to the ~~[illegible]~~ situation.

"9f

if it's really compromising, ~~surely~~ one ought to tell him so," Frank said.

"Do you mean that, really, Frank?" ~~said~~ she addressed his wife, getting up too, and letting the handle of her dessert knife fall with a gentle thud upon the table-cloth.

"Oh! I don't know," he answered testily. "For goodness sake, Fanny, let us let the subject alone, and go upstairs".

Fanny Skinner was absolutely charming during the rest of the evening. Her husband thought she was prettily repentant for having introduced unpleasant subjects of conversation after dinner; and found it delightful that she should have such tender consciences, where his comfort was concerned. One really has a great respect for the serpent sometimes: she must have been wonderfully subtle to have beguiled Eve; or else the first woman must have ~~various~~ curious ~~experiences~~ keen ~~secrets~~ secrets to have ~~learned~~ learned ~~so much~~ so quickly from her daughters of the last few centuries!.. Frank Skinner beautifully unaware of his wife's mistortunes. Fanny Skinner was radiant, for there was a clear path before her.

Fortune is said to favour the brave. For once certainly in this case favoured Mr. Frank Skinner. In the usual course of events she did not often find herself alone with Mr. Thornton: but it so happened that within a week after the above conversation with her husband, she had an admirable opportunity for administering just that little whisper to the forward movement

events that she had so earnestly coveted.
She called one after noon at her sister-in-
law's, wishing to make some arrangement
regarding the entertaining of one or
two mutual friends: — Martha in answer
to her enquiries, announced that Elizabeth
was not at home; she would not be
in for half an hour or so. But, Martha
added, that Mr. Wharton was also anxious
to see her visitor, and that he was awaiting
her return upstairs. Here then was Fanny
Sumner's opportunity, all the circumstances
perfectly arranged, the path smoothed
for her, indeed — supposing Elizabeth did not
return sooner than she was apparently
expected to — the most admirable occasion
for her to speak her sisterly fears to Frede
Wharton. Fanny Sumner, of course, was
glad; and yet she could not disguise from
herself that she felt a little nervous. However
after a moment's hesitation, she concluded that
she could never respect herself again, if she
gave way to vague alarms, and
retired from the performance of this her
serious — duty. She would go upstairs
and wait for Elizabeth's return.
"Thank you very much: you need not trouble to
come up with me", she said graciously
to Martha. Then she walked quietly upstairs and
went unannounced into the drawing-
-room.
Frede Wharton was perusing the Times, during
which he waited for his fair hostess, by
pacing. The piano had been placed in the

the back drawing-room, and so was in a position, which ~~which~~ ~~which~~ ~~which~~

and wilds desires for some pain and unknown good. Fanny Lennox had a steadfast head: but, she continued never to lose it, consequently she just sat still and matured her little pleasure, quite as free indifference to her surroundings.

Suddenly Thaxton left off abruptly in the middle of an ~~exact~~ tempestuous passage, and after playing a few chords ~~softly~~ softly, fell to humming the melody duly sung. That had so overset Elizabeth the first time she heard it. He sang the words of the last verse still with a certain quiet ~~despair~~ suggestion of regret and unrest that almost startled Mr. Brooke. ~~He was beginning to be afraid Elizabeth would come back before the end of the~~ She had not a very delicate sense of humour: but, nevertheless there was a touch of self-revelation in the way Thaxton was singing, which seemed to her clearly not intended for unsympathetic ears. It made her uncomfortable, she did not like to listen any longer; too she began to be afraid that Elizabeth might come back and that her opportunity would be lost. She managed to get up with a great rustling of skirts, half overset her chair, and drew it hastily from actually falling, with a rapid movement, and sharp little exclamation, which effectually attracted Thaxton's attention.

He turned round quickly expecting to see Elizabeth; and his face did not take any other pleasant expression when he

perceived. Was it really war that had interrupted him.

"Mr. my dear Mr. Wharton, forgive me!" cried Mrs. Frank, coming towards him, with an outstretched hands, and one of her peculiarly brilliant smiles. "Dame so accustomed to running in and out of this house, without any parade of servants announcing (me) my presence, that I came in quietly just now, and I'm afraid I have taken you by surprise. I really could not interrupt you at first, you were playing so deliciously. That last one I don't really felt over. Mr." she added, advancing towards the piano, "what lovely flowers". The top of the piano bore a great bunch of white roses, and the pharantis, and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Frank put out her hand, picked up the bouquet, and almost buried her pretty little face among the clustering blossoms.

"Mr. how perfectly delicious they are", she said. "Has they destined for my fortunate rival - in - law?"..

Mrs. Sinnet is very fond of white flowers", said Wharton rather coldly. He had an uncomfortable sense of being at a disadvantage somehow. He had been feeling just as little excited, and just because he so very seldom felt really excited, he had no difficulty in hearing these heights, getting his social answer on again, and meeting Mrs. Frank with her own weapons or sharp and yet as dainty as her own, in the battle-field of every

very day, life. He had an absurd presentiment that something unpleasant was impending; and that he would not find himself equal to the occasion.

"Mr. Frank, smelling the flowers again. "Have you any ideas, Mr. Wharton, where Elizabeth will be in"? she added.

"She will be in, in time for tea, I suppose", answered Wharton. He was rather offended with Mr. Frank Leiner; and there was something uncomfortable to his thinking, in the way she seemed to take for granted that he knew all about Elizabeth's movements.

"It won't be just yet", said Mr. Frank; "then she added, looking up at him with an air of admirable candour, — "I am very glad we have met here, Mr. Wharton, for I really wanted to see you very much".

Wharton did not feel inclined to make a pretty speech, so he merely bowed his acknowledgments of his companion's compliment. A silent bow, you see person, one knows very well, is hardly an encouraging thing. But, Mr. Frank was apparently, by no means, abashed.

"It may sound very strange", she continued; "but I wanted to say something to you about my sister-in-law. It may seem unusual; but, then you know her so very well. I think you will understand my motive".

Wharton was standing near the piano, with his back

; the window; Mrs. Franks stood opposite to him with the light falling full upon her. Somehow he mistrusted the expression of her quiet unmoved little face: and he disliked her calm apparent confidence of his service. She held Edwin's letter so carelessly in her hands while she talked to him. Charles could scarcely believe his own ears. That she would seek future favour, and that she would ~~never~~ ever give Eliza to Elizabeth at all. ~~was~~ was as bare. Mrs. Franks ~~seemed~~ began arranging her bonnet-strings with one hand. This occasioned her to turn her head a little one side, so that she no longer looked her companion fully in the face.

The visit to Mr. Lowe's institution is made to resemble one, she went on, after a minute or two. "She is so young, and so unusually handsome; and of course, Grace does observe her as good deal, and talks about her. Perhaps with too much observant ~~thing~~ about even me: and, of course, she doesn't ~~exclaim~~. Charles do wish sometimes Mr. Lowton knew, that Elizabeth would be just as ~~little~~ ~~one~~ could be and conventional".

Charles heard not the smaller details to the end. Elizabeth alone.

Mrs. Sumner is perfectly capable of taking care of her own reputation, Edwin might interpose, his voice rather hoarsely.

"Oh, Miss Franks you're mistaken" murmured Mrs. Franks quickly; and Miss Lowton was sure to be extremely straightforward and ~~serious~~ in her manner as she spoke, that Charles felt un-

iderable influence towards her. It is strikingly cold-hearted worldly-minded creatures like these that are helpful and valuable to us in the circumstances of their own existence. Elizabeth really is too quick and clever and noble-minded to think of anything else with any absurdity, whereas these others are. She is too innocent; and the consequences is, that she bends herself in all manner of bitterness. The best ideas one knows about life and human ideas are always fatal. — The world seems to me addicted to the trivial little fact of human beings, and looking straight in front of her obstacles; — the world seems to me to be divided into clever people and people without brains, — and the latter have to help the former in finding their way out of their difficulties. I need not say I belong to the stupid sections, — and she looked up at Charles suddenly, I am absolutely one more about me in town just now".

"Really, — indeed", said Charles coldly, who? Frank Churchill said with the slightest possible increase of colour. She was going to draw her highest card, and it made her feel a little nervous; she was afraid of appearing too interested or attached. Charles, who was watching her carefully. She knew that with some men, that she was about to say, would have exactly the contrary effect to that which she intended to produce: but, she turned to an almost anxious glance of humour which she had observed once or twice in Charles. The world seems to me to be just

=

a little of his self respect.

"Hilda Ede" was all she said, and then in a lower agonized tone "Oh! I shall have to see him! It is dreadful. I shall despise myself. I am terribly humble." Hilda and Charles knew well her proud ways: "but I must consider Elizabeth now first". She paused, — it really was an odious thing to say; She wondered what Charles would do? — she wondered what Frank would think? — fortunately he would not hear of it — Charles would be very certain not to mention it!

"It hurts of fact. Then you come here too often, Mr. Charles," she said.

There are moments when it is quite impossible to maintain an appearance of philosophic calm. Charles was pretty well master of himself on most occasions; but, just now he could not manage to conceal his feelings. He flushed violently, and that added most materially to his sense of anger and wretchedness.

"Frank" Lorimer did not quite know how to speak

"er —" she said quickly, looking at him with an air of recovering distraction, and pushing out her hands, — flowers and all — with a charmingly appealing gesture. "It is a horrible thing to say to you. She can never forgive me. She is outraged in your person, Charles, and entirely disgusted with me. — But, you know, other people will talk, and there is no one to help you but me. Speaking is forced upon me, — I really cannot help myself".

"This is extreme painful," said Charles. "I am

"It was something that I should have caused you any annoyance, or in any way, — really it is too unpleasant", he added angrily, turning away.

"Pray, pray remember," cried Mrs. Franks hastily, coming a step nearer to him, and speaking imploringly: "Pray remember that Elizabeth knows nothing of all this, — is absolutely ignorant of it! She positively knows nothing of it."

Dalton stood looking down. Perhaps he had never felt so thoroughly uncomfortable in all his life before. The world seem to him delicate experimentation and philosophic experiments as he supposed, and the world at large was accusing him of ordinary stupidity or indiscretion. The position seemed intolerably vulgar to him. He felt engaged with Fanny Skinner, engaged with the whole universe. He had got entangled — yes, that was what people were saying — with Mrs. Skinner. He could trace this way, that and the other person talked over him and laughed, as they each added their little quota of gossip to the heap. And he had always kept himself so free of that sort of thing. Oh! it really was too odious! Heaven and earth! what a fool he had been, and what a wretchedly commonplace escape he had got himself into! —

At then Elizabeth comes in from her walk. Mrs. Franks and Dalton hear the front door, and come [illegible] and quickly

the stairs. They stood together in the shady back drawing-room, with its soft dusky colours and daintily furnitures. Feeling like two conspirators [illegible] suddenly discovered conspiracy.

Elizabeth certainly looked very handsome as she came into the room. She still wore nothing but black: but within the last few months the hand taken to dressing as a rather superb manner. This afternoon she had been paying some visits and was (arrayed) in a gown of some rich material banded with shimmering jet trimmings, which glanced and glittered as she moved. Her mantle — fitting tightly over the shoulders and showing the line of the bust, — was decked with gray fur. She had on a little fluffy black bonnet. Tucked under the chin was a large white feather, which had been Fanny Dorrien's as much as Elizabeth's. Ever since the first time she saw it. Perhaps Elizabeth's style of dress was more suitable to a woman of forty than to a girl of barely four-and-twenty: but it had the effect of making her look [illegible] and not older than

real age..
Mr. Franks had no gift for receiving rebuke mis-
: prefers; she glanced up at her sister-mis-
. band as she entered the room, and said to
herself
Certainly Elizabeth is wonderfully distinguished
looking".
Beatrice glanced up at her too. She was
sensible of a sharp feeling of longing and
regret. He was not at all under the influence
that he was. What is technically called
"in love" with Elizabeth Skinner, she
was utterly uncertain about the future: but,
she knew that their pleasant friendship was
at an end, any way. Mr. Franks had given
it its coup de grâce. Nothing, absolutely
nothing, could ever put things back again
on their old easy footing again.
Beatrice had nothing to say, she stood silent,
feeling contemptibly wretched. Mr. Franks
Fanny Skinner was the first to regain her
presence of mind, and moved forwards to
meet her sister-in-law with a rather more
than ordinarily brilliant smile.
Elizabeth, quite unconscious of all the hot agony
of her heart — took Fanny Skinner's hand, and
as Beatrice turning to Beatrice said, cordially —
How nice of you both to wait for me. What
delicious flowers, Fanny; where did you
get them? — Oh, you've been "Fanny-ing"
added turning again to Beatrice; "have you
brought that thing of Schumann's for
me?" — Come with the other room
and let us have some tea, and then we

wait [illegible]. it to me. I really want to speak:
: ment. I have seen you in such a
[illegible] of this since visit.
Elizabeth began unfastening her mantle
as she spoke. Her head shone lustrous
sweet, and gracious in her [illegible] shimmering
hair.
"I'm afraid I can't stay this evening" said
Charlton Hastile, and — he knew it only
too well — awkwardly, without looking
at her.
Elizabeth opened her eyes rather
wide with surprise, and stood [illegible] still,
[illegible] looking [illegible]
[illegible] her head and [illegible]
[illegible] by something strange in Charlton's manner;
it was so unlike him to refuse to do any-
thing that she asked him to.
"You'll really [illegible] have gone before" said
he again; then added [illegible]
vindictively; "I should have gone before,
but, [illegible] that
I have been so enchanted with Mr. Frank
Farmer's delightful conversation".
Mary Farmer winced a little; this was the
first resentment was going to take them! —
"I'm afraid I must go", said Charlton looking at
Elizabeth [illegible] almost [illegible]
"very strange" she said, with a reddened cheek
& chill and discomfort. "You have waited
for me till now, and then" decided "even
if you have to go away, in this strange [illegible] fashion"
Elizabeth went on unfastening her mantle —

Mary

"You don't let us detain you", she said rather stiffly.

"You can't think how sorry I am to part", said Charles insincerely and rather incoherently. But he spoke no further explanation, and Elizabeth shook his hand coldly. She was a little annoyed. She could not understand it all.

Fanny Sinimer had turned away, and was hiding her face with some flowers she was arranging. She was in a small fever of irritation. Charles seemed to her to be behaving with a wretched want of presence of mind. What would she think of us all? Had, she, after all, made a great mistake?

"I was so sorry", Fanny Sinimer heard Charles shut the door, and then Elizabeth flung down her coat, with its little ruffles of silk and clasp of beads, she turned round.

"What is the matter with you, Fanny"? said Elizabeth sharply; she looked disturbed and bewildered.

"My dear, forgive me I was mad, and sad and jealous like she isn't so, or" answered Mrs. Frank, coming forward and throwing her shoulders with a touch of irritation. "Pray don't require reasons from me for the strange doings of the young men of our acquaintance, for I am myself quite incapable, as a rule of discovering any. They were so many and utterly miserable in my humble opinion!".

Mr Skinner certainly felt better, when she had disbursed herself of her little attacks on mankind in general. The circumstance in which not allow of many remarks on any individual. There is always as distinct degrees of comfort to be derived from throwing as few stones at the whole race. Mrs Skinner indeed knew in her heart to mix a real dislike with Charlotte, at the moment: but, as there are prejudices against such practical expressions of personal feeling in the present day, she reproached herself with a little abuse of all her sex. Then she looked up quite serenely at Elizabeth and said: — "Mr Evans, I believe has brought these flowers for you, Elizabeth. I think they were talking: and then either I forgot to give them back to him, or he forgot to ask for them. Any way here they are".

Elizabeth looked at the flowers for a moment, as Mr. Franks held them out to her. "I think you had better keep them", she said. "They seem to belong to you, more than to me. And they are really too sweet, they make the room quite fragrant. No, I don't want them", she added.

And Charlotte was in a very unenviable state of mind, as she left Mrs Skinner's house, and walked slowly towards Chelsea. It was a conviction that some of the pleasantest days of her life were over for ever. She regretted Mr Franks; he was decidedly agreeable in the present; and his visits to

future. It was a miserable predicament for a young man, who had been wont to pride himself on his perfect security of mind, and on the delightful security of his position, to find himself in.

Walter meditated upon the situation all that evening: but, look at it which way he might, there seemed to be no light in the path. On every side he seemed beset with dangers and difficulties. He felt he could not meet Elizabeth again until he knew his own mind and had decided on some distinct plan of action. On the other hand it was almost impossible to remain in London without meeting her. And she, at least, had not done him any wrong; how could he neglect and avoid her without giving the slightest reason for his conduct? Finally, he decided on the safe, but unheroic course of running away. He felt he must ~~gain~~ time to think the matter calmly out; he entirely refused to be hurried towards any premature conclusion. So next morning he telegraphed to all bachelor friends in Essex, — and he had a delightful house, and a delightful habit of letting his guests do very much what they pleased, without making any strenuous efforts to entertain them. Then he telegraphed to the convenient individuals, saying that he was out of town and "wanted a rest"; and as soon as possible to the effect that he would be entirely welcome, he left off without further delay.

Walter

Carter had cherished a sort of hope, that access was from London, and now the observant eyes of her friends read no answering tenderness. She doubted his due difficulties melt away. She had a sort of hope that the windy Marches would alter, the great fetters of hunt-dead drop, with that delicate strip of silver sea on the northern horizon, would act as a moral tonic upon him, and inspire him with clear and distinct desires and resolutions. But she was disappointed. Nature seemed curiously indifferent to the perturbations and distresses of this pleasant virtuous gentleman, with his philosophic and acquiescent temperament. His questionings and uncertainties, and dismay by furnished rooms down in Chelsea. The hard-altogether too busy with those stormy and mysterious processes of birth, and growth, and failure, and death and decay to waste one spare thought on the real but private sufferings of individuals. She is no respecter of persons, indeed; and seems to care no more tenderly for the needs of the most cultivated Saturday of her human children, than for the crash and daisies they thoughtlessly crush under their feet.

Edward Charteris looked at this position with very unnecessary seriousness: but, for he had always been so elegant in watching other people, that he had, so far, been very little in his own account. [illegible] [illegible] found

uke Lord said he wanted to [illegible]. He
he doubly wanted Lucia forced by outside
opinion to take them. If only things had
been left alone. Edward thought they
would have arranged them. But, to propose
to Elizabeth Lavinia because certain busy-
bodies chose to say that he ought to do
so, seemed utterly monstrous to him.
All his old objections to marrying came upon him
with ever-increasing force. He liked Elizabeth
Lavinia immensely; liked her, he would be
miserable, besides as he had ever liked
before: but there he liked so many other
things as well, his friends, his freedom.
He only wished Elizabeth either rather
more or rather less; it seemed to him he
should know better what to do. As it was
he turned the matter this way and that,
over and over again, and found himself
as far from a decision as ever.
Lucia's very mental acuteness made him
cowardly and uncertain. The possible
results of every given course of action fairly
frightened him. He had no instinct to
fall back upon; it was all a weighing
and balancing and measuring
of probabilities and possibilities, and
desirabilities, without any strong and
compelling current of feeling to draw or
drive him in any particular direction.
His mental compass seemed somehow to be
de-polarized; the needle no longer swung
true. He wanted to recommend to do what
was right and honourable: but he was

him he could not see exactly which course right and honour commanded him to adopt. A simpler minded man, like Mr. Mavis would be, or in a lesser degree - like Frank Sinclair, would have asked himself merely one or two straightforward questions and abided by the result. Had he really committed the worst deed. Frank would have asked himself. And if so what must he do? — Destiny gives her own opportunity of refusing him, to put the matter in its broadest form. And if she accepted him? — well, after all, whether he wanted to marry or not, character would have provided him with an charming wife; he must be thankful and put his predilection for celibacy in his pocket. But the situation could not stop where. The matter is in this direct way. He loved to speak, but in his sense of distinct light and shade, in his observation of local colour. He objected to talking about right and wrong; right and wrong in his meaning were subdivided and blended by a thousand side-lights and accidents of position, which made it impossible fairly to discuss angles them. He was so anxious to see & sum up how every point of view. That he spent all his time in revolving round and round her, changing his mental standing-ground continually; until - like a practical man - he shuddered at the nearest point of his thoughts and walking on it that determinedly. But still this

the records of English society and biography
persons, Wharton, having for a moment
lost his mental balance, was displaced
entirely the mistaken relative values
of things, and while he was engaged
in assiduously straining at a gnat, ran
great risk of swallowing a whole caravan
of camels.

Whilst all these fleeting, fitful hungered
and absurd, but haunting visions, that in
marrying Elizabeth, he would be sporting a
great artistic effect. He did not like to think
of her setting down, and assuming the role of
an ordinary respectable and commonplace
matron. It seemed to him that she would
lose a great deal of her charm under
these circumstances. He had accepted Mr.
Frank's notion concerning Elizabeth, as I am
already seen mentioned. She had been waiting
and looking out, for so long a time, for some
dramatic denouement, and he could not
help feeling that Elizabeth would be
somewhat of a fraud if this denouement
did not come. It. She seemed to be in
out for some thrilling and perhaps tragic
situation. and it, thought it would suit me,
to be the hero. To marry Elizabeth, there is
this usual dead level of commonplace. On
the other hand, there would be some fine
rattling dis'tractions about [illegible]
wife. She might develop eccentricities
and [illegible] and various [illegible]. It seemed
to Wharton a little like undertaking a
Jack-in-the-box with an uncertain temper

...ould not disagree with "to pursue the ...conducive to domestic peace and security."

...ere" and a dozen more perplexing thoughts ...secured to Beatrice as she wandered about ...over the dirt and rubbish of the church ...drawn, in the direction of the Marble Altar.

It was there nearly three weeks had ...passed away. Her struggles to be aware that ...had existed and that Mr. Merick were ...rapidly becoming intolerable burdens. The ...state of things could not go on for ever. The ...friends - as are the rest of mankind ...and Beatrice was sensible that she was ...quite as little in the way. The boys, ...Dennis refused to lead him, her determined ...to fall back on what Mr. Merick ...call "chance" and dear Miss Cathie "Providence". ...She would go back to London. Whatever ...might ensue unlooked for contingency, - perhaps ...the mere sight of St. Elizabeth might make ...the way clear. Beatrice did not wish to ...leave the goods as security for her passage, but ...herself, and she felt that she might even ...have continued that uncertainty, [illegible] ...element of absurdity in the [illegible] ...[illegible] ...drawing engagements that he ...could no longer neglect. She must hope that ...some thing would "turn up".

...rooms over-looking the river presented a ...very miserable appearance to him, after ...the chilly desolate country through which he ...had endeavoured to carry his ...spirits more. Something certainly, he thought,

odds turned up, to help him out of his difficulties.
Presumable certain events had been
taking place in London which had
considerably changed the aspect of affairs.

were comes a moment in the history of the
life of each of the Saints, when Victory,
battle at all other points making one last
and desperate assault upon the soul through
the medium of the senses. St. Anthony could
not escape from this trial, nor the
burning solitude of the Egyptian desert,
nor St. Francis amid the shattered heights
of the Alpine snows, nor St. Benedict amid
the cruel rocks and briars. — Nor could,
how Mr. Keeper escape it either. He
had a pitchfork complexion and a pious
black beard; and though he lived in
this enlightened nineteenth century, when, as
we know the sea of faith is not longer at
the full, and we only listen, — some sadly
and some gladly — to its melancholy long
withdrawing roar, retreating down the vast
edges, and "naked shingles of the world."
Without asserting that Mr. Keeper at this —or
any other — stage of his career — deserved the
high honour of canonization, we may at least
say that, having taken no small part in the

form himself upon the Tudor models. He had a perfect right to suffer all the effects of the Tudor temperature. It may be ordained, that the natural man dies very hard in each one of us: — he was not fortunate, for it did not always seem so, that the natural man had not always been steeped with a considerable amount of vitality. There is no saying in how many more wonderful vagaries the human race might not have abounded, or how much further we might not have wandered from our present mother Nature, and from the primitive foundations of humanity.

Into the cedar and mahogany that had panelled Queen Elizabeth's Drawing Room at Canonbrooke, Mr. Keeper had in no manner resented the Stuarts. The stately, grey-eyed, grave Lady, with the Queen — from a many points of view — a most convenient appeared to desirable. His Lordship's mind was of a very tenacious order. When he had once conceived an idea, it was quite sure eventually to influence his actions. His sense was practical and practical man. For he was not a poetical mind, no flights of fancy and quaint fantasies came floating and flitting, like shadows with white clouds in a summer sky, producing delicious effects of light and shade; but a certain [illegible] characteristic strength upon the steady ground below, in the positive, and often inconvenient, form of rain. — From the [illegible] and some ancient [illegible] which [illegible]

a constant struggle to communicate to her somewhat ascetic & bitter clergy, as much of her own richer, abundant & tender nature, Mr. Sleeper was often visited by thoughts of Elizabeth. His state of mind may be regarded from two points of view during this period. — In fact he was quite sensible himself, and to some extent, it troubled him. The social and material advantages, which a marriage with Elizabeth offered him seemed to him more and more out of sight; while the attractive power of her beauty, and of the charm of her manner waxed stronger and stronger. Memory planted strange tickles upon Mr. Sleeper. Little delicate flowers began to blossom in the valley neglected and arid heart. He knew this and it irritated him. Should he say that he was being tempted to fall away from the great work that he had just begun to minister, — was he indeed disposed to desert the Cause for love of one of the fairer daughters of men? — Or was it merely the more gentle and human side of his character, long hidden under layers of ecclesiastical and social theory, towards the gracious sunlight? — Mr. Sleeper could not tell: but he knew that, for some strange reason, he would be glad to be in the world & be certain that he contemplated marriage in cold blood, — that he wished to marry for the sake of the Cause rather than for the sake of the woman! —

Mr. Sleeper

(He)
was as devout man; the interest that
all his life was ordered by him. He depended
very much on the teaching of circumstances,—
not perceiving that circumstances, in the
case of a strong nature, were a current tending
to lead in the direction in which
that nature desired to go. Mr. Lecker determined
to wait; to guide the matter thus. He said
not say — as Braxton could have done,
in a somewhat analogous case — that
sometime would turn up" he felt that
if it was to be the way would be made
clear by Providence as higher power. So month after
month had passed, till at last, quite
unexpectedly, Mr. Lecker was offered a large house in the
crowded manufacturing district where lay
the work of . there. It was to him
the work he had chosen at the offer simply
because it removed him from the field of
action, but had him into a prominent position
and gave him an opportunity of testing
many of those theories. Which he had so ardently
cherished. How another thought influenced
him. — He had waited patiently; the
might be the hand of leading Providence
Science. He would have sure to offer
Elizabeth; her money and position would be
sure then even desirable in him.
Respect of wider influences and
all. Position is a great good might, the
immediate of a bride with Duke to Simple
Mr. Mar. alas. Mr. Lecker's eye was on no
longer single. He drew to the idea of
and

, de ; elt her ' elit ' ilter against ' uniself . ' Was it
possible ' that , like ' the church of Laodicea ,
' he ' had left ' his first ' love ? .
' the ' news of ' Mr. ' Leeper ' s ' preferment
' got abroad , how ' Mrs. ' Harbage ' naturally
made a ' last ' and desperate attempt to
secure her eldest daughter ' s future . ' Mr.
' Harbage ' like ' Curtius ' of ' old , was ' compelled
' to leap in ' to ' the gulf , ' and ' said out clearly
' what ' were ' his ' sister ' s clergyman '
' state ' of ' mind and ' intentions . ' Unfortunately
' Mr. ' Harbage ' s ' self-sacrifice was not crowned
with ' same ' success as ' the ancient ' Romans .
' Mr. ' Leeper ' situated ' that ' such ' a ' affections
as he was ' mirthfully ' sensible ' of ' professing ,
were ' altogether ' engaged ' elsewhere ' ; ' and
' the ' gulf ' yawned ' deeper ' and ' wider ' than
ever ' between ' the ' eldest ' Miss ' Harbage ' and
matrimony . ' Such ' is ' that ' vindictive ' instinct
which ' so ' often ' animates ' the ' heart ' of ' an
affectionate ' mother , ' when ' one ' of ' her
children ' appears ' to ' be ' slighted , ' Mrs. ' Harbage
immediately ' did ' her ' best ' to ' discover
who ' was ' committing ' the ' unpardonable
atrocity ' of ' engrossing ' Mr. ' Leeper ' s ' affections .
' The ' workings ' of ' former ' disappointments ' naturally
beset ' her ; ' and ' she ' soon ' became ' involved
' darkly ' settled ' on ' Elizabeth ' Skinner ' as ' the
culprit - ' Mr. ' Harbage ' loved ' to ' purchase
' it ' for ' her ' own ' wife . - ' At ' last , ' the ' sun ' of
' Mrs ' which ' might ' in ' some ' measure
' be ' supposed ' to ' produce ' these ' vapours ' set . ' And
so ' the ' rumour ' concerning ' Mr.
Leeper ' and ' Mr. ' Skinner ' was ' set ' about ' which

inevitable — as we have already seen — reached Carnforth Station, and caused a very distinct murmur of admiration to its inmates.

Keeler could not actually contradict the rumour: nay, he was disposed to accept it as a part of the expected reading. He determined that as soon as all the necessary formalities concerning the leaving of his old parish and taking possession of his new one, had been accomplished, he would go up to London and see the young lady whose image, for the last twelve months, had haunted him so constantly. But various circumstances prevented him from fulfilling this notion, first he was intending eventually to live with Mrs Abbott, Mr Keeler became absolutely anxious to see her as soon as possible. It was not without one or two struggles that he decided to postpone his visit, till all pecuniary matters connected with his new position should be settled. For Mr Keeler had been accustomed to obey his own commands unhesitatingly for a good number of years: but, now his inclination seemed bodily disposed to rebel against him with. He was sensible of the rebellion, and it made him view himself with suspicion towards himself. Men of his nature seem almost to buy the right of having one weak point towards which, otherwise, they are so impervious with Providence. Mr Keeler did not leave his neighbour with altar, Australian favour: embarrassment but, at times, he

while he waited quietly — while he thought
of the approaching time to it.

He was on at once towards the end
of March. Mr. Lester found himself at
last waiting on Mr. Latimer's doorstep; — on
a fine warm, evervating day: when spring
seems to come upon us suddenly; — deceptive
days intriguing savour of sanguine distributed
by their side-cast and relieved that
winter is altogether hard-hearted to others,
in our uncertain climate. In a neighbouring
for the hospital, in the shade of a
Plane tree. Lawson, [illegible], was
out and she in all the bravery air of
shoes. Mr. Lester was left discovering them
usual. She was dear, tender, rich as
little Amy. He was rather nervous too, and
was aware that he was not in his quickly
the night state, either of mind or of body, for
a great undertaking. He had not decided
what he meant to say to Elizabeth Latimer;
he hoped again that circumstances would
have the way for him. He was glad it was
late, with the exhibits of a fine male
language over them, and Mr. Lester felt rather
uncomfortable at this moment, it must be
owned.

Latimer was at dinner, — so Martha told him.
That excellent woman was evidently
pleased at his advent. He was pleased to hear
the voices from the dining-room, and
even thought the cook of it was not bad.
Very dear at four shillings. Then,
conducted Mr. Lester upstairs, with as considerable

ox of natural action and naught that was to be ex-
pected. Everyone was engaged just then, it would
be in the Christmas.

But he remembered that Mr. Lester had been
living quite in as particular entitlement
had of. The country for some years, and had
by no means kept pace with the times in the
matter of house decoration. The entrance
and the appearance of Mr. Lester's drawing-
room struck [illegible] rather forcibly. The rich,
warm colour of the carpet and hangings,
the disarrangement of the walnut-
holder, the quantity of costly furniture,
the dusky hues even of the decorations, the
profusion of heavy curtains, all these
impressed one at once and together as a little
[illegible]. The room was filled too, with the
subtle, sweetness of a costly
flame coloured azaleas in full blossom
standing in large pots in the windows. There
was a sense of luxury, of [illegible]
much meaning, in all this rich subdued
colour, in the multitudes of flowers and
heavy curtains. He had an [illegible] sense of the
beauty of it all: but, it was overpowering
him, in a way. He almost recoiled from it!
Mr. Lester was quite evidently, this afternoon.
He was acutely affected. His nerves seemed
to have a little dangerous and even more
than usual tendency to the morbid and mystical. Was
this the result of suicide. He looked
as he had exceed. He lifted the decanter with
trembling and as he looked round. Mr.
Lester's drawing-room with its luxurious

Suggestion

[illegible] and sweet [illegible] smiled [illegible] at us, there [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ade of colour, which his artistic nerves were
want to see in the result of a want of good
lwer's soap and water. There was the triangle,
the white adoration of cleanliness would
ve in the room of so pearly white a cotton
Sheets. Elizabeth's own hair was twisted
low down at the back of her head, and
curled as little about her forehead, leaving
certain cleft visible on her face. Her
appearance [illegible] with which Mr Seeker was already
familiar. She was certainly very beautiful. He
envied and yet almost regretted it.
Mrs Triangle came in the evening of it, occupied
really but a few seconds of time. Elizabeth
[illegible] greeted her guest very graciously, while her
hand hovered as if distractedly over
the [illegible] appearance of her face.
did not know how were in London" Mr Seeker
she said, withdrawing the hand out her
hands to him.
have come up on business" he answered, [illegible]
Birkbeck "My dear is not likely to be a
protracted one".
then it is all the more kind of you to take
the trouble of coming to see me" said
Elizabeth.
Seeker looked at her rather anxiously. It
struck Elizabeth that there was an old-
fashioned, staid suggestion of reproach
in his face and manner. It was
a little uncomfortable. But whatever it meant
or was, — she had not seen him for so long

there

ies, and meanwhile she had been living among
people who were quite the reverse of wisteria.
Mr. Leeper's visit was as matter of
secondary importance to Elizabeth. Her thoughts
were much more occupied with the fact
that she had made a disagreeable discovery
regarding her banker's book, and with the
fact that nothing had been heard of poor
Mr. Fred Martin since the day on which
he had so abruptly left her.

~~Mr. Leeper made himself comfortable in her room~~

"Oh! I'm glad it's down", she said, settling herself
as she spoke, in a low chair by the fire-place.
~~Mr. Leeper sat himself down in the chair~~.
"and I'm quite glad you answered
Mr. Leeper with unreciprocal discretion.
Elizabeth felt a little bit bored. She leant back
lazily in her chair, crossed her knees
one over the other, and holding up one
hand to shield her face from the warmth
of the fire. Mr. Leeper could not
help observing the graceful curves of her
figure, and the pretty turn of her head as it
rested against the dull blue chair cover -
He did not want to remark these things;
but there were the things for him, and he could
not help it.

"Nothing everything is going on much as
usual at Bowood" said Elizabeth "only
that the nurse is quite ~~some~~ subject of conversation.
"Indeed so" answered Mr. Leeper, thinking.
"Is she now not quite some time?"

Elizabeth.

asked.

"I," Seeker saw right he wanted it to talk about his work and his writing, he fancied it would destroy his equilibrium.

"he said" Shaws left Somerset, Mr. Sumner. Shaws a much larger and more interesting parish now. I was not sure if Shaws Somerset never had enough to do there.

"no," said Elizabeth." Remember your telling me that. Does one live in town?.

Shaws got a large parish in the north of the county," he answered. "A manufacturing district is deeply interesting. Shaws an extended large district of works and shops, of wretched help. The people, think, with the former intelligent and responsive than in a purely agricultural district. Personally" added Mr. Seeker, drawing himself up, and looking more animated and consequently more like Shaws he had since Elizabeth entered the room, "personally I feel deeply interested in and very hopeful respecting the work before me: but I should want help."

"I" you are sure it needs help" said Elizabeth ruminating. The matter liked Mr. Seeker when he became enthusiastic.

"Can I think so?" he asked quickly. "I am sure Mr. Sumner, for I shall want it. It is no mere parochial matter Shaws undertaking: but a work to call out and develop all a man's powers and energies".

"I am glad you will like" she said. "I am sure Sumner you have any gift for leaving easily and

...ds merely sitting still".

"His health has been very much neglected", Mr. Seeker went on. "He wanted to retire and leave entirely with Miss Gallagher & his work." Schools have to organise their whole educational machinery — or rather to create it, for at present it does hardly exist at all. Must have money to build as many rooms. Want to establish a college system with as little delay as possible, for I am afraid that dreadful terrible sin that has ruined the heart of the parish. And really and truly I want "by" to see this church, and must have bright hearty services which will be attractive to the people".

"I have heard of your work before now", said Elizabeth sympathetically. "Success to your undertaking".

"Thank you, Miss Bennet", said Mr. Seeker, — "I am so pleased at the moment." Turning to address Lucia at her corner "What I would wish is that you will not regard me as a parish".

"I am very much interested in all you tell me", answered Elizabeth. She felt that she ought to have a great respect for Mr. Seeker and his work. He certainly had higher aims and devoted entirely much more consideration to the good of his fellow-creatures, than any one else she knew. But Elizabeth was rather worried and rather distressed. She felt quite incapable to decide in a sudden enthusiasm how to [illegible] ...ment.

rent of Mr. Leeker's manufacturing premises. She felt wearied in face of his vigour and energy. Her ~~[illegible]~~ at the board ~~[illegible]~~ with shocks she had been shaking her face from the fire, fell languidly down into the arms of the chair. The movement was slight one; but it arrested Mr. Leeker's attention. Again it struck him how beautiful she was.

"I have a very special reason," he said, "a very special reason for desiring to interest you in my future. You may not perhaps, just now, be able to estimate of what deep and vital importance your endeavours in my projects may be to me".

Elizabeth began to feel as if she were uncomfortable. There was a curious mixture of determination and entreaty about Mr. Leeker's manner.

"On occasions," he continued, "when we have had some conversation together, you have given me an impression that of my life of — perhaps hard — work, and high endeavour were dear to you, you would not reject it".

Elizabeth raised her eyes from her scarf pinning, and sat straight up. Looking at Mr. Leeker with very wide open eyes. Mr. Leeker had stopped to set his ideas in order; to think of the course. It was with his words: but, as Elizabeth surveyed him and keenly, looked up wonderingly at him, all the feelings which had descended on him when he first came with the ~~[illegible]~~ in response with ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] her.

ree. Not coffee-taverns, or church restorations, or night services towards Mr. Carter's Thoughts & their future visits to right and glory. Not. not Mrs. Carter, but the woman there him in.

Turned suddenly away and walked fast across the room. Then came back, and stood: Miss Sohn Elizabeth ~~Carrington~~ his face pale and working with emotion he said hoarse.. ly, —

"Will you marry me, Mr. Farmer"?

"Indeed indeed Mr. Carter" cried Elizabeth, getting up quickly. She was amazed out of all conventional politeness & this wholly unexpected proposal. "Pray your pardon" she added discovering Carter's rakishly; "you must excuse me. Your question has taken me so entirely by surprise".

Carter "Help me sir" he said, almost fiercely. Then poor Mr. Carter felt very low in his own estimation he used the Carter as a stalking horse, and he knew that it was ignoble. "Think, — pause — hear consider," he said stretching out his hands with ~~warmth~~ warmth movement. "Do not refuse a call to a noble work. Do not hastily put aside a chance of a great benefiting others. You could do so much Mr. Farmer. You might be as Stella to hundreds of poor, desgraded, struggling creatures. With your beauty, your talents, your position, think of all that you might do. Surely, surely these considerations must move you - Pray, pause before your answer

manner was.

She was sometimes positively alarming in the desperate earnestness with which Mr. Lorimer's manner and in the earnestness of her words. Elizabeth felt that she was absolutely wicked in withdrawing at least as she asked her to withdraw from Lindisfarne. She stood with her hands clasped tightly together, trying to be calm, and to keep her eyes fixed steadily upon his face; but her heart was beating so that she could hardly see him clearly.

"I have no desire to marry," she said, as quietly and distinctly as she could. "I have not withdrawn my name. I am quite content to wait my guardian's pleasure; but if he wishes me to withdraw my application, I must do so."

The anger and loss and shame as well as despair in contrast. Mr. Lorimer felt himself filled with the most violent indignation. The hope of Samson, the loss to the world of humanity of the Old Testament, and turned as bitterly upon the beautiful woman before him as Mr. Wentworth himself might have turned upon some fair wanton in Alexandria or Rome. The Saviour was known, did as good deal of scolding at times. He remembered that he was about to smite with the word of the Lord: but that for the carrying of self-discipline, he really must bid no robber despoil the [illegible] of a high principle. Love [illegible] "Then," he said, "I will — will not [illegible] you withdraw a request. You

[illegible]

ject highly annis, our earnest lifes, as noble
dedication S. ourself to the good of the
Church and of your fellow-creatures. It is
a dangerous thing to do, Mr. Emmer. A
thing that can hardly be done with
perfect innocency. And what do you
reject it for? Has he added his mite
towards the room." For this? — for luxury and
idleness, and curious furniture, and
delicate banquings, — for what deserves the
ever more to be called vain and empty? — You can tell it to sit here at
your ease. — Like Dives S. did to fare sumptu-
ously every day, while the poor lies
at your gate full of sores. — While hundreds
S. near and dearer lies the lives and
die for the deadly S. but in and you will
not stretch out to lessen the help them. —
Ah! it is you "he said," and execution
and executed sorrow lies you who are
the ruin S. our day! — You take heavy,
hard-working men captives with your
charms and your luxuries. You bewilder
their eyes, your turn their minds from
heaven your makes them to all their
own self-respect, your servitude and facinate,
your glow even at ruin for their worth, your
pleasure to sumptuous with them; — and
them, in the end you reject them you see
them sunk in their beauty as low as
with their self-respect destroyed with the
common things knowledge that has put
into their eyes right and the right
S. God. Have you read the words of

ude you ——

"Oh, stop," cried Elizabeth Langdale. She
was now so angry that she did not care
how she said it. She was trembling all
over. Mr. Lecher's violent discourse, since
he called her Lisbeth herself, vain, and empty, made
her all the more resolved to warn him.
"I am sorry," she said, "to intrude on
you, but I must speak to you at once.
I understand," she added with a cruel light in her eyes;
"understand once and for all, it is not
in my power to grant your request. — I could
easily, at moments when I should be tempted,
avail myself of that. It is my conviction
which obliges me to refuse your request?
request. Absolutely refuse you".
At the moment that she took leave at each
other. Mr. Lecher seemed to shrink, he seemed
to fall to the other corner. He dropped down
exhausted, — Lisbeth was far more powerful than
Emil Ivan Ivanitsch himself. There was an
expression in that white face with which
he could remember with satisfaction. He
had decreased himself. He had been "unsicher"
from beginning to end. He had betrayed the
Cause at first, and at last he had been
almost insolent to this woman in her own
house. His answer turned to nonsense. She
had of his nature asserted itself.
"Please your pardon" he said finally. "I was mad.
It is past and forgotten".
He bowed away without another word and
left her.

Peter Rawlett backed to work that night as little Summerlad man. He was disappointed in business, and that was bad enough after his long wait; and thinking: Why worse still, he was disappointed in himself for he had been false to his best and unfaithful to what he held to be the highest good. Fortunately the case of some five or six thousand would does not leave much time for moaning over any disaster. Surveyor's great. Mr. Peter Plume himself, in a painful work with almost alarming vigour. He was a stern old lord and drove rather steam hard his flocks into the ways of righteousness and temperance. He gained a reputation for determination, for decision, for helpfulness, to a remarkable degree, the contrary of conviction. But though Mr. Peeper drooped very little, afterwards he never quite fancy, forgot a certain nervousness that date in March, a peculiar and room had woman standing in a luxurious and fragile perfumed room, and hearing [illegible] in unpleasant tones of certain [illegible] possibility.

---- "for a knife of Henry Vtom shalt have likely said. a gallon of gaul, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for our riche of riuikes an ell of more; at ric dotte an Oke. Vtere miserei en: : comfalf our life".

weeks, as knowight. Vtere weeks, nearly as minute passed behat Elizabeth saw Fred Vtemorton again. Frank Latimer had recouered so nearly not him saw his Stait her hand gone into the country on business, and did not quite know what he should be back in London again. It struck Frank as a little odd. The country is not usually reckoned very delightful during the month of March; and the pleasure of business seemed obviously absurd. She thought he would scarcely be at the Restaurant Vtérard in Surrey, for business? Frank did not understand it.

Elizabeth was both surprised and hurt at her friend's strange disappearance. She missed his visits, his music, his pleasant talk over their cup of coffee after dinner. Her life seemed very dull. There was a certain 'want

hours about were Stein dining abroad. All Lisa's visits to Head Warden tended to increase Elizabeth's sense of comfort and self satisfaction. Certain considerations of a more practical and business nature were Francis Steinerhuis uncomfortably aware of after their visits about their income and these were added to her general sense of dissatisfaction. The head, the good effect of Lisa's medications in muddle upon the causes of Lisa's absences as she might then have done. Perhaps Francis Steinerhuis was really troubled about anything else in that nothing particularly regarding his matter; — so, like the bad character in the drama Francis Steinerhuis "kept herself close" and felt. Meanwhile, hid a good deal of misery under a very flourishing exterior a practical difficulty which beset Elizabeth's path just now more of a plain and undeniable kind. Francis Steinerhuis had a head, she had heard about (large stage) of nurses' and nurses' . Recreation after the manner of the nurses' demonstrations a considerable action. Elizabeth had intended a good deal upon her duties too. She had a natural tendency to remember herself with the

every

everything. Elizabeth had addressed her to her dressmaker and pleased her friends. She was dreamily; she was sure, — she was in a word magnificent. To doubt it is a most admirable thing to be magnificent: but unfortunately it entails a lot of misery. Certainly she had not entertained what to that actual experience of her housekeeping ought to have been. But, even in this department a good deal more had been spent than was actually necessary. Elizabeth had been rather anxious for economies: but, at the beginning of April her financial position was such, that she became very distinct and decided in her way of living to be absolutely indispensable.

She wanted advice! Her first thought of consulting Fanny Swinton: but Fanny was somewhat proud, and felt it would be [illegible] particularly humiliating to meet her contempt of incapacity to deal with wide awake, managing little person. Elizabeth had succeeded a certain distance of her visit. Jim Lowe [illegible] rendered her position unwilling to take her difficulties into her confidence. She knew that Frank was a thoroughly good man of business: she put great trust in his sound commonsense, and in his honour = direction for her; — she also knew that as soon as little [illegible] regarding her own troubles for Jim's ear, would make him [illegible] decided

resided to get him to come and see her, one
day when he was left [illegible] [illegible] unwell,
and told him she had the whole state of
his case before him.

It was very agreeable to admit that one was
seen foolish & extravagant even to oneself.
Still left it agreeable to invite the criticism
of another person. Elizabeth was in no mood,
for any variable [illegible] of mind, silence,
leaving [illegible] various bills and statements
before him, she waited for Francis Sinclair
to give his opinion on the situation.

[illegible] sat at the writing table in the
back drawing-room bending up [illegible] columns
of figures, while in good natured, tare
assumed [illegible] of leisure & welfare.

"You are rather in a mess, Elizabeth," he said
at last, putting up his eyebrows, as he looked
round at her.

Elizabeth [illegible] with behind him,
feeling very culpable and a good deal ashamed
of herself.

"But it is not so desperately serious, you know"
he added, cheerily. "You can't pay your
present bankruptcy."

"What shall I do?" asked Elizabeth, miserably.

"Well," said Francis after a moment's pause:
"Suppose you would like to go out
& entertaining very much, any way, this
season"? -

"Certainly not", she answered hurriedly. He
stood looking down at him, Francis's likes
[illegible] Elizabeth again rather sharply. It made

her

a little uncomfortable. She was a good man's wife on which [illegible] circumstances, certainly at first.

"You did n't mind giving away them" Frank said, and letting the [illegible] for three months, — it 's so pretty that you might ask a fancy price for it — [illegible] rather quite straight, I believe."

"Oh well" said Elizabeth. She felt like a child who has been naughty, quite glad of the punishment, which with one but its little sins and virtues in public view again. She had a singular comfort in doing penance sometimes.

"Suppose you could go to your uncle, Mr. Mann: tonight, for the summer, could n't you?" said Frank.

"Oh, please not there," replied Elizabeth quickly. She dreaded now the notion of Barbrooke under these circumstances. It would seem terrible so much. Confusion of incapacity, if Frank Churchill would leave Randalls. But the idea of making it to Mr. Mann was less fearful. Somehow Elizabeth began to feel that she had not behaved altogether well to Mr. Mann. Somehow she resisted now the notion of [illegible] more of trouble, since she had [illegible] neglected.

"Why not? Do abroad?" she said. "Suppose I should have to take Mary Ann with me: but I do like the sea. Should not I have a much more pleasant journey to town than

when

...ures about there". ?

Would n't you be awfully bored there, asked Frank.

...s she answered. Think I should rather enjoy being alone. There, after all, I should be pretty sure to come across you. I know. And there are the mountains and the lakes, anyway".

Frank made as rather a wry face. —

"I don't go in very much for mountains myself, now know", he said." They are rather grisly [illegible] there are in Alps. But you do just as you like, Elizabeth. I am, I dare say, going abroad again this year, so I suppose we shall go. Mamma generally has her own way in the end, you know. She and the children might join you in July; and I wonder would Tolton be born as I can't make him stay at home".

...ght up —

"Why walk there", he said, you have all those accounts and things in my hands. I'll see about letting the house at once. We can't let it from the beginning of May. Come you pack up and clear out by then; do now think"?

Elizabeth thought she could, and [illegible] Frank Lindsay's departure. He [illegible] his apparent misfortune [illegible] accepted kindly and [illegible] would be a little practical help.

...ust necessary to [illegible] Elizabeth there [illegible] fatiguing [illegible] [illegible]

to her house, and taking leave of her acquaintances — many of whom were a good deal interested in the news of her approaching departure. Everton was to be sold, and Mr. Skinner letting her house and going abroad. — it looked very much as if something bad happened. A good many questions were put to Fanny Skinner; but she answered inquiries were not very fully satisfied with her answers. Fanny Skinner had private reasons for desiring to keep her own counsel, and displayed a considerable amount of discretion. — That her husband so much admired, — in the ball-room, too, was nothing wonderful. Suffice it to say, that the house was let at a high rent to an elderly and childless tenant; and that Elizabeth saw that her pecuniary difficulties were in a fair way to be satisfactorily settled.

There is something delightful in the ending of almost any episode in one's career. The episode, in itself, may not have been very brilliant or satisfactory, and yet there is a touch of regret as one shuts the book, and lays it on the shelf, and says to oneself "Well it's done with at last. It may influence the future a little: but, practically it is over and done with, and will never be read through again". To Elizabeth, the last few days she spent in London seemed to have come to a [illegible] end, and the future looked very dark and empty to her. In three days she would start on her journey; and then began to [illegible]

Travels

walk. That the movement might prove rather (cold) and unwelcome exercise at all. The road needed hacking, and arranging, and raising good-bye all down here; about half part the necessity for air and quiet came over her and wrapping herself in a long fur-trimmed mackintosh — for the April evening was still cold — she went out to breathe herself with a solitary walk by the river. She had been buried and bothered in the last few weeks with a multitude of small matters, unimportant enough in themselves and yet requiring a good deal of thought and attention. She had been called on suddenly to form new plans and take an entirely new departure; — and two hours of peace [illegible] while her attention was occupied with a number of small details. She wanted a little time to arrange her ideas and get some general view of the situation.

It had been a good deal of rain in the day, and the sky was covered with a layer of dull grey clouds. The rain [illegible] was over: but the pavements were still wet, and the watery image of the town was reflected in each pool. The river was full, and swirled by with little currents under and eddies here and there making its otherwise smooth and oily surface. The boats danced and surged around the bridge, and then swept on again swiftly, reflecting the road [illegible] in the [illegible] water. It [illegible]

walks towards Hyde and Kensington Gardens, the
Park Lanes, quiet, at this hour. The embankment
itself was quiet and deserted enough: but
Elizabeth could hear distinctly in the dis-
tance, the towards murmur rising up from
the crowded streets, [illegible].
Suddenly as Hans reached out across the
railway bridge, with a clang of metal and
roar of steam; and then the noise of it
had died away far down in the cutting. The
noted the sharp rattle of a hansom over
a stone crossing, [illegible] the steady thud
of the horse's hoof and the crunching of
the road, were under the sheds at the
barred bar, — another rattle over the stones
again in the distance, and the sounds of
it, [illegible] in the incessant murmur
of the great, grey, teeming city.
Some of Allegra's intolerable restlessness came
over Elizabeth. There was something weird
and strange today in the hour and in all the familiar sounds. It seemed
to be standing on the edge of a vast
world of movement, of life, of earnest
striving and endeavour in which she had
neither part nor part. Her part had
satisfied her hungry cravings for happiness
and the future seemed to offer even less than
the part. Love and marriage? — about. [illegible]
She had tried them, was done
over, and had decided not to want them.
Work? — her friends had grown tired, and
left her without a word! Duty? — Elizabeth
shrank from the idea of duty, it meant
humiliation

miliation, and self-abasement. Mrs Mann:
warning to face this and to deny
some life's lies, and Mr Leeper to let them
crystallize rounded in her eyes.
While the wet south-wind swept across the
river to her, bringing the delicate flush of
youth and health to her cheeks, and warm
and women passing by turned to look
once again at the pretty dressed girl and
young Frank, hurrying home with
Elizabeth's letter, still she was sunk
desolate. Was it true? Was that life had
little enough to give all? — Was it
really, after centuries of illusion disappoint-
ment, hopes unfulfilled, shown now how
fair promises forgotten? — And then the
sky was grey, cold, dark and ugly: — sweet
lilys that would kill, birds silent that
would charm no more for ever; beautiful
words ringing rigid in death; ever closed
cruel voices hurled in ever barren silence.
And beyond, as she ran, as she sobbed;
a prison, a cell, prevailing, all
is hopeless, as crashing. The streets
bright of the quiet room, shaded. From the
trees flies of the autumn rain, in
which Robert Linder had passed his
life slowly and painfully away, the short years
before: — of the last visit in which
he had turned to Frank and her as the
watched in pity. Of his weakness, — of
child and love turned: that was
all gone, her sister, that

could never nurse or speak to her again. Was it possible that this was all that life could give her at last? Elizabeth was filled with numerous questions. There was within herself a fierce nature that is capable of being deeply moved by nature. Its beauty, its beauty, its physical vitality and physical [illegible] within her. She revolted hopelessly against things as they are; against cold and rigid fact; against the [illegible] order of the world; against the strange unmerited sufferings of individuals in the general economy of things. It all seemed cruel, cruel, cruel. Why was she unsatisfied, why was she tormented? She rebelled against her fate; and, like Job, she cried "Let the day perish wherein I was born" (Miller) or words to that effect.

Far in the west above the jagged line of house-roofs and chimneys on the river-bank, the clouds were shot with breaking; and between two long, level bars of [illegible] there showed a space of pure sky — pale clear-green, changing into delicate golden light. [illegible] towards the horizon. It seemed infinite, far, mysterious, utterly peaceful; — yet there was a tension of vital and overwhelming [illegible] troubled on the [illegible] children of men. Elizabeth [illegible] seemed to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~. She trembled and shrank away from the lofty purity of the Christian ideal, and demanded some more rank and luscious description of satisfaction and happiness. She was, she felt too much rooted and grounded in what was simply human, to be able to live purely for comfort on what was divine. It seemed to her that that awful and majestic figure of Christ and martyr, crowned with the thorn, and bearing the cross of utter self-sacrifice, and enduring adoration, could never have been man and woman of like passions with herself. They seemed useless to her for comfort, or encouragement or example. Her petit augustin and their present life seemed so far removed from her ordinary, vain ~~[illegible]~~ life, as the unutterable purity of the western sky was removed from the muddy, swirling river, with its floating bits of wreck in weed. Deep down in the river current, too, she feared, were things ~~[illegible]~~ moved silently along, things more sinister than wreck and weed: — had dead Christs, whose dead eyes stared out and grappled enough in the genial sunshine, but were, for very shame, hid their dreadful and ~~[illegible]~~ forms in the cold heart of the hurrying stream. So different, it seemed to her, were the human and the divine. The first had failed her, and she was desolate. But, she had neither the faith or the courage to repent and throw herself unreservedly for comfort and support upon the second — was gracious mercy! She sang Luis of Camoens

heads along the roadway, while the still wet pavement gave back their blurred and distorted reflection. Once a man passed by, and paused a moment to look rather curiously at the tall young lady listening in the chilly evening air: Elizabeth had been too busy with her own thoughts to heed them: but, she was sensible, suddenly that same man passed her, and then stopped and turned back. Moved by a sudden impulse she turned round too, and faced him. It was Fred Thornton. "Fred," she cried, stretching out her hands towards him. "I am so glad, so very glad you have come back".

Thornton during his retirement in Surrey, had pictured to himself, a hundred times over, how he would meet Elizabeth again, and what he would say to her: but, their meeting was both more & less: perfected in itself, and unusual in its surroundings. Between the weird, spiritual light of the western sky, and the uncertain glimmering of the vulgar gas-lamps, it seemed to him that her face looked strangely white and scared; her sweet mouth tremulous; her beautiful eyes wild. She looked to him like some lonely, lost child. He could not stop to indulge in the usual little courtesies of acquaintance; he longed to take her in his arms, to protect and comfort her.

He thinks of the matter. Sometimes he can hardly believe that he could have wished with so strong a desire to find Elizabeth somebody, and

destitute

...ther Thurn on the spot.

"I said Elizabeth," whatever is the matter, and what, in the way is the worst of it. Shan't you straighten yourself with me and forever?"

"No!" She added putting out her hands with a weary despairing gesture "it is all too big for me."

Odd-looking young man and an unusually handsome well-dressed woman and talking earnestly together in the twilight, are quite sure to attract attention, and suggest interesting but somewhat peculiar comments. Just as Elizabeth spoke two men passed, and Braxton heard one of them laugh as he walked on, and make some observation to his companion. Immediately Mr. Frank Sumner and all the outraged social proprieties rushed into his mind.

"Don't we better walk on, Mr. Sumner?" he said hastily. "I'm afraid it may look a little odd for us to be standing here."

Observation jarred unpleasantly upon Elizabeth. It seemed so cold and unsympathetic. Then Braxton suddenly appeared before her in the midst of her bewilderment and distress. She had turned to him with a sense of comfort and security. She had come nearer exchanging friendship for ~~friendship~~ friendship with an intimate relation. Then at the moment of this recognition. How his words seemed absurd to him! What she had gone to her. Elizabeth's pride came to her rescue. She entirely recovered

with Mrs Hawkins, and then walked rapidly towards home.

"I was glad to see you Mr Thornton she said after a minute or two, with a certain stiffness and dignity of manner; — "because I am going abroad the day after to-morrow. I should probably be away all the summer. We have seen a good deal of each other, you know, at different times; and I am glad to have this opportunity of saying good-bye to you".

Thornton observed the change of tone. Mentally he cursed Mr. Franks Vicar. He was also amazed at the information Elizabeth gave. It would complicate matters for her to go away, and yet somehow Thornton was conscious that he felt very sorry.

"Why are you going?" he asked. "This is so unexpected to me. Must you really go?".

"Yes, I must go" answered Elizabeth. "Please let my reasons for the reason. I must go, and indeed, I believe now I should be very sorry not to go".

Thornton did not understand it. They walked on in silence for a minute or two, then he said rather inconsequently:—

"How glad you were this Summer, the last time I was at your house. — Don't you remember you came in late. We were wondering, two or three, since I have been away, whether you ever had been".

Vicar was [illegible] Elizabeth, when I came in. She turned to with her Mother. They were not going to quit

really

sadly, but she let her keep them.

She walked quickly, she was and soon out of sight home as soon as possible, and was to return there at 12 to-night for a moment more. This was actually necessary. Just as she got to the house Elizabeth turned to her companion. Her expression was somewhat hard, as the sentence had gone out of her face.

"You remember our compact?" she said. "You have taught me something about friendship, in the last eighteen months, and I thank you. It has been very interesting. It is a very pretty game, only not for watchers, it is too easy. People soon get tired of playing it."

Then she held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Wharton," she said.

Wharton might have been glad; things were turning up, it would be very easy for him to accept the ruling of events, and avoid further complications. But, so perverse is the heart of man, he felt only dissatisfied. In point of fact he felt rather desperate.

"But when I see you again? I must see you again," he said.

"I shall be engaged all to-morrow," answered Elizabeth.

"It is in the evening," said Wharton. "Surely you may come in in the evening."

Elizabeth rang the door-bell. She was obliged for a moment, but just as Mrs. Beard let her have entered, she turned to Wharton, and answered him quickly.

es", she said, "I can come in in the
evening if you want to".
en she passed on into the house. On the
hall table lay a [illegible] gentleman's
visiting card. Elizabeth picked it up languidly
and moved under the gas-jet to read it.
The name as the gentleman was write, —
Sir Name S. W. Edward Baddeley.

"For auld lang syne".

a traveller interviews in the early planning stages of some law of a certain city and reviews accidental, of a law[yard] of some old, well remembered time, is carried back in time over land and sea, to the world English in and to a real English landscape, to scenes, and the simple kind joys and sorrows of childhood, to that time clear early to, that leaves no past and no perspective,— and being time carried back in time, into scenes of where and visit and security stalking over his whole being; to Christabel scenes Edward Fairfax scenes true unexcitable, in the midst of new and unfamiliar and disharmonious, was filled with certain vague sense of rest and contentment. For Keats said, "that first love is infinite, and for no second like to it. The last part of the writing power, was [illegible] the writing enough to assent to, what ever they may think concerning the first part of it. Assertions regarding infinity are [illegible] hard to make true to certain, as a rule. But first love [illegible] to it, for it is

and

[illegible] to the mysteries; must always [illegible] strange and subtle influence over the mind. It is of the nature of an [illegible] incantation: — for this fair time was worship in the face to face visible our divinity. Many of us [illegible] which [illegible] afterwards in [illegible] simples afterwards. We get to know [illegible] words and corner of the building. We get [illegible] or less accustomed to the [illegible] of incense to the [illegible] rich odour of the [illegible] incense. We came to be much impressed by the dim religious light. Some of us even go further, and discover that the golden image of the goddess was set in common clay; that the singers and musicians have a tendency to gossip over the basis of scandal, and eventually [illegible] strange during the intervals of the services; and that the sacred [illegible] are bought and sold in the market-place outside. Yet outside the [illegible] the [illegible] disillusionments which come to us with time and knowledge, our view of us can regard with entire indifference the man or woman who lives aside for us the certain [illegible] that divides the temple door; who [illegible] us for the first time the eternal [illegible] of the goddess; and [illegible] us for the first time to guess at that mystery in ever ends of incantation and emotion is [illegible] commonly called love.

[illegible] love: for this [illegible] — was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

common enough for the time. Even limited studies
heated his brain to a fever, and quite unfitted him
for the duties & understandings of the depths or the
breadths of her character. He was not a
very remarkable or admirable young man.
He hunted, and fished and made
love and talked rudimentary politics
~~with a certain fierceness of conviction~~
over a good bottle & doesn't after dinner in a
very cautious kind of way. He was not in the
least hot blooded with ideas. Now, further, when
called upon by his father to do so, he
had ~~obtained remarkable~~, after some time of
a struggle followed the very sensible, ~~and~~ if
unromantic, example & Gibbon the historian;
and while he 'rejected as a lover', had
obeyed as a son". Elizabeth's pride had
revolted at his desertion & her; had made a
struggle, & at ~~the~~ last married her, as we
have seen — into a marriage with Robert
Devereux. In a way, she might put down
all the trouble & her young life to Edward
Dudley's account; and yet + let the memory
& him live in very strong.
Rising in from her table walks on the Em-
bankment, parting, sad, in anger,
from her friends on the door-step. Elizabeth
suffered a strange transition & feeling,
when she found Edward Dudley's cards
on the hall table. She had not seen him
for years. She did not know any-
thing of his life; his interests, his friends;
she did not even know whether he was
married or single: all she was filled with

[illegible] meant [illegible]
backs, for at his hours at least he was
[illegible] Elizabeth was glad that she had re-
mained practically at home on this occasion.
She longed to realize the morn-
ing as quickly as possible, and to
treat each one as the next day.
Even Anna seemed to be slipping away
from her, just now. A foolish hope, a wolf-
like despair, that some new question
with her glad lover might make things
clear and straight came over her. Elizabeth
knew deeply, all the while, that she was
ignoring the lesson of experience; that she
was fighting against fate; that she
was refusing to acknowledge an inevitable
conclusion. — It was easier as little Stephen
Grey said, to do right; and, let it be
said, there is sometimes a wonderful fascination
in the gallant, foolish, determination with which we meet
the rising fight against the hard facts
of fate and experience. There are no
fools like those who, no doubt: but there
are fools, sometimes, suffering, splendid, heroic,
and magnificent fools, and fine, kindly courage.
Elizabeth went slowly upstairs with the
visiting-card still in her hand. She felt
a little reckless; — the world seemed, in
a way, to be coming to an end the day
after to-morrow. Meanwhile she would defy fate; she would do what she
liked; she would be quiet, merely, and
dance. She would see Edward Darling

nuclear · and if to nothing came of it? —
and in spite of her Elizabeth. It was the
~~always~~ that she had formed no clear
idea of as to what could possibly come of
it, — well then, she thought bitterly, why
she would have to run hurriedly to Paris,
~~Paris~~ and let the world & comer it as best
as soon as it pleased.

"Ivan!" cried Mrs Franks Senior in her clear
emphatic voice, as Elizabeth entered the
drawing-room. "My dear Elizabeth where in
the name of Patience have you been?.
I have been waiting here the most visiting
: invisible time to see you".

Mrs Senior had a great power of letting
Heaven, in comprising daylight with the
words of three syllables: but Elizabeth was
too slightly worried, too entirely occupied
with her own reflections to be embarrassed
even by her visit. In a rapid ~~rapid~~
decided Elizabeth of the shutter, just at present
I have been walking, down by the river
~~river~~ she murmured vaguely.
"Oh me", said Mrs Franks. "Does it strike you
that it is quite a little late for you to be out
walking alone"?.

"I wasn't alone" observed Elizabeth quickly.
"No?" said Mrs Franks, with a note of interro-
gation in her voice. She looked
rather hard at Elizabeth; she had an
impression that there was something
odd about Elizabeth. She wondered if
anything could have happened.
"Not Mr. Knowles", said Elizabeth, with a

(abstraction)

...ce and ~~[illegible]~~; — and ...
...e "walked back [illegible] with me".
...sudden cheerful alertness seemed to [illegible]
...presence of Fanny Farmer's smaller person.
...Fred Knowles had come back [illegible], and
...was in time! She hardly knew how to be
sufficiently thankful. She had not made
a fatal mistake after all. Elizabeth seemed
strangely preoccupied: but, that Mr.
Knowles was charmed at, — it certainly
meant, she argued, that some had
happened, or was not going to happen. [illegible]
[illegible] was really quite, quite, ~~[illegible]~~.
~~[illegible]~~ She had hardly realized
before, how dreadfully anxious Fred Knowles'
absence had made her. The [illegible] present
cause of relief was intensely exhilarating.
She smiled a little to herself, and folded
her hands, neatly [illegible] fully on her
lap, as she said, quietly: —

"[illegible] are admirable misdirections of
public opinion, really, Elizabeth. You know
the environment and surroundings of
[illegible] walks, might strike some people as
slightly peculiar".

Fanny Farmer had failed to [illegible] Elizabeth
at first, she certainly succeeded in doing
so, very completely now. Elizabeth turned
towards him with a sense of distinct
annoyance.

"What do you mean?" she asked, quickly.

"That you are [illegible] and [illegible]
-looking", ~~[illegible]~~ answered the other; "and
that, of course, you run the risk of being

talked about. You know, every body does [illegible]
rules that are unusually careful."

Elizabeth [illegible] had
welcomed this sort of attack. It seemed
to her, that Fanny Smilier was planning
exactly the same sort that Mrs. Mainwaring
had played two years
before. It is interesting to observe how
history repeats itself: but, these same
[illegible] rules of conduct
do go through life, merely for the sake
of worries [illegible] the truth
of what is valuable saying.

The drawing room was warm, after the cold
damp of the evening outside. Elizabeth
felt both mentally and physically
stifled. She had a sense of [illegible] headache,
and crowdiness, and confusion. No doubt her
state of mind was exaggerated: but, here
was a nature prone to exaggeration. Fanny
Smilier's words written & signified all her duplicity
in fancying feelings. She seemed to be caught in a
great spider's web; the delicate almost
invisible threads drawn about her
[illegible], misleading her movements, tripping her,
her, wrapping her closer & closer and
round with their thin [illegible] com-
pelling strength. It was a ghastly sensation
this bewildering sensation; she felt miserably,
[illegible] and sick, & she
[illegible] Edward Darby again —

His room is intolerably hot", she said, her
self, answer to her sister-in-laws strictures
upon her conduct.

"Yes fris is Lauge", replied Fanny Lorimer calmly. "Fathers our maids are sux... to Fairlie ub Fat shoes of our stock of coals before Fey go". Maids always regards ut coming Servants Das Fteir national entrenir. They can't Ball learning as Fcrah of our Fairies to Fteir successors. Fan we are all inclined to be a little Fapidious ajaur Fours Successors.

"Dat's eat. is intolerable", said Fhizabetta again. Fe nursed across hastily and Fhen one of Fhe windows wide open, letting in as much of Fair. Ladies started in wind, which made Fhe heavy curtains flap, and Fhe candles flicker.

"Shut as fe'avish draughts", cried, Fe running putting up both hands to keep as little of Fhis inexpected Part into Fer face. "For pity's sake Fhizabetta Fhut down Fhat window, and come and speak to me like a reasonable creature. If you must give me something, pray let it be some more agreeable Fhing as violent cold in Fhe head".

Fhizabetta shut Fhe window down slowly. The cold air and Fhe physical exertion had done Fer good. She felt Fer excited, and humiliated, but Fhose determined Fhem even to Fhemselves Fer own way, in ones matter, but at least. She sat down quietly, and looked at Edward Powlett's card again. Fis e'en reads Fhat: Mr Powlett Fhis name of Fhe hotel at which he was staying in Fhe corner of it. [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Franks, unbuttoning her long gloves with great composure, "I may as well tell you, that I really came here on purpose to say. Frank wants me to come and dine tonight. Edward will be here at 8 today. I really must go back with him. Elizabeth. He leaves at 9 o'clock. Quite exciting. The babies to bed before dinner! You will please excuse Frank [illegible], and come with me."

Next was some [illegible] in the hall = & there was much rustling, whispering, curtseying creatures in their little white night gowns. They seemed to belong to the same whisperer: & flexed side & like an Edward Dadley. There was a very sweet [illegible] (expression) on Elizabeth's face as she surveyed Fanny sinner.

"Now" she said. "I'll come gladly, — especially to see the babies".

Mrs. Franks bowed & her visitor for a moment. "You certainly are a very attractive woman, Elizabeth", she remarked. "There is a great [illegible] about you. Your innocence, your [illegible] to talk about [illegible] & [illegible] understand you. There you were = so [illegible] extraordinary [illegible] about. I should [illegible] sorry not to be present if you do any thing extraordinary. Frank said it [illegible] sensation, & I've come out to you".

Elizabeth always disliked [illegible] visitors & [illegible] & her sister-in-law. [illegible] Elizabeth saw was to [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] said, inquiring Mr. Franks's last remarks:—

"My dear Elizabeth," cried she, "what shall we do? Lydia is really dreadful. How I wish we could get her home! Stop! I have it out of my head. Charlie must go after them directly. Tell him to borrow Lord [illegible]'s chaise, and bring Lydia back to dinner. Poor dear Jane! How unlucky that she should be forced to see that man again! And Lydia, you know, will be obliged to go to Lambton, for I am sure we shall not be able to keep her indoors on account of the officers. Charlie must be back by [illegible]."

"Why should we trouble Mr. Bingley," answered Elizabeth, "about it? Will not one of the others do as well?"

"Oh, my dear, I am sure I don't know. I am sure I don't care two straws about the matter. Charlie, as soon as he has eaten his dinner, will be walking with Fred Wickham and Mr. [illegible] comfortable. She did not, at the same time, have any intention of walking. She was glad to find herself relieved from the [illegible] of her mother's schemes; but she doubted whether her own influence would be sufficient to [illegible] Lydia's return, and was quite decided that they had better stay where they were until they could go together.

"I wish we may come in for some minutes," said Mrs. Bennet. "It will be a hard thing indeed if Mr. Bingley might not see Jane with Wickham. Run down, my dear, after them. Tell them all about the [illegible] and say that I insist on their coming back directly. And as for Charlie, he must not think of [illegible] at present."

"I will come in for some minutes," said Mrs. Bennet. "It will be a hard thing indeed if Mr. Bingley might not see Jane with Wickham. Run down, my dear, after them. Tell them all about the [illegible] and say that I insist on their coming back directly. And as for Charlie, he must not think of [illegible] at present."

"Oh! I am sure you need not be under any alarm. They will be perfectly safe. Charlie will not be out of sight of the officers. I am sure he will not attempt to come near his sister by stealth. Lydia will be back to dinner."

"

as looked very tired and pale
yet her eyes were unusually
bright.

"Oh dear creatures it is nice to have you back the children
look. twice as quick as you did. I am
sure I never a little unpatriotic.
It is quite quiet now" cried Elizabeth.
"Come sit by me Frank. I have so many
questions. She was busy in her young mind:
Gilbert in Paris: what it was necessary to be cautious.
"I want" she said. "to know more about
Rodin's account of our engagement.
We came quite well over in the train,
Frank" Elizabeth answered quickly (other
room, and sat down at the writing table.
Frank Elizabeth looked hurriedly up her
answer again. She was as good as interested
in Gilbert as Elizabeth herself. The
many answers were written in words
addressed to Rodin Lecaltin or not. The usual
Elizabeth writing hurriedly for a minutes or two.
Then Frank was to pause, followed by the
sound of paper being thrown up, and
the shutting noise of it as it fell into the
paper basket. Mr. Franks remembered three
little sounds after wards. She never quite
understood [illegible] Frank
had a special significance. At the
end. Dear Frank, in a quiet room without
thinking of Elizabeth's pale [illegible]
and bright eyes, and of [illegible]

cont.

[illegible] quite anxious when she waited so long for Alex to come in from their walks [illegible] by this river.

Then was a sound of writing again. Then Elizabeth got up from her seat at the writing table.

"To see to the [illegible]," she said, as she went out of the room.

She [illegible] that this was more ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream. There are more ways, certainly, of learning the destination of a letter, than by asking the writer of it, but Mrs. Franks who it is written to. Mrs. Franks however remembered that there was some delightful cream on the mantel-shelf in the back drawing-room. She had often, she thought, wished to examine it. First to the [illegible] into the other room—the cream of course was the object in view: but, she was obliged to take those to the writing table. In the [illegible] blotting book lay Elizabeth's notes. She could [illegible] hastily, and Elizabeth's writing was large and distinct. Mrs. Franks could not help seeing the address. It [illegible] her very much. She had never heard of Edward Saddler before in her life. She had made sure that Elizabeth was writing to Fred Hunter. This little discovery put out all her calculations: but recalled to it, fixed the interest of the situation. Fanny Farmer quite decided that she and Mrs. Franks would certainly spend half an hour with Elizabeth next evening.

"..... And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late"—

[redacted]

Wharton passed another very comfortable day. He had [redacted] a long visit, in the morning, from a very pretty young woman, who was just making a reputation in certain circles of society for her beauty. Several Wharton's enquired his works [redacted] Wharton's but Today proved one did not look at the Times Saturday for it. He seemed quite unable to make satisfactory progress; his work was irritable and unsatisfactory; and gave his fair visitor some excuse for announcing, later, to her little court of friends, rivals and admirers, "What — Mr. Wharton was really rather a dull young man; and that she, for her part considered 'Mr Swift and Mr Swanwick immensely overrated". In the afternoon, Wharton, feeling that he must occupy himself somehow, decided to go and make some calls: but, on second thoughts he arrived at the melancholy conclusion that he was not any members of his acquaintances were

would ~~soothe~~ quiet him & the slightest blame
to see at their present. Gerald had indeed
very thoroughly enjoyed his own society
with Lord during the ~~absence~~ late hours. He was besides
a very good companion: wise and then, he
went in for (indeed) to vote Lucy an intolerable
bore.

When the time arrived for him to present
himself at Mrs. Lemmers, he felt as wretchedly
uncertain and undecided as ever. The
sudden (outburst) of strong feeling which
had carried him away in the time being,
when he hit me Elizabeth the night
before, had died down again. He really
could not tell that he don't know whether he
was in love with her or not. He knew a
certain feeling was there; but it wanted
some striking circumstance to develope
it and make it active. — And how unlikely
thought Wharton, the whole were any such
circumstances to surround his meeting
with Elizabeth this evening! The room
would be (he) not (isn't) as usual. He thought (was a)
little Elizabeth would be there, and would
not probably talk much; then they would
all say good bye; and every thing would
go on just the same as ever. It was very
annoying. Wharton had often laughed
at his own peculiarities (): but
he had always done so in a (manner) unperceived
spirit. He really cherished (some) petty
oddities and little affectations. He thought

mirself. Mesmerism exposed. Sodom Gomorrah
at mirself, rather to Mr Ly. There was a
spice of contempt in her amusement in
face of Mr Ly. He was not even Stuart
Dee was he, as very poor creature, after all.
Such a state of mind is ~~was~~ far more
exhilarating. Beatrice knew that his evening
coat was faultless in fit; that his shirt
-front was a miracle of ironing; that his
collar was exquisite the right thing; that
he was, in every way, an unusually good
looking fellow, — yet for all that he was
a thoroughly deplorable and unsatisfactory
young gentleman, as he walked in to Elizabeth
Sumner's pretty drawing-room.
He inside the door he stopped ~~and~~ ~~forgot~~ ~~put~~ ~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~monocle~~
~~and forgot put on his monocle~~ ~~and~~ ~~forgot~~ ~~put~~ ~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~monocle~~
our presidential candidate, and forgot to put on his monocle, and
contemplated his hostess, over whom a
remarkable change ~~seemed~~ seemed
to have come.
Elizabeth was standing in the middle of
the room, with her head thrown back, and
a curiously intense expression on her face,
as if she were listening for some expected
sound. In her hands she held a long
heavy & large brown wooden beads
with a roughly carved crucifix hanging
from it. She stood turning the beads about
in her fingers with a strange restless
movement. — Elizabeth had come across
the rosary, that day as she was
looking over some drawers in a cabinet
in her dressing-room. It had been put away
there so long time before, and she had almost

regretted the fact of its existence: but, seeing it again, she remembered very clearly the circumstances under which it had come into her possession. Richard Levinge had given it to her. She remembered, as if it were but yesterday, the sparkling, bluish-green lake: the mountains sleeping in the still, summer sunshine; the grey walls of the monastery in the background with its cypress trees, and delicate arcs and great masses of crimson valerian marking the ruined stairway of stair masonry; the laughing Savoyard boatman in his blue shirt, with a bunch of red roses stuck in his ragged dilapidated hat lying lazily on his back in the long prow; the quaint little boats just outside the monastery gate, where a gentle, patient looking lay-brother in sandals and a rough brown habit, set out his small wares, — crucifixes, rosaries, strings of beads, little tin Virgins, and emblems of local and patron saints. — To them the wonderful young English couple, who had just rowed down the glittering lake from the gay watering-place on the other side; — while far away there in the north, the rugged crest of the Mont Cenis, awful in its loneliness and the menacing purity of its whiteness, rose up into the deep blue sky. Rocking the boat to the passion and the romance of lovely Italy. — Elizabeth remembered the place and the day clearly. It was one of those days that stand out from the experience

a life time. It drew on which it seemed to her, like a cruel curse upon her existence. The thunderbolt of happiness which it had been her fate – or her evil, her own child, – to overtake surely and vainly to pursue. Now in the hour of her need, as she found this rough woman again; and with it there flowed a flood of gracious and tender memories. A vague feeling that it might help her in trouble save her in temptation, shield her from evil, came over her; and with an unreasoning faith in protecting virtues, she brought it down stairs with her, and held it in her hands when her guest came into the room. ——

Mr. Thornton only attracted Edith's attention when he first looked at her, from the strange contrast it formed with its old-world surroundings and dress and peculiarities to the air of Elizabethan appearance. She was dressed in a gown of soft white cashmere, beautifully trimmed with rich old lace. The sleeves of the dress were short, with [illegible] ruffles of lace, leaving her arms bare from the elbow. The neck of it was open, with a soft ruffle of lace around it too. In her bare arms were gold bracelets, and round her throat a gold chain, with a square Roman gold coin. — On her bosom were a few bunches of deep red Nor-Isette flowers, roses and crimson amaranthus. She was sitting

an extraordinary about Elizabeth's dress. Instead it was in a quiet and perfect style that suited her exactly. It was a change from black to white, such a one Wharton would prefer. Elizabeth thought that best suited younger and gentler ones & a girl and [illegible] woman, while [illegible] delicate qualities of her beauty seemed [illegible] in a way, mysterious and decked. Wharton felt as if she could not see [illegible] woman, that her head parted with on [illegible] dress that night before. She seemed changed altogether. [illegible] did not know whether she quite liked the change or not. There was an [illegible] brilliance in her grey eyes, and a dear burning red in her cheeks. As Wharton looked at her, in her white dress, with roses in her hands he had an [illegible] sense that there was some terrible reality to be accomplished and that this tall woman was Elizabeth. (said down the rosary quickly on the table, and then) [illegible] seemed [illegible] with a [illegible] cordiality. But it seemed to Wharton that there was a [illegible] of command in her [illegible] with [illegible] and perplexity.

"Ask a little [illegible]" said Elizabeth smiling as she held out her hands to him & as it was [illegible] bidding me have well to the stage. Paris taking leaves of my audiences tonight. — Some girls to return into private life. I want to leave as royal as I [illegible] on the public mind — to [illegible]

The whole, was very kind to me. You see Thomas arrayed me daily in new garments, and filled my rooms with sweet flowers: I was shall miss your good-byes very [illegible] to night: and then I shall curtain will come down, and the lights will be put out, — and, I may be foolish, — but I have a presentiment that it will all be better adieu and not au revoir to this poor player".

Isabella said the last few words [illegible], and with a [illegible] which was a little disagreeable to Thomas. Her thought she seemed feverish and over excited, — for once her remarks extremely practical and full of common sense.

"You've been doing too much, and you've tired, Mr. Lorimer", he answered." I'll [illegible] leave and do [illegible] of present: ment which subsequent events proved to be entirely false, for ever it was recalled some time."

Isabella bowed down [illegible] for as reminder; then she smiled at him rather defiantly.

"My wish" then", she said;" if you object to present arrangements so much, we'll forget all about them. We'll pretend to be very cheerful and encouraging, and talk about the beauties of Switzerland, and the dearness of living there, and the relief of avoiding a season in London. I wish I was sure I could manage [illegible], and I know I shall probably see you [illegible] for a long, while: but I am

...ve like Lotte you [illegible] Edwin's [illegible] the country [illegible] quite agreed with you some-
...how. Frances [illegible] Marche would [illegible]
[illegible] always a good deal of your unusual
urbanity".

...idedly Elizabeth Lennox was not likes
...rsely "to delight". Charles looked at her
...nously.

...ings Evans not quite so well with
...es lately as [illegible] usually do, Mr. Lennox",
...he said. "Evans had a number of new
...periences — interesting no doubt, from one
...point of view, but not wholly agreeable,
...all the same".

...hat's a pity", answered Elizabeth quickly;
...she seemed to Evans an [illegible] of delight
...for talking. "Edwin's finish your new experiences
...quite suit you. You Evans seem looking
...a little too hard at them possibly. Your
...cachet — as Fanny would say — is certainly
...to be serene".

...nd Evans seem anything but serene", Charles
...him rejoined. "Evans seem dreadfully
...worried and bothered. Evans seem utterly
...unphilosophic and", ——

...t there he stopped. Mary Ann was announcing
...somebody. Elizabeth made a rapid move-
...ment towards the door, - then seemed to
...think better of it and stood still. Charles
...looked sharply at her; her breath was coming quickly and the [illegible] of
...colour on her cheeks burned brighter than
...ever.

...ses and effects often seem so incommensurable. The
matters

attire this particular. Edward Dudley as he entered the room, certainly did not strike the observer as a very agitated individual. He was a tall, well-made man of about eight and twenty — to judge by his looks. Even his riding clothes, there was an [illegible] about them; and his features remarkably were rather unexceptionable. A fresh complexion, there's no denying, a few [illegible] marks, and whiskers rather [illegible] particular comment, — a handsome, that is, manly countenance, upon the whole, without doubt, a thorough knowledge of horses and dogs, and fond of all its branches; with a disposition, probably, to [illegible] out, and boxing, and music in slight company, and to [illegible] undervalue the more cultivated side of life generally; — but, still honest and loyal hearted, and acknowledged universally in his own set to be a "famous good fellow".

The stranger forwards to Elizabeth (written) a blank, drawn smile.

"It's very kind of you to ask me to come and see you in your hut of mine, Miss Forster," he said, shaking hands with her. "I was very sorry to miss you as I did."

[illegible] to see him as usual [illegible]
[illegible] always seem to be very glad to [illegible]
[illegible] Dudley. Called here about — well, let's see — [illegible] Elizabeth [illegible]
[illegible] believe it was — yes — the 3rd [illegible]
[illegible] Louisa. You know [illegible]

wished very much to see you again",
answered Elizabeth. Thereupon she set down
her. Her face was sometimes
~~solitary~~ charitable and sympathetic in her
manner. She was generally so composed
and almost stately in her bearing, that
the present exhibition of childish fondness
was forcibly.
I was going abroad in a month, so that I could
not leave the matter to chance. Although
you would forgive my visit and interrupt
this [illegible]
Elizabeth said this prettily, looking up at
the tall young man before her. Thereupon
did not bring this situation in the least
~~embarrassing~~
was only too delighted to come" said Mr.
Bradley very cordially. Then he looked at
Thereupon. He seemed to expect the latter
to speak to him. Neither knew exactly
or how & some subtle feeling of the
incongruity of the situation. Elizabeth could
not make up her mind to introduce the
two men to each other. There was
an awkward pause. Bradley was the
first to speak. His voice was ~~somewhat~~ rather
~~hoarse~~ hoarse. — Thereupon noted the fact; he was dis-
tressed to ~~be~~ observant of all their
every change. —
"I always seem to be going abroad, Mr.
Skinner" he said. "I called twice about —
well let's see — ~~last September~~ two years
before it was — just before I went to
America. You know I was in America? I

added, with a [illegible] air of amiable curiosity which edified Beatrice considerably.

"No," she said, "I didn't know it".

"Yes" Paddy went on. "Frank Turnour, Mr Turnour. Dead as mutton. Very handy goes to the Rocky Mountains to shoot. Now you know. Quite the right thing. Anything else?" She added, turning suddenly with an enquiring glance to Beatrice.

"No," Mrs answered quite shortly, biting her lip as Mr Paddy's back. "don't shoot; and always avoid doing the right thing on principle. It's a little — Beatrice says — unimaginative to do the right thing".

Beatrice hastened to Elizabeth as she said the last few words. There was an [illegible] touch of surprise and disapprobation in her expression; as she did not seem to hear what Mr Paddy stared at the last sentence for a minute with an air of delighted recognition. Then he seemed to conclude that Beatrice had misunderstood to be annoying, and laughed a little in a civil reassuring manner.

"I was going to tell you Mr Turnour," said Paddy, turning again to Elizabeth; "that there called here before you were down. And then said she'd come about lunch, and I left another one. [illegible]

were n't ill, Mr. Latimer"?

The colour drained out of Elizabeth's cheeks. "No, no" she said quickly. "It is we are not ill. What was it".

"I'm awfully glad" Mr. Hart said. "Mr. Bradley.

is really looked quite relieved: but, he continued "is there anything else we can do Mrs. Charlton. The nursing sounds seemed to find something rather perplexing in the aspect of Elizabeth's letter. She left ~~something~~ unfolded in front of her. She was surprised, was some old friend of Elizabeth Latimer's; probably a distant cousin; ~~something~~ ~~something~~ ~~something~~

and just now. He began idly rearranging some table ornaments, flowers, fruit and wine on a little table at his side. The dinner was over — Elizabeth had killed all the vases and had filled them; and the air of the room was heavy and tainted with their fragrance. It was quite dark. Everton was determined at heart to abjure encounters of any sort that evening, and when Mrs. Hall, as she leaned back in her chair, and with half closed eyes, watched her fair hostess and the table, was quite, quite still and drew. Everton was generally very respectful and tender towards all living things. The right of an flower to grow in his garden was part of the respect and love for life which caused Everton pain. Miss [illegible] was perplexed with an curiously vindictive feeling [illegible]; and as he noted every word and motion of the white-robed Elizabeth and that objectionable young man the pallor on the narcissus flowers increased with the dusk and hard-hearted darkness. Elizabeth had moved across the room, and sat down rather wearily in a chair on the other side of the fireplace, nearly opposite to Everton. Edward Darlton having discovered a whisky and soda stood there with [illegible] up beside [illegible] and set down [illegible] the top of his [illegible]

ticks up, just above the knees as he did so, and disclosed a number of mysterious regardless brown hose at the same time.

"Isn't it an awfully nice old house of your uncle's Mr. Lavender," he said. "I was wondering whether you'd be so very kind as to write a letter with a full description of it to Mr. Morris: he would do it for a small sum, I'm sure — my father," added Mr. Paddon meditatively: "he always seemed to think me a fool."

Elizabeth smiled faintly.

"Yes, he is right there," resumed Paddon, "I went on, "it is an air of distinction."

"If he wants me to do as I think, he never leaves you alone till it's done. It's there something about a man hearing as you like in his voice?" — "Now my words, Mr. Lavender, that just what I've had to do. I've never had one word about any time."

Edward Paddon bowed a little towards Elizabeth and ~~[illegible]~~ bowed with a very as he said this. Then he suddenly seemed to remember Lavender's reverence again, and ~~[illegible]~~ cast as a warm glance Lavender. Lavender was never at the moment Mr. Paddon: he felt unequivocally disposed the same as ~~[illegible]~~ instant little gesture and said shortly.

"I dare say it was been very good for you."

"I was" I seem flavoured and "was" returned Paddon quite, and turned to Elizabeth again

"You

"was she Mrs. Harbarge's married
name, Mrs. Skinner?" he said. "Poor old Harbarge.
I used to feel awfully sorry for him you know.
He really was a very good old sort. But
Mrs. Harbarge was an awful woman.
It used to make me perfectly sick to
see the way she crammed those wretched
girls down every man's throat; and poor
old Harbarge used to get so lost and
miserable, and yet he always did
exactly what she told him. What was
was a caution, now then".

Isabella smiled again.

"Miss Vane was in it. He came down there,"
she said. "People never seem to change at
all in Shiraz".

"I wonder if the waggonette with the canary
coloured body and wheels is going still" said
Tadley, laughing. "It was the finest thing
out to see poor old Harbarge driving that
waggonette, with Mrs. Harbarge and all the
little Harbargers inside. Have you ever
remember that dance at the Consulate"
he continued, turning his friend
back in his chair, and sticking out his
long legs straight in front of him, and
sticking his fingers into his waistcoat pockets.
"What a nice dance that was. I don't
believe I've ever enjoyed a ball so much
since".

Edward Tadley paused and sighed as if
the memories of that ball were really
almost too much for him.

Isabella was evidently

Hunting upstairs quarrel. Miss Lockwood tried and failed: but then managed to keep up a certain show of interest in Mr. Dudley's numerous reminiscences. Charlton Clements arrived: at last how his arm was: felt quite right about it. Conversation seemed to him very poor tonic. The young squire's vocation: Harry was somewhat small. Stuart thought him rather a coward. Grandiloquent Teuton. It was unendurable to Stuart the thought that his own name connected with Miss Elizabeth Grainger's heart life. Winston settled the head quite savagely off an narcissus flower as it that was to blame. Mr. Grainger would have to blame. Mr. Grainger would have his guests amuse each other.

Do you remember, said Dudley again, turning towards Elizabeth. Do you remember Mr. Grainger, the Squire took as little his words of his own charm as was his wont to all young women. He raised one hand deaf to Aunt Maria, and drew each her out into the middle of the room, and said we'd have another Sir Roger? — Upon my word, you know I don't believe I ever danced in my life. Poor Aunt Maria was in fits with all the rest. — Mr. Stuart was so good at balls. Do you remember — Winston began to battle Stuart thus — Clarissa Miss Maitland was to Miss Lisle as rose to valse, and now to Mrs. — Mr. Dudley clasped his hands suddenly, and declared his Stuart might be rather disagreeable

looked
Lizzie at widdicombe, shirks her ~~work~~ ~~[illegible]~~
quickly ~~[illegible]~~ at Wharton again. It seemed
to strike him suddenly that he might be
going a little too far.
Wharton had given up knitting his unfortunate
flowers to flicker, and had picked up a
book. He was not reading. He was watch-
ing Lizzie's quick and wondering
unbelief. It would not be much worse
and more disgusting just to get up and
go. He was certainly not wanted; Lizzie
Lizzie was a little ridiculous; and
yet there was something about Elizabeth's
appearance, which made him very
anxious to stay. There was an strange blank
look on her face, which he could not
understand. If she had really looked
bored, he would have thought it natural
enough, under the circumstances. But the
bored & worldly ~~[illegible]~~ were strangers to bored. She
had a conviction that a good deal
was going on around him that he could
fathom, at present. — For Elizabeth was quite
aware of his humor. Finally he set his dignity in
his pocket and decided to stay.
"We never seem backs to play bridge since"
said Mr. Saddler, examining the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then [illegible] and [illegible] would [illegible] turned back to the mantelpiece, — giving a little kick with each foot to settle her trousers down with [illegible] over them knees. He glanced [illegible] and looked at Evelyn.

London's uncommonly full for this time of year, he remarked.

— er — where you speaking to me"? asked Evelyn, shutting up [illegible] and shutting [illegible] book. "I should [illegible] full", he added. "Really [illegible]. It's not a subject [illegible] carefully considered. Edward Paddon [illegible] of the town of [illegible] for a moment — it is remarkable how much [illegible] from [illegible] ~~from~~ new scene to [illegible] Elizabeth for a moment rather regretfully. He was not an observant [illegible]; but he was aware that he and his companions were at Nice and were. He was all [illegible] Edward felt, — he believed that there was a mistake somewhere; he feared that he was spoiling [illegible] his hostess in a false position. He gave a little sigh and then said.

Well, I'm going to settle down at last [illegible] private work and [illegible] Edward Elizabeth like you said to write [illegible] all that for a Spring [illegible]. He paused. — "I'm going to be [illegible]: I'm going to marry

[illegible] worse. She's a good little girl, and— again Dadier paused. "I'm sure he added, "if you should see anyone near the cave, and it would look as if I'm sure I— I mean she, my cousin, your Aunt — bitter it — my wife, and I should be under the painful necessity to see you and, he added, looking down at Winifred, with a civil smile, "your husband"—

Elizabeth stared at her, she gave a low cry, as if in actual pain. "Husband?" she cried. "My husband? what do you mean.

Edward Dadier stared at her in utter amazement. She made a motion toward Winifred.

"Why Mr. Skinner", he said.

Winifred sprang up too, with a smothered exclamation of somewhat violent order. Both men turned their startled gaze upon her, then back to the woman. You had said as much as that, was it? — She would have denied it, but she was absolutely dominated by Elizabeth's mind. Here was one of those rare cases of a wild creature, which, in spite of its fierce will to any agony of despair and entreaty in its ears, which it pursues. "she cried, again, passionately. "My husband? Do you mean that you have said. "You don't know what you

...ness done. Had it not brought to Chaucer now, for your business was what it actually was. "My husband?" she ...d out both hands, and then let them fall despairingly at her sides. "Oh! God help me!" she said.

There was a depth of helpless ...ror in the tones of her voice, and in her gestures which filled both men with pity. But Chaucer was in the midst of his pity, was sensible of the extreme beauty of her appearance — "I can see what an effect he has had" he thought. Dudley was sensible and bitterly disturbed. ~~He looked here for gratification~~

"God help my soul" she said distractedly "what have I done?"

Elizabeth could not control her voice sufficiently to answer. She looked at Chaucer for a moment, and then turned away, ~~[illegible]~~

"Sir's", "sir's", said Chaucer, "have n't we heard, don't we know". ~~He had a horrible~~ ~~[illegible]~~ glanced at Elizabeth; he had a horrible feeling that she was going to wound or maim her: but there was no alternative. "Mr. Latimer died" he said very quietly and clearly; "two years ago, in the Castle of Vincennes."

"God help my soul" said Mr. Dudley again. "Nobody had told me. I didn't know it".

Pass

~~re~~ tears came into his eyes. He felt he would have given his heart & his life — which was, certainly, generous, for one of Edward Dudley's type, distinctly never bear it to heaven, — if he could have left those unfortunate words unsaid. He did love Elizabeth Ward & loved her simply with his whole heart. He was bound in honour to the good little girl who in his behalf had ~~lost~~ sadly that Mrs. Lurimer was the handsomest and most attractive woman she had ever known, and her ~~manner~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~ball~~ ~~which~~ ~~had~~ ~~prevented~~ ~~his~~ ~~hearing~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~free~~, ~~fill~~ now, since he surely was bound.

"Jane would follow love, if that could be;
"needs must follow duty! she calls for me".

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and it is really a very great relief to take that step, sometimes. So at least, Fred Charlton felt, there, at the awkward and uncomfortable period of the evening, [illegible] Frank had risen restlessly from the room. [illegible] private, during the last month or six weeks: but on this particular occasion he was disposed to hail her advent as that of a veritable angel of deliverance. Frank was in a state of [illegible] self-complacence. [illegible] this little tale is new and new elaborate grew that hard wrought brain from Paris till now. She felt wonderfully urbane, and equal to almost any emergency. Her dress [illegible] as she entered the drawing-room. She walked into the room and stopped suddenly in front of her brother, cancel Frank, — who was following her closely — so

...to visit his agent, and to make enquiries for the mutual friend with the disappearing purse. Mr Elizabeth came up. Quarter turned away. He could not quite recover his ease of manner in her presence, after the very false position in which Edward had placed him.

"Mr Quarter," said Elizabeth, "will you do me a kindness?" — "Will you go and clean" — It worked. Her appeal to his kind heart. It was very unfortunate [illegible] at this. Quarter [illegible] her thought, that she wished him to understand that she disclaimed [illegible] to him for the unpleasantness that had taken place. [illegible]

[illegible]; he answered quickly, turning to her. He was shocked [illegible] and [illegible] at her words. [illegible] and [illegible] sitting quietly at the piano [illegible] simultaneously, the first thing that came into his head.

"I am afraid, I can't talk, Frank," said Elizabeth, sitting down wearily by him. "I suppose I'm excited. My head aches distractingly."

He looked down at her kindly. Her appearance distressed him. He wished she could take care of her, and do

[illegible] was.

"[illegible] said," he said. "I don't [illegible] like [illegible] all alone to-morrow without any of us".

Isabella smiled faintly.

"I will be [illegible] alone," she answered. There was a long silence between them, while Isabella went on [illegible], — thinking [illegible] thing, with [illegible], with pleasant [illegible]. [illegible] Francis discovered to Basil, who became more and more [illegible] with the [illegible]. That he was in the presence of "an [illegible]". [illegible] Her hands clung [illegible] in her lap. She [illegible] danced and [illegible]. She worked [illegible] to an end, — all she wanted was [illegible] Till they had gone, and she was left to herself. She [illegible], mechanically, wandered out [illegible] and, seating herself [illegible], had said her part in the [illegible]. She remembered [illegible] immediately: but it [illegible] in [illegible] Isabella at once. [illegible] the words only too clearly. She tried to [illegible] it [illegible]. With a sort of desperate gasp, she put up one hand and pushed [illegible] the [illegible] from [illegible]

[illegible]-hand.

[illegible] Frank noticed this movement. She did not
[illegible] not know what was the matter with
her: but, [illegible] grew so bitter tightened. The
thought that was going [illegible] and at the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of Frank's letter [illegible] and
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"We're going, my dear fellow," he said, "and you must come too." She quite knocked up, and she wouldn't be quiet.

Lawton got up, with a horrible feeling upon him. It was as vast chest-swelling to be vast-chested seemed. Lucia Trio said [illegible] He had had no chance, [illegible] went up to Elizabeth.

"Perhaps I must go too, Mrs. Lorimer", he said.

Elizabeth held out her hand to him. There was blanks looks on her face. She tried to smile, but she could not speak again and did not speak.

Lawton went out of the room feeling just a little mad; he ran down the stairs two [illegible] and seized his hat on the way. He wanted to get out of the house and be quit of it all.

"Indeed Mrs. Lorimer [illegible] Edward Dudley was saying to Mrs. Frank, while he helped her into her [illegible] "and [illegible] herself in her chair.

"Yes, [illegible]

"He isn't a bit altered" added Dudley.

Some reason or other this observation infuriated Lawton. It made him feel sick. He seemed as if Elizabeth Lorimer was being damned by this man. Martin had just closed the door and the cab were waiting outside.

his face deathly white and tightened about. The night was cold, and chilly with a drizzling rain.

Thurlow came to an sudden desperate determination. He began taking off his over-coat again, quickly.

"I'll be getting something I can't see in," he said turning to Frank. "Don't wait for me. I'll follow you in a minute."

"No!" cried Arthur, "don't go back now" and Frank urged him quickly. "Do let him be quiet. She's tried to do all".

"Now" he began, Thurlow said, again. "Must not let others know me."

Frank was about to protest further: but his wife was already walking quickly in front, called out to him rather sharply:—

"For pity's sake, make no scene Frank. You must not let Thurlow with his nerves in a condition. Pray don't accept our invitation for now as I am not desirous"!—

Edward Pasteur laughed. His company [illegible] He paused Mr. Frank Driver must [illegible] Thurlow get the worst of it.

Mrs Pasteur softly followed her wife. "Dear Jane and she — not [illegible] The house door banged, the two cabs rattled away in different directions, and Thurlow made his way slowly up the square. He had a feeling that his conduct was

[illegible] peculiar; that some spell she might
[illegible] secure [illegible] & would not
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] good-bye: but, Charles
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] that was to be right: as Charles
[illegible] only knew that there was an absolute
necessity upon him to see Elizabeth
[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] door & the back-drawing-room was
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] night. It dissolved into dew. The sound became terrible, as perfect night came to him. [illegible] He could hear it no longer. He felt the night to go away, and at last [illegible] He awoke with a great stranger and a stranger. He heard the door open and went into the room.

Quentin [illegible] heard [illegible] the [illegible] sound [illegible] which had awakened her attention, as the house in the door was quite considerable emotion: but it had awakened Quentin for the second time. He [illegible] had come down to the door as the figure disappeared, as Quentin had [illegible] the [illegible] servants. Quentin [illegible] servants [illegible] little [illegible] Her face was perfect [illegible] the hands. The roses of narcissus flowers was over them, and the [illegible] Quentin's first instinct was to retire. He could [illegible] Quentin [illegible] to look at the [illegible] night, that he [illegible] as they [illegible] shaken with the storm of her anger. [illegible] idea, that [illegible] the woman's emotion [illegible] [illegible] night as her own. It seemed to him almost sacrilegious to permit himself see her just [illegible] as she had known [illegible] conventional

[illegible] and was [illegible] her utmost regard
in [illegible] Mr. Wharton had
[illegible] a general civility to [illegible]
[illegible] was [illegible] little attention in the
active [illegible] of conversation. To [illegible] was
[illegible] the situation in which she found
herself, that she hardly knew how to act.
It seemed inhuman to go away, and leave
her alone. She could not do it. While he stood
[illegible] he was in hopes he should
[illegible] at once that she was in the
room.

"Eliza dear", he said, [illegible]. "My Eliza!
The [illegible] of [illegible] are [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
With bitter pangs and [illegible], a
new and [illegible] was [illegible] in Elizabeth. [illegible]. — She heard [illegible]
old lover again; and [illegible] in a manner
in a strangely vivid way, recalled the
visage of her husband. [illegible]
two men stood side by
side. Elizabeth [illegible] compared them,
and judged them, and then turned away
sick at heart. [illegible]
[illegible], she felt half-[illegible] that
marriage: her own sense of [illegible]
and the new condition of her life;
[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
the [illegible] could [illegible]
[illegible]; her husband [illegible]
[illegible]; her [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. Her [illegible]
[illegible], — all [illegible]

It is impossible for me to leave you, in this condition," he said quickly. "I will not leave you as it is. I will stay with you and protect you."

"I will be no good", Elizabeth answered bitterly. "You can do nothing. No one can help me; nobody can help me. I must bear my trouble alone. People don't die of quiet grief, they say,—or of repentance either for "what matters" she added with a sad smile, "I shall die," said Wharton.

Frank looked at Elizabeth's face. He would stay, he must; then she lost control of her usually eager words, died away, and left him in silence. [illegible] was overcome by [illegible] absorbed in her own emotions, [illegible] that she was not in his presence of another person. There was no trace of the coquette about Elizabeth. She did not rise as she usually did.

She sat down in the arm chair. Wharton stood by the window. For some time there was silence. "Elizabeth," he said, "you must tell me what has happened."

"I cannot tell you", she answered, speaking slowly and with great difficulty. "I cannot tell any one. But I have had a terrible experience tonight. Can you fancy what it is suddenly, in a moment to be filled with utterly white self-reproaches? To realize [illegible] yourself as [illegible] and in that moment [illegible] to find it is [illegible] to the

words?.. Do you excuse me, ...
around, you, to see it washed away
or ever, while you stand [illegible] ...
desolate?.. Oh! Robert! Robert! she cried
breaking suddenly into a wild passion
of grief. "Oh! no, darling, forgive me! I
didn't mean it! I tried to forget, but I ...
to bring all that back. I ...
was wanted so desperately to be
happy. You who have suffered with
that heart could ... me
all this and ... forgive me, pardon me!"
Elizabeth stood up. Her head-gates were
open, and all the ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... her heart to ...
"Forgive" she ... [illegible]
[illegible]
Gates thrown open, ... [illegible]
[illegible] back at me, but ...
see that thrown ... me ...
of it all, and that only, only ... [illegible]
but only is written over ... [illegible]
Might have found fulness of joy in
wedded love; bitter-sweet joy in mourning;
calm and chastened joy in ... but
not desolation. Thrown [illegible] all ...
Oh! behind me the ... [illegible]
[illegible]; God is merciful. He forgives.
Sinners and weary, dust returned ... [illegible]
may still reach up to heaven. [illegible]
but! What was now, that, and that ...

an use reap. Isaac vowed to myself, ...
Reap the fruits of my vows — honor
emptiness, a fearful sense of waste. I
cannot continue. It is a fact — we owe
these sons their bitter: but, it is also
my own desire.

Isaac then vow: multiply abundantly
without my return. He thought
our Lady of Sinon again; and could have
kissed them: only the two
who took his vow vowed with the
need to be quick of her utter abhorrence.
At the moment, she looked up again.
It was [illegible] on me
face, and then was some [illegible]
and tender in my presence.
I had only lived two or three hundred years
"so" she said. "Stand [illegible], now, and
finish my mistakes and troubles in some
moment. Should I ever set my eyes
to world, garments, have brought my
body into existence with [illegible] and have
been burdened my hands with [illegible]
and"—

Don't" cried Isaac and [illegible]
"Pray don't, Mr. Sinner. I can't
stand this".

Isabel [illegible] hastily her lips were to
mine.

"No!" she said quite. It was [illegible]
could see my face at last. [illegible]
in some quiet place, where night walk shut
out the dozen world, and where I might kiss
her, old, sick folks and teach little children.

but that is a very favourite phrase, touched with self-love again, — "I can't do that." "I can't, God, you can't," he said under his breath.

Sometimes the sometimes is so very far beyond "I can't" that one". Sometimes quite impossible and unthinkable, and then never in all that glorious & martyrdom. I must say there is Christ's humour, and the bizarre and comfortable, also in the terrible words, "Art thou still asleep?" Jesus made a great failure; now he's broke his heart and he's dead. But he's dead he humbles his future, steadily, and quite willing to take the consequences. He's all his things in like, Jesus happens overboard. — But it's dead" that's what Jesus made it real to him. "It is all very hard. It is all over for me; and the long years that lie out so wide and level before me, with the distance; and I cannot shall be all alone; and I am so young".

The fact for words, words "Christ" changed. He was very young, and the mystery and exaggeration of it all seemed to him infinite. In his visions of her in her bitter regret and sorrow, Charles read his own heart. Friendship seemed to him a very noble and intangible good, an ethereal flame to be treasured when and how one may; all the petty and calculating and "practical" side of life he banished from it. He had [illegible] and he would not [illegible]

to us ever. He forgot our sins
& us. He only knew that amid warmth,
and light, and the penetrating sweetness
of flowers, he was standing there, face to
face, with the woman he loved. Absalom
threw back his head and took a long
deep breath. It seemed to him he had never
really lived before.
Isabella was trembling with [illegible]
[illegible], it almost
frightened her. Instinctively she moved
a step back.
"Isabella, listen to me," he said [illegible]
"Listen to me. Know that I love you. Love me,
& know that you are safe with me. You
seem as light-minded, frivolous creatures
as the butterflies. But I will love and
honour you; I will serve you and be
your knight-errant. I will obey your
every wish. Believe me, and let me
make you my wife. Isabella, — my
love, my darling," he cried, "love me."
Her whole soul's danger face the words of
passionate tenderness and adoration, and
her wonderful eyes. Isabella's self-
restraint. Her head sank on her breast
in hesitation, [illegible] with her hands
pressed to her heart, — and her voice,
low, tremblingly, came like a sigh of love and
submission.
"I," she said, "how can I leave you? I have
no one to love you, after all [illegible]."
He will forget all. "He [illegible]," he answered. "He
will

He bolted because his nerves knew he might. She [illegible] is over — [illegible] Elizabeth". [illegible] just despised [illegible] Elizabeth it was inevitable. She would take him but a few steps [illegible] along the rugged road to [illegible] and [illegible] that lead up — at last, to the [illegible] sun and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and turned pale, at sight of that hard, stern road, winding up the bare hill-side. What would it [illegible] mean, should Jim linger backward glances at the green pastures and still water in the valley below? [illegible] wonder if quite unconsciously — [illegible] beauty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

...walter was to the door.

Stuart and Elizabeth stood apart. A moment of vivid excitement and deep emotion, a very small incident may discharge the cause of feeling, and consequently of events. Both [illegible] symbol of prayer, and [illegible] and [illegible] with it possible causes, image of the [illegible] moment, seemed suddenly to rise before us as visible [illegible] barrier between the [illegible] to know.

Elizabeth was the first to speak. Her voice sounded thin and far off, as though it came from a great distance.

"Come now," she said, "I shall see my dear husband."

During those [illegible] days, said Stuart, bitterly.

Her greater love must die to gain what which it knew she answered [illegible] the crucifix, he was among the scattered flowers.

"Elizabeth," said Stuart, desperately, "do you dare not be so cruel. — Think of my love for you. Have you guessed me at last? Do you know it?"

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands. The [illegible] to Stuart [illegible] shut it irrevocably. It was as though [illegible] face of [illegible] sight which [illegible] of [illegible] it [illegible] and [illegible] she stood bewildered. Stuart [illegible] the window

...kdrop of this life. [illegible] is as "sure & sellout war"; and she could not wander from it again; in search of more beautiful happiness.

Until she should be quite sure that it was right this was not done.

"You must go", she said. "Look at your, he will quite be bothered. You must marry him".

But Lara's thread of this civilized man, this thin thread of this new age, all in the course. In a moment when Antipov at Yuriatin, to Khartoum should at his last chance. In some days I [illegible] and looked terrible in this face.

"I will go", he said: "but, just you must kiss me, [illegible] — only once Elizabeth" — Pushed all more, said: but then you'll open steadily.

"You must go", she answered; and [illegible] to kiss him once, once more.

Lara turned away from him at last. [illegible] and at this moment [illegible] little [illegible] Lara's [illegible] was [illegible] how it must. The [illegible] suddenly developed [illegible] this [illegible] bitter and unsatisfied. There was [illegible] through [illegible] dark and troubled water, which [illegible] rubber waters among us, must struggle [illegible], at last once. It was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] world around us. The [illegible] [illegible] it was [illegible] Elizabeth. She was [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].

...od-bye, Mr. Skinner," he said. "You have
...ssed me this greatest joy and this greatest
...mon of my life, forever."

...abeth rode with Stuart through the summer
...ays. Her uncle gave her a...
...and sent his...
...went with him...

...ed backed once. Elizabeth stood on
...ath glimmering, white figure among the
...dding roses, with...
...her eyes, until the dust...
...upon her heart.

...ummer had...
...little sketches of Stuart in...
...ward visits. Above...
...drawer. Below...
...all, Stuart's...

Sophia 29.

J. 5-6.

"The true order of approaching to the Throne of love is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which to mount upwards to that other beauty, rising from the love of one to the love of two, and from the love of two to the love of all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair deeds and from fair deeds to fair thoughts, till from fair thoughts he reaches on to the thought of the Uncreated loveliness, and at last knows what true beauty is".

The next morning Elizabeth and Margaret — Elizabeth not a little bewildered by her mistress's sudden change of plans — travelled down to Slough. It was a night mild & spring day. The world flew with the scent of the hawthorn, and the elm-buds blushed red in the sunshine. Here and there the blossom of the black thorn still lay like as if some snow-wreath upon the hedges. The larch trees had put on their downy garment of green; in the ditches the forget-me-nots raised their wine coloured faces to the sky and the first cowslips tempted the village children to wander far afield between morning and afternoon school, while the clouds shadows flitted lightly across the faces of the country and the lines of the dale were like the brooks

intricate

infinitely far and still in the dear atmosphere.

Elizabeth had telegraphed to Mr. Mannering early in the morning. She knew that letter awaited her at the Rectory as one of the many superfluous and agitating developments of modern civilization. Respectable and well-regulated persons always knew their place. Repressed, and cut off by their direct necessity during hours of work to their urgent and rather undignified method of communicating with their families. Mr. Mannering held that it is always vulgar to appear in a hurry. But Elizabeth could not stop just then to analyze the possible effects of her telegram on her aunt's mind. She wanted impatiently to get away from London at once. She dared not run the risk of meeting Wharton again, and she discarded the thought of an explanation from Fanny Simmer concerning her sudden change of plans. She had grasped the idea of romance with all the energy of her ardent nature, and while the emotion was still stirring within her she felt as feverishly desirous to break utterly with her past life and take her chance with her aunt and uncle. She was possessed with the passionate longing for entire self-surrender which was made [illegible] and martyrdom are actual to them. She was in love with a new and exquisite ideal which

now

as presented itself to her and she could
resist the pause or rest till the road made
the opening of herself complete. This is a
somewhat perilous state of feeling. It
can meet the rack or the stake with the
splendid courage: but it was a tenderness
to grow callous rather than tried and tired and
acids where the crown of glory not
~~appeared~~ quickly awarded, where it is tested
by the steady strain of ordinary life.
Lacy Hobbes Rectory was always attached me
as a very comfortable place. It does not look
as if its inhabitants would ever be the
victims of over-much spiritual exhilaration.
There is a suggestion of kindly and secure
well-being about its warm red-brick colouring,
solid masonry, quaint gables and windows,
and about it's well kept lawns and
gardens which is certainly rolling and
sparkling. Some pleasant instinctive
sympathy with the comfortable rest of the world
and the next, and distrust of the wonderful
whether, after all, there is not a great deal
to said on the side of the Universalists. Rus-
sell, the old brown retriever, roused himself
from a nap on the broad doorstep as Eliza-
beth got out of the carriage. He wagged
his tail slowly and smiled as lazily welc-
-comed his former playmate: but he did
not feel it necessary to exhibit any more
activity at her return. Rainer Wood
reached. The time of life — common to
dogs and men alike, — when warmth
is the greatest good and cold the great-
-est

ill

it with of experiences when we went in new surroundings, and the mind is willing to acquiesce in any state of things short of actual physical discomfort. The pretty adjacent guest room, the elaborate coloured glass, and the old-fashioned chintzes curtains and valances on the quaint dressing table and bureau, and the old-fashioned bedspread on each side of the beautiful queen Anne mahogany hastily four-post bedstead with reversal bolsters.

Rector was out and Mr. Manwaring was upstairs, the maid not expected Mr. Lorimer to the afternoon train, — we said Burton when we met Elizabeth in the hall. He was slightly put about, having announced his several arrivals, and to the reversal of pre-conceived ideas which the train produces.

Elizabeth went swiftly upstairs, along the dark wainscoted landing, and opened the sitting-room door. The scene within was one very calm and exactly cheerful. The room was white panelled walls and light curtains seemed with of sunshine. One of the windows stood open and as soft breeze, — because delicate scents of the hedgerow turned early, and of evening grass and chrysanthemums, — came in at it and gently stirred the hair of Mr. Manwaring's white locks as she sat over the knitting in the fire. There was something in the peaceful little picture

sisters which affected Elizabeth strongly. She eager, almost hard, expression died out of her face and gave place to a certain wistful tenderness.

Mrs. Mannering looked up as the door opened, her preoccupied contracted slightly as a quick flush came into her cheeks. Elizabeth gave her time neither to rise or speak, but walked ~~straight~~ quickly across the room and knelt down beside on the hearth-rug before her.

"Mother," she said, and her voice took the tone of gentle entreaty, while her grey eyes filled with tears: "I have been greatly to blame. Let me say it all now and this foolish pride of my heart: but I have been punished. Since then I have learnt a hard lesson. I have come back to ask your forgiveness. I will be quiet and patient, I will try my utmost to please you, I will be like your own daughter — if you will only forgive me and let me come home".

Elizabeth's little speech ended in a sob. As the hungry miserable Mother-love in Mrs. Mannering darted and yearned towards the fair woman before her. She stayed not then to ask questions or read a moral; she merely put out both hands and drew the sweet weary head down to rest upon her bosom.

"My poor child," she said softly. "You are very welcome home. Perhaps we both have made mistakes in the past. But

ee will forget them. It must only be a question of time, and of frequent help between you and me".

"I" said Elizabeth, with a restless sigh - likes that of a little child, whose morning has its way and wanders and for and wide, finds itself safe at last in its mother's arms again: — "Mr. you do forgive me, dear kind Sir, I know I did wrong: but I am sorry, — and I am so very very tired".

Mr. Mannering stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Well then, darling, rest", she said.

It must be owned that the middles of things are always rather trying. Beginnings are full of hope and promises, — we have been disappointed many times before certainly; but, as big for part of disappointments, all [illegible] go straight!. Endings, though it often touched with dissatisfaction and regret, - still have a pleasure of coming to them or dreams about them, which is generally more or less gratified. The morning and the evening are romantic, and one can think of a hundred and one [illegible] things to say about them: but its [illegible] a vein of [illegible] and actions [illegible] of date & weight, or a certain quantity of shade: some dullness in [illegible] conversation it one can hardly miss the [illegible] of middle-day. The mornings of poor Elizabeth's [illegible] were [illegible] and

ecstasy. Nothing seemed too hard for her to dare, too difficult for her to undertake. But in reality neither true spiritual development is almost always gradual. There may be a moment of sudden awakening, when the head and heart abhor the commission of error, and the acquisition of that error may produce a bad effect on the character. But resignation and self-renunciation cannot be perfected in a moment. The perfecting of them is a long and arduous process during which the poor souls drive far from its old dwelling-places and haunting in the arid wilderness, with base faults and cowardice at times and cry out with anguish longing after the flesh-pots of its forsaken Egypt. ...

or as while the passionate feeling born of love to her dead husband and bitter sorrow for her part wilfully supported Elizabeth. The breaking waves carried her far up the shore. But later, when the first violences of her feelings had subsided, when [illegible] mere emotion was called upon to crystalise into steady habit, there came a season of trial and danger, — a time of what old writers call "spiritual dryness", when she was tempted to think her faults of little importance, and her penitences exaggerated, and when the fair and exalted ideal of the religious life grew pale and misty in her tired eyes.

The

Her struggle to breathe for that hard as noble spirit, that never quite lost her hold of the deep truths which she had grasped: but at times she was sad and despondent, and the way seemed very long and the burden very heavy. Victory is, too often, as mechanically ~~survived~~ arrived after all. The battle may gallantly be fought and fairly won; yet afterwards there must be days of anguish for the wounded, and of mourning for the dead, and of heavy sorrow at sight of the trampled fields and ~~was~~ ruined homesteads. Immortality is to those that endures; and to this Elizabeth Barrett did endure and in time she was rewarded. She began to know that ~~[illegible]~~ wisdom ~~[illegible]~~ which springs from the absence of personal desire, and the serenity which grows from the self-renunciation. In proportion as she ceased to live her own narrow life, she began to find a richer and wider life in sympathy with those around. Acts of charity and of self-denial, which before had appeared to have only an indirect obligation to her fellow-creatures, now became in so many cases mental, — symbols of faithful obedience to God and loving watch-words with man. Elizabeth was learning, slowly and painfully, to exchange the love of her own heart for the love of certain eternal verities, — doubted, scorned, pushed

aside

requisite asides & circumlocutions after a generation, yet always abducing, patiently to assert themselves, ever ready to be unsealed in infinite sweetness and consolation to the broken and contrite heart.

may seem slightly eccentric to describe the moral and spiritual development of a modern young lady, who ministers to mere material wants at five o'clock teas and does not disdain to make herself agreeable in ordinary society, in terms which are usually reserved for the delineation of a mediæval saint. But though the outward conditions and circumstances may change, the vital principle of the human mind are very much ~~alike~~ the same in the first century and in the nineteenth. Given a certain type of character, its mental history will be very nearly the same in every age. It is certain any way that Nora, who, — like myself — had the privilege of seeing something of Mrs. Sumner during the months that followed her return to Cambridge, perceived a very distinct change in her. Personally I must own to having been a good deal occupied about Mrs. Sumner at this period, though I am afraid she was supremely indifferent to my sentimental condition if she were even aware of its existence. She had lost some of her queenliness, some of the rich bloom of her early beauty. It was at least that I had never appreciated more

was captivating. There was something in her face which reminded one of the stillness & purity of the open sky, when the heavy storm-clouds are all rolled away, and the evening light spreads itself with a tender radiance over the resting land. There was a sweet reasonableness and a certain graciousness & humility about her. She was gentle and friendly, returning us little deeds of kindly service & tones about her. The people of Clay Brooke who, heretofore had regarded her merely as Mrs Maitland's heiress — as a young lady whose position and personal charms created a rather dramatic atmosphere around her, the observation of which might afford some pleasing excitement to humbler individuals, — now began to reckon upon her sure help and quick sympathy in all their troubles. Instinctively [illegible] persons of her own rank treated with the delicate courtesy and reverence, which it should be the right of every woman & to receive at the hands of every man; but which it is really so little difficult to accord to the strangely victorious, lawn-tennis-playing damsels of the present day. I will not doubt but that Mrs Lorimer had sad hours, lonely hours, hours of disappointment and of regret, that she was annoyed, and irritable and worried sometimes like the rest of us. In companying her to the Saints, I am very far from wishing to imply that she was faultless;

indeed I am disposed to think that if the Saints themselves had not made so good many mistakes sometimes [illegible] while they were here on earth, there would be little encouragement to ask their prayers now they are safe in heaven — I would only say that Princess Elizabeth, like her noble Huguenot name sake, having once perceived the deepest meaning of this life, and having seen that "more excellent way" walked along it steadfastly, with as true and simple courage, while the light about her shone clearer and clearer towards the perfect day. If such lives cannot be lived [illegible] we are most miserable, for the Saint's ideal of human attainment that has ever been [illegible] pure strong glowing men and women, is, after all, but a delusion and a lie.

he, as usual, ended by giving way -

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

...you know, this child - this - was such a ...
...all".

...the winters were ~~spent~~ very ...
...quiet people, staying, as a rule, went ...
...Paris and Nice with them: but ...
...this summer they seemed to get as much of ...
...back home. The weather was ...
...we in the beautiful Pyrenees as ...
...at home in England. Terrible thunder- ...
...storms came in the afternoon as a ...
...visitation of the Lord. The children ...
...were hot and petulant; and as it was ...
...one of their trouble Francis managed ...
...to slip on some loose rock, and sprained ...
...his ankle, - which caused him acute pain ...
...at the time, and obliged him to spend ...
...the rest of the day in the house, ...
...mostly at bridge with the ...
...and the rather tiresome ...
...and declared that he, for his part, would ...
...spend his next holiday at Margate, - ...
...at any rate such scenery ...
...as he was accustomed to. He ...
...liked it..."

...a visitation of the Lord, this ...
...daily thunder-storm was commanding ...
...back and forth among the hills, the ...
...mirrors and ... mirrors ...
...as well as they should in their little salon. - ...
...It was a very luxurious apartment - with ...
...solid furniture and superfluity of hideous ...
...bright velvet, - on the second floor of the ...
...hotel: ...

[illegible] with [illegible], [illegible] blue, with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

before proceeding to

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

it'. 'I'm afraid she is really very ill. I am afraid it is very serious", said Fanny Stevenson in accents of genuine alarm and distress. "Tell me without frankness she said "letting up and I am anxious to know the worst as quickly as possible:—" "I am afraid it is very serious indeed". "Then do write to Frank" he answered "at once". "I will" she said "but I am afraid it is very serious

to be heard, and to her amazement she
remembered that it was Mrs. Franks.
Mrs Hughes is certainly very "Franks".
he said quickly: "Poor Carl is [illegible]
now," remembering [illegible] death. "Jupe
Paris is a great favourite, you know: but
Sarah dear is [illegible]."
Mrs Mr. Skinner came in as Mrs Franks
Martin; "What's Arrow".
Mr. Franks glanced up as Mrs quickly -
Yes was Mrs Skinner as Mrs Arrow -
and made Elizabeth understand this
Mrs Franks and Martin receive no
visit and mostly. Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs -
Mrs was very fond of Elizabeth — she
could not resist Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs regarding Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
manner and Mrs. Martin Mrs
Mrs Mrs Mrs; Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs and Mrs Mrs Mrs
face, which made Fanny Skinner drop
her eyes quickly as Mrs Mrs Mrs
again.
Mrs Mrs," he continued, Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs Mrs or six days before you get an
answer. Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs Mrs
Mrs Mrs

and telegraphed you that road started off
the case".

We rode over the hill from Chur in the early
light and were soon climbing up the mountain
pass, the wild Swiss scenery on every side
of us getting more and more magnificent
as we progressed.

At last we came to Thusis, our destination
for the night, and put up at a comfortable
hotel. — Next morning we started off
early on our journey through the Via Mala
gorge, with its rugged rocks on either
hand, and the rapid river flowing
below. The road is cut out of the
solid rock in many places, and
we might have come to the end of our
journey, and all the time have been
blindfolded for we could see nothing
on account of the fog.

Later, however, we came to a beautiful
valley, and the sun shone brightly
and we had a splendid view of the
mountains. We passed through
Tiefenkasten, Filisur, Bergün, and
Preda, and then we came to the
Albula Tunnel, which is 5866 feet
long. We had to wait for a train
coming from the other end of the
tunnel before we could enter it.
We were glad when we had left
the tunnel behind us, for the
smoke from the engine was very
disagreeable.

[illegible] with unutterable grief. When at length she got to Fairbrothers, Wheatley left his cab in the village street, and walked alone up to the house.

Everybody there was acutely conscious of the intensity of his suspense, as he stood waiting on the doorstep. When the butler opened the door, Wheatley flinched at the pain it caused. There (was) a new thing added about the man's [illegible]. For a moment Wheatley wondered if he had been drinking.

"Tell me," he said hoarsely, — "how is Mr. Farmer".

The butler stared at him for a moment, he seemed startled to know how to answer. "Don't you know, sir?" she asked slowly. "Then, sir, you have heard"?

"No, no," cried Wheatley, desperate. "What is it? Bad news? Oh God, sir, don't say there is any".

The butler paused. She looked hastily at the great, empty hall, behind her, and then, with the carriage-wheels on the gravel, she spoke fast from some where behind, and came out with him. He can't [illegible] sir.

"The funeral was yesterday, at noon, sir".

Wheatley staggered up the steps and turned back again to the door.

"Good God," he said, under his breath, "she is dead".

It was all over. She she would never pleased with her, and she would never yield to him

ni entrance. She would, black curtains
[illegible] drawn [illegible] She
she would never see her lovely face, in
the world again.

An answer visible the house as closer barred,
and then situation heard footsteps on the
gravel. The garden, and as tall man with
straight, clear-cut features and deep-set,
[illegible] eyes in a face white marble.
And this startling host, came slowly
round the corner of the main block
house. Beatrice knew at once that it
was Mr Mainwaring, now the
sister-in-law of Elizabeth. —
But Mr. Mainwaring had a girl very
much, with the afternoon that he
rode home in the cold and dusk,
from his long day's hunting seem more
behind. There were dark hours about his
mouth, as the girl suffered
more keenly than she had ever in
her young days. He walked into the
hall as little boy and he stood
there for a little [illegible] and
[illegible] Isabella, [illegible] Isabella
[illegible] dumb, dazed, [illegible] Isabella!" said Mr. Main-
waring, [illegible]. "Can I [illegible] for
me in your power, [illegible] water.
[illegible] up, [illegible] caught sight of Beatrice
[illegible] the door-way.
[illegible]: "Beatrice?" he said, simply. "What is the
matter? [illegible] me?

[illegible] another time Wharton would probably have resented this somewhat uncourteous address, pretty strongly: but, just now, he was in no mood to take to stand up on his dignity.

"Jones just hands Jones over to your servant, here," he said, "which he was shocked was very possibly".

Mr. Manwaring paused and looked at Jones. Wharton's servant appeared somewhat alarmed at this unexpected turn which events seemed to be taking: but Mr. Manwaring's next words quickly reassured him as to the way in which his master was understanding the conversation.

"Come now," said Wharton, "I'll tell you. To confess to Jones comes finally, long ago", answered Mr. Manwaring, "somebody - you are aware" said Wharton. "You better only reached Jones the day before yesterday. Skinner was not an accident, as I said up, and it was impossible for me to libel. [illegible] Jones Mr. Skinner - very well" he added to himself Mr. Manwaring's hill in his face." [illegible] to some, such telegrams [illegible] to them: - but: - Wharton's voice grew husky, he could not say any more. Mr. Manwaring looked at [illegible] in surprise. He was not in the habit of [illegible] at any discourse. He was the [illegible] to notice that it was: but Jones [illegible] a sudden illness or weakness. He came up to Wharton, and laid his hand [illegible] on his shoulder.

"You

...ve kissed the ruins", he said to his wife - ...ed. "But" he went on "I could write ...ite as pictures of happiness despair. ...ss or, perhaps", said Mr. Manneringham, ...ughed. "The ...ace was full of dark corners, ...et his words would it will be lost - ...s even the more than ...ver ...ppreciated now. Mr. Manneringham's ...ice was of a very different complexion. It had ...st three or ...r, it was patient and ...ed: but its tone ...ld it would ...ain and ...ches rest ...; that it would ...kes him eat ...s head of affliction and ...drink the water of bitterness" then he ...s ...e ...ny days and ...years, — Elsbeth ...ded should be laid ...e in the ...et ...untry churchyard, and ...e ...ir rest. ...s, should ...ness ...ands it ...rt at ...t: in ...e Beloved ...alm of ...e hand. ...at is ...ear for ...".

...e kissed her. "Psalms for ...ery time", said ...Brereton in a ...ow voice.

...o, no" answered Mr. Manneringham, quickly ...nd almost ...ernly, — "our ...ouse must be ...ccupations. ...our duties ...s for ...s, as ...Christians; ...our honour ...s for ...s, as a ...eelsman; ...our work ...s for ...s ...s for ...s. ...Scripture, — and ...our ...ouse ...work now ...s a case ...ample ...s ...ours, — ...ere's ...s desert ...s to ...s ...s ...ere ...ide. ...ere ...ut, just now: but, ...remember you've ...st ...ine. ...ose things ...ch were ...e, — ...ose things ...e ...ere ...ose ...ep ...s ...s, —